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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

June 10, 1939

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for  
transmission by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE

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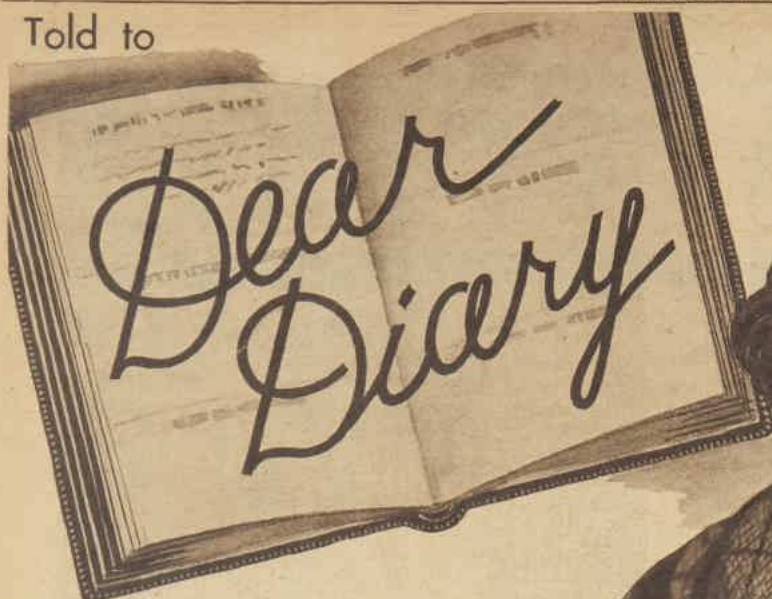


*Ready for Dreamland*

Another delightful child study  
by MAUD TOUSEY FANGEL.



Told to



## Leaves from the secret records of romance



A woman opens her heart to her diary. The big moments of her life are written in its pages. Entries for our Real Life story page have included, from time to time, diary extracts.

Because of their poignancy and drama we think they deserve a special page. Your diary might have a tale to tell like these printed below:

January 7 (morning)

**I** MUST write. Big tears keep sliding down my face and my eyes are all red-ringed.

Last night he seemed worried—my Roy, who is never unhappy with me. I couldn't bear it. I had to know the truth. Was I a fool—an utter, absolute fool?

He told me then that his love had gone. It's so odd now, and I feel calm as if I'm somebody else looking at myself.

I smiled and was clever, and like a Noel Coward young woman I said: "Oh, I expect I'll see you around." I didn't even cry after I heard the door slam and the car start.

It seems as if somebody has switched off the light.

S.L.

April 20.

**DEAR DIARY**

It's long past bedtime, but what a wonderful day it has been—in spite of my five years of marriage!

Remember a month ago? I wrote, "Received invitation to the — dinner, Robert thinks we should go."

Well, we went to-night.

"Dr. H— is one of the guests to-night," Robert said, "so we ought to have a brilliant speech."

**Are YOU a glamorous personality like this?**



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A WOMAN'S DIARY holds for her the secret confessions of romance.

I sat trembling. Curiosity to see the man who was once my whole life fought with desire to forget him. We arrived and I saw Dr. H— for the first time for ten years.

Of course his speech was brilliant, but I saw with clear eyes that ambition had made him ruthless, and success concealed.

He had grown cynical. How biting was his criticism of our provincial efforts! More than one man, twice his age, looked hurt as he damned their work with faint praise. Yet it was all so cleverly done! Diary, I swear I'm not being catty.

I saw my husband's head bent attentively towards the dowdy woman he had taken in to dinner.

Suddenly, my heart seemed to grow too big for my body. I saw him clearly, too. I knew he was finer in his kindness than any mere scholar.

To-night I fell in love with my own husband! I cheered at the escape from the man I thought I once loved.

J.H.

September (on holidays).

**I** DON'T think I have ever been so happy in my whole life.

To anyone else I suppose the whole thing seems so very obvious.

Yet it's odd I never realised before to-day that our companionship—which has endured since we were tiny children—might blossom into this breathlessly, unbelievably beautiful relationship.

It happened so quickly, almost before we were aware—one minute we were tearing along the top of the sand cliffs, shouting and laughing, exulting together in the glory of the morning—and the next minute I was alone—gripped by cold stark horror.

The cliff had collapsed and was rumbling its way down to the beach below carrying Peter with it.

With a mad, unreasoning fear, I screamed "Peter, Peter!" Silence. Then an uncertain

laugh; and there he was, rather breathless, but grinning and yelling: "Don't be an ass, Jane. I'm perfectly all right."

My knees were weak and I had a stupid desire to cry. Peter looked up and saw my face. Evidently it gave me away completely, for suddenly there was a deluge of sand, and a pair of arms were nearly crushing the life out of me. His voice was very soft.

"You see, my dear, it simply had to be. We belong so completely. I always was a clumsy blighter and I was sure to have blundered in trying to tell you just how much I love you."

Silence. Then exultingly: "Jane thank heaven I fell down this cliff," he exclaimed.

Odd, isn't it? Growing up with him and being too blind to see love when it was ready and waiting.

JOY.

August 27 (midnight).

**I** SHALL remember this moment every day of my life. Nothing can take from me the memory of the lovely hour I have just lived.

My dear, my very dear Charles has proposed to me, and I have accepted. Only to myself dare I say that it is the hour I have longed and prayed for during the past year.

I have wondered and worried, even doubted (though I have had no cause) whether he loved me as I love him, and now he has told me all.

Not too modern in his outlook, he is the sort of man who would not ask the girl he loved to take a chance with him if he could not give her what he thought was security.

He little knows that I would have begged in the street with him at my side and been thankful to God for his love.

Now he has been appointed head of his department! He heard the news at 10 p.m.—at 10.20 he was proposing to me. **CONTENTED.**

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Famous dancer

**MADAME ADELINE GENEÉ**, world-famous dancer, who retired from the stage in 1914, recently danced at Grosvenor House, London, at the age of 61.

President of the Royal Academy of Dancing, Madame Genée made her appearance to aid funds for the Academy at which many leading ballet dancers have been pupils.

Many Australians still remember her exquisite dancing when she toured Australia before the war.



Fellowship winner

**DR. ANDREW GUINAND** has been awarded the Commonwealth Fund Fellowship which entitles him to two years' study at an American University. He will probably undertake mathematical research at Harvard.

South Australian Rhodes scholar for 1934, Dr. Guinand went from St. Mark's University College, Adelaide, to Oxford, where he gained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He then won a three years' fellowship and chose to study mathematical logic at Göttingen University, Germany.



Girl bullfighter

**CONCHITA CINTRON**, of Peru, is sixteen years old, pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed and—a bullfighter.

The protégée of a famous ex-bullfighter, she proved an apt pupil and has given exhibitions of bloodless bullfighting in Portugal. She is a granddaughter of the American author and explorer, A. Hyatt Verrill.

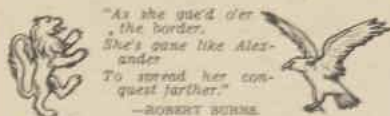


# ELIZABETH and ELEANOR . . . study in contrasts



"THE LADY OF THE PORTRAITS" is the title Americans have given to the Queen. In this picture she looks as though she might have stepped from the frame of a lovely painting by a great master.

## TWO GREAT WOMEN COME FACE TO FACE



"As she used o'er  
the border,  
She's gone like Alex-  
ander  
To spread her con-  
quest farther."  
—ROBERT BURNS

THE meeting of the Queen of England and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of the President of the United States, has wiped everything else off the headlines of United States newspapers for days past.

In a country where glamor is worshipped the Queen has stepped right onto another throne.

The whole nation is avidly seeking news of the Queen—her life in England, presentations at Court, the lives of Royalty and nobility, anything and everything to go with the British Royal Family.

PEOPLE ARE REVELLING, TOO, IN THE CONTRAST PROVIDED BY THE QUEEN AND MRS. ROOSEVELT.

Americans have long been devoted to their own "First Lady." She represents for them the driving force and energy of the great American nation. Now they have fallen wholeheartedly in love with her guest, who so happily fulfils their ideal of a Queen.

Never before in history have two such great women—each truly great in her own right—met under such happy auspices.



"MRS. EVERYWHERE" is the fond nickname the people of the U.S.A. have for Mrs. Roosevelt. She conducts a radio session, writes a daily newspaper column read by 5,000,000 women. She is called the "Voice of American Women."

## Eyes of the world are on Queen and Mrs. Roosevelt

By Beam Wireless from Our Special Representative in New York.

When the Queen meets Mrs. Roosevelt at White House, Washington, this week, the two most notable women in the world will come face to face.

They will provide a vivid contrast to each other, yet they are strangely alike in the magnificence of their personalities.

MAGNIFICENT is a strong word, but how otherwise are you to describe these amazing women—feminine leaders, first ladies, No. 1 personalities, whatever you care to call them?

New York is scrambling for superlatives to describe the Queen. They need them all up on Mrs. Roosevelt long ago.

A famous New York hostess and society leader who knows Mrs. Roosevelt intimately and has been mounted at Court and met the Queen many times in England said to me yesterday:

"They are truly great women. They have done every job expected of a woman magnificently. I think they have set a standard in leadership of women which will be hard to excel."

When the Queen evades her entourage to walk alone among the crowd, or Mrs. Roosevelt tells the world how she makes scrambled eggs for the President, you feel that neither is playing to the gallery.

They are startlingly alike in this sincerity.

When a great personal friend of Mrs. Roosevelt heard that Royalty was to visit White House, she said: "Of course it would happen to Eleanor. All her life she has been making dreams come true."

And that is a thumb-nail biography of America's first lady, who now steps into the most spectacular role of her career as hostess to the Queen.

Born a plain girl among a bevy of

beauties, in a family noted for their lovely women, the shy, gawky, long-legged girl retreated within herself, lived a repressed childhood and young womanhood, until her prince charming happened along in the person of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, destined to be President of the United States and follow in the footsteps of his illustrious uncle, Theodore Roosevelt.

The Roosevelts themselves are almost a Royal family in America. They refer to Roosevelt I and Roosevelt II.

### A hustler

INTO this charmed circle stepped Eleanor when she married her cousin Franklin.

A bitter-tongued elderly relative had told her that she would find difficulty in getting a husband. Eleanor proved her wrong by getting the catch of the season, the brilliant

**This is our sixth  
birthday number.  
We hope you like it**

young politician who was later to be hailed as the ablest President of the United States.

And Mrs. Roosevelt has gone on proving them wrong.

When she first went to White House, Americans raised their eyebrows at her numerous activities.

Surely she was just limelighting. They didn't like their first lady

writing a daily newspaper column, they didn't think she should visit slums, go down mines, fly in aeroplanes, kiss innumerable babies, debate on any and every subject.

Americans love a hustler, but Mrs. Roosevelt was too much even for them.

Her activities were tremendous.

They thought it was a pose, but when she went on doing these things year after year they sat and gaped with admiration. They called her "Mrs. Everywhere"—rather sarcastically at first, but later with genuine admiration.

Mrs. Roosevelt was getting to know America and Americans.

It was a big place and she took the swiftest means of getting about—plane, express train, steamship. To get her messages home to millions of housewives she used the radio and newspapers.

Her fan mail is enormous and 5,000,000 women read her newspaper article, "My Day."

An American magazine the other day called Mrs. Roosevelt the world's foremost political force.

Unlike Cleopatra, the great Elizabeth, and Catherine of Russia, she is not the ruler, but wife of a ruler.

### Speaks for women

HER power comes not from her influence on him, but her influence on public opinion.

She speaks for the women of 1939. And Mrs. Roosevelt doesn't talk softly all the time.

She is sincere. There is no doubt about that, and what she says today the women of the United States advocate to-morrow.

In one week during the great anxiety over the situation in Europe she proved how fearless she was by: Condemning Franco in Spain.

Writing scathing letters about Hitler and Goebbels.

Lamenting the lost freedom of the Czechs.

Mrs. Roosevelt says: "I am never tired. I have been sick only when having my six children, and once with typhoid fever."

While Mrs. Roosevelt appreciates all the activities and outlook of the modern American woman, Queen Elizabeth represents the English woman at her superlative best.

She is the most symbolically important woman in the Empire, and

will remain superlative as long as the Empire remains.

Like Mrs. Roosevelt she had to face the unexpected task of fitting herself for an all-important post.

WHILE Mrs. Roosevelt accepted the idea of public life eagerly, almost hastily, Queen Elizabeth was reluctant

to move from the peace and charm of her life as the daughter of a Scots Earl.

Even when a King's son came swooning she refused him. The King (he was Duke of York then) confided this to his mother. "Ask her again," said Queen Mary, and he was accepted.

Continued on Page 4.

## How to get your New Season's FROCKS, COATS, Etc.

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GRACIE FIELDS, with her nephew, welcomed home after a recent trip to America. The star is to undergo an operation. Despite warnings by her physician, Lord Dawson of Penn, she decided to give a charity broadcast to keep a promise made to her public.

## Gracie kept faith with her public

### Sydney girl's scoop on sick star's pluck

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIR, Our Special Representative in England.

Fleet Street journalists sat up and rubbed their eyes in amazement last week to find themselves "scooped" by a 21-year-old girl reporter, Janet Chapman, fresh from Sydney and still asking her way about London.

Miss Chapman was formerly on the staff of The Australian Women's Weekly. Her trip to London took her through Italy during the Albanian crisis and her vivid impressions of that tense drama were featured recently.

At work for only two days on the London "Sunday Referee" she got the exclusive story of Gracie Fields' B.B.C. charity broadcast for the Manchester Royal Infirmary, when the star decided to broadcast despite her illness.

Against the advice of her doctor, Lord Dawson, of Penn, the King's physician, Gracie drove to London from her Essex home, to make a charity broadcast over the B.B.C.

on behalf of the Manchester Royal Infirmary.

Every other newspaper and even the B.B.C. declared that Gracie had been forced to cancel the broadcast.

Miss Chapman, knowing Gracie's dislike of disappointing people, interviewed Monty Banks, director of Gracie Fields' films, and got the announcement from him: "Gracie won't disappoint her public."

Janet, not content with this success, unearthed details of the sick star's plans.

She was able to give an account of the sixty-mile drive to London undertaken by Miss Fields against doctor's orders.

When she awoke on the Sunday morning her story appeared. Janet found all the other newspapers carrying a story of the postponement of the broadcast.

Thinking some last minute change of plan had occurred, she wandered disconsolately alone round London until the hour of the broadcast. She then listened-in through the courtesy of a tea-shop keeper, and was amazed and delighted to hear Gracie give a wonderful performance on behalf of the hospital, although she herself is shortly expecting to occupy a sick bed.

Lord Dawson and four other specialists have now decided to operate on Miss Fields shortly.

The star replied characteristically,



JANET CHAPMAN, young Sydney journalist, scooped Fleet Street in Gracie Fields' drama. Miss Chapman, before leaving for London, was on the staff of The Australian Women's Weekly.

"Thank goodness that's settled, now I can soon start getting better."

Janet Chapman has other reasons to be proud of her first efforts in the hub of journalism, for she not only took the front page with the Gracie Fields story, but won bold headlines on another page with her interview with the daughter of famous tight-rope Blondin.

The headlines said: "Blondin's baby, now seventy-three, tells how she faced death tied to Niagara man."

Now in her second week in London journalism Janet has already met some of the world's famous people.

In a recent interview with the famous psychologist, Dr. Sigmund Freud, she discovered that his pet dog Chow was exactly the same as her own Chow back in Australia.

# ANNE SHIRLEY



★ A clear, soft complexion is one charm any girl can have.... Try it! I always use it.

Intimate glimpses... Film Stars at home...

Take a privileged peek at Anne Shirley... just as delightful in a bath gown as in her most exclusive model. Note the soap. It's Lux Toilet Soap, of course, the film stars' favourite—and the official soap in Hollywood studios.

★ Actual statement by Anne Shirley  
An R-K-O RADIO STAR  
in "A Man to Remember"

*Lux Toilet Soap makes your skin so much softer and smoother—because it's Supercreamed*  
(SKIN-CREAM-IN-THE-SOAP)

Take Anne Shirley's advice! Lux Toilet Soap for thrilling skin loveliness. It's supercreamed—rich skin cream blended into every tablet to protect the precious natural oils of the skin. Ordinary drying toilet soaps sap these vital lubricants from your skin—but Lux Toilet Soap's supercreamed lather removes only excess oil. Dry skin is softened, oily skin cleared and refined, normal skin made smoother and lovelier. So use Lux Toilet Soap regularly—starting to-day!



## Elizabeth and Eleanor

Continued from Page 3

AS Duchess of York the young Elizabeth did not dream that she would be one day called upon to rule England with her husband.

As younger Royalties she and her husband lived quietly. The Queen devoted herself to the upbringing of her children, the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose.

She liked the out-of-doors, horseback riding, walks over the windswept moors, tweeds and the leisurely comfort of English country life.

Whisked into the limelight as Queen of England under the most dramatic circumstances in history she began to remould her life.

The rather shy Scottish girl who had dreaded the ceremonial of life as wife of a Royal Duke suddenly found herself Queen of England.

Her greatest triumph was the manner in which she almost immediately adjusted herself to the new life.

After a time her charming self became apparent above the magnificence of Royalty. The personality of the Queen began to be talked about.

### Devoted to husband

PEOPLE liked her for her simplicity, her tact, her devotion to her husband in a tremendous task.

Some day the story will be recorded of the work Elizabeth put into the first years of being Her Majesty, and the support she gave her husband in the winning over of the people sad at heart over the loss of George V, and Edward's abdication.

People began to sense that the little Scots woman who shared the Throne of England was definitely a personality. They began to say, "Our Queen," instead of "The Queen." The smiling charm of the girl from Glamis had won the day.

The Queen threw herself enthusiastically into the job of being everything her people expected of a Queen.

Nature had made her charming and beautiful, with a rare delicacy of coloring which won her the

### Two great women

THE QUEEN		MRS. ROOSEVELT	
Queen Elizabeth	Mrs. Roosevelt	Queen Elizabeth	Mrs. Roosevelt
(Lady)	(Anna)	(Queen)	(Eleanor)
Angela Marguerite	Roosevelt	Angela Marguerite	Roosevelt
Born — August 4, 1890, at Glamis Castle (38).	Born — October 11, 1884 at New York City (54).	Born — August 4, 1890, at Glamis Castle (38).	Born — October 11, 1884 at New York City (54).
Married — April 26, 1923.	Married — March 17, 1905.	Married — April 26, 1923.	Married — March 17, 1905.
Children — Elizabeth, born April 21, 1926; Margaret Rose, August 21, 1930.	Children — Anna Eleanor (Mrs. John D. Rockefeller), James Eliot, Franklin D., and John.	Children — Elizabeth, born April 21, 1926; Margaret Rose, August 21, 1930.	Children — Anna Eleanor (Mrs. John D. Rockefeller), James Eliot, Franklin D., and John.

sobriquet of "The Scottish Rose." She found that she had to become regal as well.

She has developed her flair for fashion until to-day her frocking makes world fashion news.

In her early life she gave no indication that she was particularly interested in clothes, but Royalty demanded that of her, and she provided it.

Norman Hartnell, who designed the Queen's dresses for the Canadian-United States tour, said: "The Queen has an unerring sense of what suits her. She has a graciousness which seems reflected in her taste for clothes."

She has brought back lovely Old World colors such as lavender and mauve into popularity. Her love of blue has resulted in some exquisite new shades being evolved.

All the time the Queen has been going through a dress build-up. She turned to the lovely gown of Victoria's day and the Winterhalter paintings for inspirations for her gowns.

The exquisite crinoline gown she will wear at the State Ball at Washington is a direct inspiration from the 'nineties brought up to date, and cleverly modernised.

"The Winterhalter Lady" is a little dress-designer's have given the Queen, and it suits her personality to the utmost.

So the "Lady of the Portrait," every inch a Queen, steps forward to meet the first lady of America—fast-talking, warm-hearted, entirely lovable Eleanor Roosevelt, uncrowned Queen of the Americans.



# Fate Cracks the Whip

By...

ELIZABETH  
POWELL

Complete  
Short  
Story

A GIRL and a man sat pensively beneath the flamboyant roof made by several poinsettia trees. The light glittering up from the sea nearby, and down from the colorless tropic sky, burned and blazed in the foliage. Scarlet and orange and purple danced and glimmered over the couple who reclined in long "planters" chairs. Beneath their feet the fallen petals had crushed to a pruned color while through the shadows fell occasionally more petals like small scraps of torn silk.

The girl, who was tall and dark-haired with sun-tanned skin, turned and glanced once more at the bungalow facing the beach. She had to look through a riot of flowers whose vivid beauty was dimmed only by the comparative flame of the poinsettia glade.

"Talk about luck, Jem—I simply can't get over it. It's terrific, staggering... I've run out of words."

"Couldn't believe that, darling," said the young man laudly. His apparently indolent personality was belied by the keenness of his narrowed grey eyes. She flung him a loving glance and grimaced.

"Don't be funny or I'll hit you with a cushion—if I weren't so utterly relaxed. Besides, it's far too hot. Next thing, we'll have the monsoon—but I'm getting away from my subject. Jem, isn't it amazing, the whole thing? And even now I can't understand how it came about. It was fate, Jeremy, my love, just fate."

Jeremy's lackadaisical glance was amused. "We're usually our own fates, you know, and there's usually a sequence behind these sudden strokes of fortune or misfortune. The trouble is we can't trace back that sequence, and it might prove interesting. By Jove, I'll bet it would; but we'll never know that sequence because death and a lawyer's residence have put up an insurmountable barrier. Well, let's not look too closely into the matter, but accept what the fates gave us, and be duly thankful. Still, I'd like to know the whole story..."

The story commenced some two years back, when Jill Hayden was twenty-four and Jeremy Forbes was in the peculiar mental agony of not knowing which girl he really loved of two, Jill and another resident of Pahuhi Island, Eve Mobray. She was the only and spoiled daughter of the local resident doctor, a widower. Eve had brightly auburn hair and the matte white skin which usually goes with it.

THE two girls had attended the same boarding school down south, in Sydney, so knew each other far better than either of the Pahuhi folk knew either of them. They were friends only because of the limited social arena comprised of the Pahuhi dwellers, who, being denied the benefits of civilised entertainment excepting when travelling or visiting the big plantation homes on the mainland, had to depend upon themselves and one another for amusement. Despite many dislikes and disapprovals, it was almost impossible to avoid visiting acquaintance, if not close friendship, with all on the island not bedridden, reclusive, or in the local gad.

Eve's many dubious love affairs in Sydney, even when she was in her teens, were known quite well to Jill. Knowing that Jill could read her

Illustrated by  
WYNNE W.  
DAVIES

like a book, Eve developed a fierce hatred for her friend. This evidenced itself in no uncertain fashion when Eve, returning from a trip abroad, realised how attractive Jeremy was, and that he was the most eligible man on the island. After trying in vain to capture a husband while travelling, Eve realised to her private disgust that she was the sort men like making love to but not marrying. Fear was born—that on the island, where she was forced to live but for excursions infrequently, she might make of her life a series of episodes ending in single wretchedness. Her father, who indulged her in every way possible, insisted that she hostess for him and live at home. Now Jill was obviously in love with Jeremy, and Jeremy with Jill.

Eve, burning secretly with dislike for Jill, now took a hand, and the whole island simmered with gossip as Eve's wiles and tricks commenced to threaten disaster for what was practically an engagement between two suitable and nice young people. To use her power over Jem, to defeat and hurt Jill, was Eve's objec-

tive more than to secure for herself a man she wanted. Jill loved him and suffered tortures as Eve's dazzling allure made her own quiet ways and unglamorous personality seem so dull by comparison.

Months went by. Jill became more dull, or so she felt, as Jem behaved in the traditional fashion and became as the moth to the candle. He suffered also, wanting Eve's fascinating self, and desiring Jill's restful comradeship. Somehow Eve contrived, by clever suggestion and subtle inference, to classify Jill as Jem's best friend, and as Jem's best friend Jill went through heartache and a fear too deep to be borne without desperate hours in the dark of night and hideous humiliation while knowing the island saw what was happening.

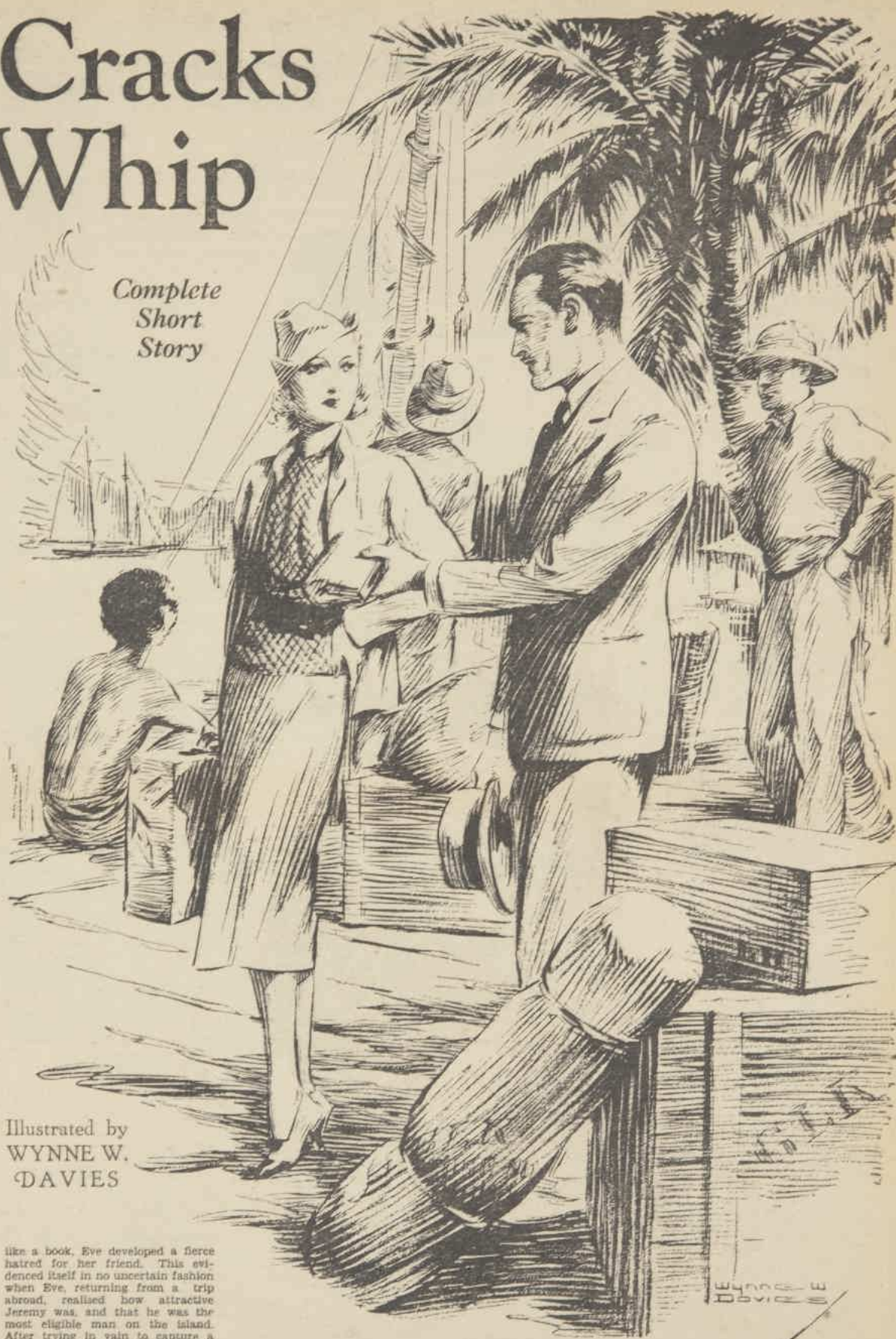
And then came romance. When she dropped her handbag, he made the customary complimentary skirmishes, and returned it to her.

At last Jill threw down the gauntlet with her pride boiling. "For goodness sake marry her," she said one night to Jem. "I'm sick to death and utterly disgusted by you, her, and myself. Never mind about the plans we made. Forget them. I couldn't marry a man for ever hankering after glamorous romance like some callow schoolboy, anyway, and I hope you both go through agony for your stupid and asinine behaviour."

Choking with tears that fell only when she had raced to her room, Jill regretted at once the folly of giving up the fight. But the

humiliation of knowing everyone regarded her as a sort of jilted unofficial fiancée dangling round Jem hopelessly was not to be borne. Pointedly she ignored him in so far as that was possible. Pointedly Eve exhibited Jem as her prey and capture. He had never been so unhappy in his life. As a kind of gesture of bravado he proposed after several heady cocktails and was accepted promptly. Eve then telephoned Jill to acquaint her with the news and Jill "hung up on her," as Eve said later.

Please turn to Page 34





# CARDS on the TABLE

Illustrated by  
WYNNE W. DAVIES

*Still more unexpected turns arise, baffling and provocative, in this fourth instalment of our gripping mystery serial.*

**B**OASTING that the most interesting of all exhibits are persons who commit crimes, the mysterious Mr. Shaitana gives a dinner party at which, he declares, all his guests are connected with crime or its solution.

After dinner he settles the guests at bridge, but at the conclusion of play they are horrified to discover that he has been murdered in his chair by the fire, in a room where four of the guests have actually been playing all the evening.

Superintendent Battle, of Scotland Yard, one of the guests, is detailed to take charge of the case, and after questioning Mrs. Lorrimer, Dr. Roberts, Major Despard and Anne Meredith, the four players under suspicion, he has made a thorough search of the doctor's consulting-rooms.

Later that same day Dr. Roberts seems quite amused to receive a visit from M. Poirot also, but he becomes embarrassed when, under cross-questioning, Poirot extracts from him the admission that Anne Meredith seemed nervous and her hands were shaking towards the end of the evening.

Characters in this story:

MR. SHAITANA, of indefinite foreign origin.

MRS. OLIVER, middle-aged detective-fiction writer.

SUPERINTENDENT BATTLE, of Scotland Yard.

MONSIEUR POIROT, a Belgian detective.

COLONEL RACE, interested in secret service work.

DR. ROBERTS, physician and man of the world.

MRS. LORRIMER, smart elderly woman.

MAJOR DESPARD, a travelled man, and

ANNE MEREDITH, young and lovely.

Now read on:—

**P**OIROT said

slowly:

"It is difficult. I do not, you see, wish to ask you a leading question. If I say, did you notice so and so—well, I have put the thing into your head. Your answer will not be so valuable. Let me try to get at the matter another way. If you will be so kind, Dr. Roberts, describe to me the contents of the room in which you played."

"The contents of the room?"

"If you will be so good."

"My dear fellow, I simply don't know where to begin."

"Begin anywhere you choose."

"Well, there was a good deal of furniture—"

"Non, non, non, be precise, I pray of you."

Dr. Roberts sighed.

"One large settee upholstered in ivory brocade—one ditto in green ditto—four or five large chairs. Eight or nine Persian rugs—a set of twelve small gilt Empire chairs. William and Mary bureau. (I feel just like an auctioneer's clerk.) Very beautiful Chinese cabinet. Grand piano. There was other furniture but I'm afraid I didn't notice it. Six first-class Japanese prints. Two Chinese pictures on looking-glass. Five or six very beautiful snuff boxes. Some Japanese ivory netsuke figures on a table by themselves. Some old silver—Charles I. tasses, I think. One or two pieces of Battersea enamel—"

"A couple of old English slip-

ware birds—and, I think, a Ralph Wood figure. Then there was some Eastern stuff—intricate silver work. Some jewellery. I don't know much about that. Some Chelsea birds, I remember. Oh, and some miniatures in a case—pretty good ones, I fancy. That's not all by a long way—but it's all I can think of for the minute."

"It is magnificent," said Poirot with due appreciation. "You have the true observer's eye."

"Have I included the object you had in mind?"

"That is the interesting thing about it," said Poirot. "If you had mentioned the object I had in mind it would have been extremely surprising to me. As I thought, you could not mention it."

"Why?"

Poirot twinkled.

"Perhaps—because it was not there to mention."

**By AGATHA CHRISTIE**

Roberts stared.

"Do you know, M. Poirot, I am completely at sea as to what you are driving at."

"That is excellent, that. In confidence, that is how I get my little effects."

They shook hands.

Poirot went down the steps of the doctor's house, and hailed a passing taxi.

"111 Cheyne Lane, Chelsea," he told the driver.

A small house of very neat and trim appearance, 111 Cheyne Lane,

stood back in a quiet street. The door was painted black and the steps were particularly well whitened, the brass of the knocker and handle gleamed in the afternoon sun.

The door was opened by an elderly parlormaid with an immaculate white cap and apron.

In answer to Poirot's inquiry she said that her mistress was at home.

"What name, sir?"

"M. Hercule Poirot."

He was ushered into a drawing-room of the usual L. shape. Poirot looked about him, noting details. Good furniture, well polished, of the old family type. Shiny chintz

on the chairs and settees. A few silver photograph frames about in the old-fashioned manner.

Mrs. Lorrimer came forward to meet him.

She shook hands without showing any particular surprise at seeing him, indicated a chair took one herself, sat with one leg tucked underneath her, and remarked favorably on the weather.

"I hope, Madame," said Hercule Poirot, "that you will forgive this visit."

Looking directly at him, Mrs. Lorrimer asked:

"Is this a professional visit?"

"I confess it."

"You realise, I suppose, M. Poirot, that though I shall naturally give Superintendent Battle and the official police any information and help they may require, I am by no means bound to do the same for any unofficial investigator?"

"I am quite aware of that fact, Madame. If you show me the door, me, I march to that door with complete submission."

Mrs. Lorrimer smiled very slightly.

"I am not yet prepared to go to those extremes, M. Poirot. I can give you ten minutes. At the end of that time I have to go out to a bridge party."

"Ten minutes will be ample for my purpose. I want you to describe to me, Madame, the room in which you played bridge the other evening—the room in which Mr. Shaitana was killed."

Mrs. Lorrimer's eyebrows rose.

"What an extraordinary question! I do not see the point of it."

"Madame, if when you were playing bridge, someone were to say to you—why do you play that ace or why do you put on the knave that is taken by the queen and not the king which would take the trick? If people were to ask you such questions, the answers would be rather long and tedious, would they not?"

"Meaning that in this game you are the expert and I am the novice,

Very well." She reflected a minute. "It was a large room. There were a good many things in it."

"There were some glass flowers—modern—rather beautiful. . . . And I think there were some Chinese or Japanese pictures. And there was a bowl of tiny red tulips—amazingly early for them."

"Anything else?"

"I'm afraid I didn't notice anything in detail."

"The furniture—do you remember the color of the upholstery?"

"Something silky, I think. That's all I can say."

"Did you notice any of the small objects?"

"I'm afraid not. There were so many. I know it struck me as quite a collector's room."

There was silence for a minute. Mrs. Lorrimer said with a faint smile:

"I'm afraid I have not been very helpful."

"There is something else." He produced the bridge scores. "There are the first three rubbers played. I wondered if you could help me with the aid of these to reconstruct the hands."

"Let me see." Mrs. Lorrimer looked interested. She bent over the scores.

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Mrs. Lorrimer smiled very slightly.  
"I am not yet prepared to go to those extremes, M. Poirot."



# Bushranger's Bonus

by  
WINIFRED  
BIRKETT

*Her first ball...  
a coach robbery  
... but more  
exciting was her  
effort to keep a  
secret*

MISS SELINA BURDETT started upon her drive to Sydney with her hands concealed in the folds of her pelisse. This precaution against exposing the diamond ring she wore was not taken with any fear of thieves in the stage-coach or bushrangers upon the road: the truth of the matter was that Miss Selina should not have been wearing the ring at all; it belonged to her father and she had borrowed it without parental consent. So it seemed advisable for the present to keep it hidden, especially as Janet, her mother's maid and a doubtful ally at the best, was making the journey with her.

Nice young ladies, Janet had said in agreement with Mrs. Burdett, did not wear jewels to their first big party. So her mother's jewel-case being jealously guarded, Selina had been left to take advantage of finding her father's diamond ring in a soap-dish when she went to say good-bye to him.

Charles Burdett was a careless man in some respects, and while he thought so little of diamond rings that he could leave them lying about in soap-dishes it did not occur to him that his daughter might like to possess such trifles.

Upon Selina's eighteenth birthday a week previously he had given her a bunch of wildflowers, a bag of juvenile sweets with coriander seeds in the middle of them, and a microscope which had cost an astonishing amount of money.

Selina had appreciated all three gifts. The wildflowers she had only thrown out that morning; her little front teeth had bitten enjoyably through every coriander seed; and the fascination of squinting through the microscope at the amazing life in a drop of pond water had nearly sent her to her first ball with bloodshot eyes.

But still she cherished a feminine desire for jewellery, and in the stage-coach she clutched the diamond ring under a fold of sky-blue velvet and felt tremendously pleased with the vanity of having it on her finger. Her conscience did not trouble her in the slightest: Selina was none of your exasperating people who waste time and mind casting subsequent doubts on their own misdeeds.

She had never worn a ring before. It was large, of course, and worn smooth on the inside, but it felt odd and hard, and where it pressed on the fine silk of her mitten it tickled her finger. She was not quite sure that she liked the

actual sensation of wearing it, but that did not in any way alter her desire to do so.

In thinking this she came to realise such a perplexity for the first time. It brought a premonition that life might be made up of such conflicts and dubious satisfactions, but this soon passed and she sat in the coach and played with the ring in happy secrecy.

Beside her sat the oblivious Janet while facing them were the only two other passengers. One of these was an unknown young gentleman in whom if it had not been for her preoccupation Selina would surely have taken a much deeper interest.

*He said something to the robber in a low voice  
and the two of them moved a few paces aside...*

The other was a certain vulgar Mrs. Hodges, about whose person hung a display of gold ornaments so heavy and lavish that it should have attracted the attention of every bushranger within reasonable distance of the Parramatta Road.

Mrs. Hodges had no need to keep her bestringed hands hidden, and her cloak was wide open to show off the necklaces and brooches and chains that clustered upon her neck and bosom like swarming bees on an ill-chosen tree, for the lady had an

angular and scrawny form that might have been more appropriately decorated with old grey lichens than new colonial gold.

But she was inordinately proud of her jewellery, and afterwards found some consolation in boasting that rumor of it alone caused the sticking-up of the coach on this occasion.

In the neighborhood of Homebush lay several unoccupied and only partly cleared estates, and as the coach came to this part of the

road the driver always hurried his horses a little.

It was a useless precaution today, however, when two men rode suddenly out of the patch of scrub on to the muddy highway. One had a very large pistol and the other a rather small gun, and the one with the pistol ordered the driver to stop while the one with the gun reached out and grabbed the rein on the leader's neck.

The coach pulled up so abruptly that Selina's father's diamond ring nearly flew off her finger and became lost altogether.

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Illustrated  
by  
WEP



# The SIGN of the PATSY-ANNE

Two girls started a brave venture... little dreaming that it led to excitement and romance.

Illustrated by VIRGIL



**P**ATSY BRENNER and Anne Carmichael clasped hands excitedly as they stared across the road at a long, low gabled structure painted a bright green with vermilion doors, low casement windows and long window-boxes. Above the wide door swung a sign in crimson and green—

## "THE PATSY-ANNE"

This was a roadhouse tea-room. So far, all was conventional enough but beyond a strip of land which Anne optimistically referred to as "the garden" stood another structure, brightly painted and gleaming with its many gadgets all a-shine. This was a service station and garage combined and here Patsy was in command, the tea-house being Anne's domain.

Of course they were deemed "mad" by sundry relatives for starting the enterprise. Patsy's uncle, who had reluctantly handed over her capital after gloomy predictions, had now figuratively wiped his hands of the affair. Anne's family was quite sure that her savings would melt quicker than butter in the noonday sun. Yet a more proudly happy pair of young mortals it would be difficult to find as they gazed ardently at a dream come true.

A passing motorist slowed down and stared at the fair Anne in her flowing muslin dress with open admiration. Then his gaze fell on the small, overbuilt figure with the vivid, sun-browned face and his expression was one of delighted wonder. He drove on as his look met and held Patsy's. Something seemed to flash between them and Patsy stared after him in a startled way. Anne did not notice; she was suddenly very far away, dreaming building castles. Thinking long thoughts of Don, wondering how long it would be before the tea-house turned into a gold mine and they could get married. Patsy sighed, a great hearty sigh of relief and satisfaction.

"Oh, Anne! It's too scrumptious for words!"

Anne nodded, her loving gaze still on the tea-house, but Patsy was looking at the service station that was her domain.

"I expect," said Anne hopefully, "we'll be doing quite a lot of business presently!"

"Doodles!" Patsy nodded with conviction. "There'll be plenty of cars along and it's a bad road down below. They'll be wanting repairs!" Anne turned big indignant grey eyes on her.

"Patsy! I was thinking of the tea-room! Won't people come to eat?" Patsy turned suddenly and hugged her.

"Of course, silly. While I'm mending them up, you can feed 'em as full as you like!" And she released her friend and skipped gaily across the road. As Anne followed Patsy continued:

"Wasn't it a good thing dad let me learn the mechanical side! There's almost nothing I don't know about a car! Uncle Herbert will never get over it! Will he, Anne?"

She laughed delightedly. "But can you see me in a hat shop?" Anne shook her fair head.

"No, Patsy, I can't! Cars are your speciality; and it was your money, your father left it for you." Patsy was suddenly solemn; then she threw back her head and blinked hard.

"Dad would be so happy about it!" she declared. "He was the greatest sport!" Then she turned and walked quickly into the station where her assistant, a lad named Mick Garrity, was polishing the already-shining accoutrements.

Edward Brenner had been dead six months now, but his adored only daughter could not think about him without a horrid constriction round her heart. They had been such pals always. Patsy had been brought up to have anything she wished for. She drove her own car, she lived gaily, extravagantly. Then came a crash which helped Edward Brenner to his grave. From the wreck of things enough had been salvaged to set her up in a smart little business of some kind. But Patsy said she knew about nothing at all excepting cars, and now here she was with Anne, who was engaged to her brother and who was her friend. Anne knew cakes and savories from A to Z.

Was anyone coming to christen their venture?

Patsy peered anxiously along the road while Anne peeped around the snowy curtains and wondered whether she ought to put on the kettle and make tea in anticipation of an influx of patrons.

Half an hour went by; an hour. Motorists drove by, but no one stopped though many curious glances were bestowed on the tea-shop. Patsy was dancing with impatience, and

"So it was you he sent!" There was accusation in her voice, but he scarcely appeared to be listening.

then a big limousine drew up. Patsy flew to the garage. Out of the window leaned an impressive-looking dowager. Anne wondered:

"Why doesn't she get out?" And she went to the door. The old lady beckoned. As Anne approached she produced a long object from her bag.

"I want you to fill up this thermos for me," she demanded haughtily, looking at the picturesque figure with marked disapproval. Anne's heart sank as she went to obey the behest. Their first customer!

"Never mind, darling! It'll come all right!" Patsy declared when Anne told her, giving her a comforting hug though she was feeling far from optimistic herself. Then a car came

impossible for her to sit down with a customer, garbed as she was. The stranger surveyed her quizzically.

"And I wanted to talk cars with you!" That decided her. Wasn't it business? So she compromised on tea under a gum-tree at the back of the shop.

As their talk progressed with familiar ease that somehow astonished neither, it transpired that Carmichael, for such was his name, knew her brother Don slightly. They had both done Engineering at the University, though Carmichael was senior to Don.

"I'm a fair age," he told her, with the whimsical smile that lit up his dark face. "Nearly thirty! And I didn't go on with my career." He looked serious as he said this, and presently he got up and took his leave.

"I must get on with my very soon?"

"It's a shop, you know!" Patsy told him with a mischievous air. He looked so hurt at that remark that she waved gaily as he got into his car.

"Come again!" she called, and ran into the station very hurriedly.

She was so unusually quiet that night as the two girls sat by the radiator that Anne accused her of dreaming of the handsome stranger.

"I believe I am, Anne! Somehow, I've never liked anyone so quickly before!" Anne bit off a thread and stared at her embroidery with a troubled air.

"It appears to be quite a disturbing attraction—who is he?"

That was the question Don was asked to answer when he arrived at the Patsy-Anne at the week-end.

"Carmichael?" He crinkled his brow. "Not King Carmichael?" He looked anxiously from his sister to Anne. She shook her fair head at him.

"Don, dear! We don't know! We're asking you!" Don frowned again.

"Is he a broad-shouldered dark fellow about thirty—?"

"Yes! Very nice-looking, with laughing dark eyes!" said Patsy enthusiastically. Don turned to his sister.

"I suppose he would be called good-looking! The description fits him. Patsy, I hope you haven't taken a fancy to him! If so, I'd say, 'keep off!' The bright face was suddenly clouded and Patsy assumed an air of dignity.

"You've no right to say that, Don! I'm interested in this—this 'King' Carmichael because he's a man to be interested in! I'm not a silly flapper nowadays. I'd have you know!" Don whistled, then he, too, looked grave.

"Sorry if I trod on your toes, sis! You're of age, of course, though it's sometimes hard to realise!" He looked with brotherly fondness at the small figure in the khaki overalls. "But King Carmichael has a reputation—not exactly enviable. He's not your sort, Patsy, old girl!"

At this, Anne looked troubled but Patsy merely sank her hands deep in her capacious pockets and went off whistling a merry tune. But once out of sight she sat down among the petrol tins at the back of the service station and her blue eyes were dark with doubt and apprehension. Presently up went her curly head and she jumped up.

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By MARJORIE QUINN

crusading along, stopped by the tea-house, and out stepped the tall man who had looked so admiringly at Patsy earlier. He wanted tea—and petrol! Patsy beamed.

"How nice!" she cried excitedly. "You and your car want tea and petrol. We can give you both." The stranger laughed, and Anne shook her head at her friend's impetuosity.

"I think," he told her with a merry twinkle, "we'll have a little of each, thank you!" But he insisted that he could not drink tea alone. No! Miss Patsy must sit down, too. How was he to pour tea for himself? Impossible!

Patsy, however, thought it equally



# Death Waits for the Sleeper

*A gripping story of pearl diving in the Timor Sea, and the strange plight of a man who dared not fall asleep...*

Illustrated by FISCHER



*He shouted as he swam:  
"Let me aboard... Japs  
... After me..."  
Then a rope was thrown  
towards him.*

**P**EARL shell, iridescent, discards the size of soup-plates that smell strongly, is what they dive for mostly along the coast west of Broome, Australia. Naked divers working from luggers bring them up for the Commonwealth to export and manufacturers in England to turn into buttons or whatever else their fancy may dictate.

It is a business like any other. There is nothing romantic about shell, any more than there is about halibut, though it is true that people lose their lives now and then bringing shell or halibut into port.

Lugger No. 237 was working along at her normal rate with her normal crew—four Japanese with their skipper, and the opener, an Australian, Neill.

The Japanese worked the boat, cooked and did the diving. Neill's job, as his title implies, was to have first look at the shell, and to be responsible to the Pearling Inspector at Broome for anything found.

He was impulsive. Also, he was young. If he had been neither of these things trouble might have been saved.

They had been out ten days, drifting along past a coastline of capes, keeping to ten or twelve fathom water, and having reasonable luck.

Pearl oysters are not found in beds; but No. 237's diver was a man with an instinct for this kind of search, and already had brought to the surface nearly half a ton of shell, which kept Neill busy.

On that tenth day out he found, in the fourth shell he opened, an unusual pearl weighing, at a guess, over 160 grains.

It was pink, of so curious a color that as first he was inclined to sup-

pose it a bit of coral which had crept somehow into the oyster's economy.

But it clung like a pearl, and it had a pearl's sheen.

Neill gave a yelp which turned the heads of the Japanese towards him.

They came running, and bent over his palm with hisses of admiration, and staccato sentences.

No one attempted to take the pearl from him or to handle it, but he saw, looking up suddenly from the treasure, that their eyes were in consultation.

Ito, the skipper, who spoke good enough English, said indifferently: "How much he worth?"

Neill, the memory strong in his mind of that legendary pearl fished up before the war which had fetched three thousand pounds, answered that there was no telling, but the thing ought to be good for two thousand, easy, from the French dealers.

He was understating his belief, aware that a pink pearl of this quality was rare.

Ito clicked his tongue, and translated to the crew, who nodded vivaciously and laughed. Then suddenly, at a further word from Ito, they went off to their quarters.

This happened at two o'clock in the afternoon. Neill suggested to Ito that it would be as well to make straight for Broome and not waste time going after more shell.

He was eager to get the treasure ashore, on to the scales, into the safe.

Ito agreed and started the aged, breathless engine, set a course due north, and took the tiller himself.

Neill did very well for a time, but towards evening, when the sun should have been sinking behind them, it was still on their left.

Neill, who was young as well as impulsive, called out:

"Hey, Ito, lost your bearings? We'll hit Borneo at this rate."

The skipper smiled civilly, and made a reassuring gesture. He did not change course.

Soon Neill saw that the skipper and crew of No. 237 had other uses for a pink pearl worth about £2000 than to hand it over to the Commonwealth Inspector. Evident, too, that he, Neill, was in the way.

They could dispose of it easily enough. In Singapore were dealers who asked no questions, a fact which did not prevent them being told a good many lies.

And the value of four seasons' fishing—four seasons' discomfort at sea, all the diver's dangers and skipper's responsibility—lay buttoned in Neill's pocket.

He began to consider his resources. Authority—not much use at sea when so many and such probable accidents may happen.

A gun—six bullets to four Japanese armed only with knives; very nice, if correct.

But an unpleasant recollection came drifting up. Had he reloaded

Pearls of value are infrequent finds on that coast. The opener rarely runs his nose into danger.

Still, the Japanese could hardly guess that any white man would be such a fool as to expend two-thirds of his available ammunition potting at sea-birds.

As far as they were concerned he had six bullets, not two.

He took the gun in his hand, therefore, when the course did not change, and said to the skipper: "Better make for Broome, hadn't you?"

There was no response. Neill waited.

The dropping sun's shining track still lay at right angles to the lugger. "I said, better get back to Broome."

Ito nodded, and smiled, but did not move the tiller.

Neill, keeping a steady face, wasted one of his two bullets on bluff.

Ito started as the woodwork beside his hand splintered loudly, looked at Neill, looked at the weapon, smiled again, and resumed his blank gazing over the water.

Neill had to reckon up the situation again. It was now clear beyond misapprehension or hope.

They knew that he was almost defenceless. They were going to

But the meat smelt and tasted all right, as did the tea.

At ten o'clock Ito shut off his engine. They drifted.

Neill understood that they were probably by now out of the way of any shipping, and began to reckon just what that might mean.

Danger, a better stimulant than anything off the chemist's shelves, was driving off sleep, and he could think clearly, plan intelligently.

Still a few courses of action were left. He could, for example, offer the pearl in exchange for his life.

Common sense settled that, telling him plainly that they could take both whenever they chose.

What next? Wait till the men were asleep, knock all three on the head, keep the bullet for Ito?

As he pictured the thought, the skipper softly called out and a man answered. Watch was being kept.

Neill pressed back harder against the walls of the well, resumed his computation of the stars, and renewed his resolution.

If a man could go a week without food, why not a week without sleep?

He was not seriously sleepy yet, though towards morning he had to take precautions against dropping off, changing his position often, and seeking out small discomforts.

At sun-up the Japanese, who had taken their usual night's rest, were moving briskly about the boat.

He was becoming aware that he need dread no violence.

They had only to wait until he slept. Sleep would do their job for them.

The Japanese huddled themselves. They washed their shirts, they looked over the shell, they tidied up the lugger, and the cook began to compound a vile, musky-smelling stew of pearl-oyster, the scent of which nearly made Neill vomit.

There was no possibility of doing any diving; the lugger lay in deep water, but they got out lines and sinkers when the other tasks were done, and began to fish, by way of occupation and on the chance of a change of diet.

Neill called out for a line. Holding it would have given him something to do.

Ito smiled, but did not bring him a line.

The heat was increasing and Neill calculated that they must be somewhere west of Scott's reef, about latitude 14, and tried to remember the movement of coastal shipping.

He could not remember, and the effort of thinking made him drowsy. Also, it made him drowsy to look at the shining water, and he forced his eyes to concern themselves only with things near at hand—the grain of the deck, the hairs on his own arm.

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## By HELEN SIMPSON

or not, after potting at sea-birds the first day out from Broome?

He put a hand swiftly on the weapon at his belt, caught the eye of one of the crew, and dropped the hand again.

After all, he did not need to look. He knew with unpleasant certainty that there were now only two bullets in the chamber. So much for playing the fool.

Two bullets only. But the Japanese could not know it, nor that, in the silly confidence begotten of uneventful seasons, he had brought no more ammunition, and no other weapon.

wait for dark. They were going to finish him with their knives.

He became dogged with anger, and resolved that he would not sleep.

As a rule he ate with the skipper, lying by the cockpit aft, but this evening, when it became evident that he was not going to budge, the cook brought his usual supper, scones, tea, and tinned meat, and put it down upon the deck beside him.

He did not eat the scones, having some sort of confused idea that being made on board it might be poisoned.



By this time he had been thirty hours without sleep. Then his attention was caught by a sound in the sky.

The Japanese heard it, too, and looked up from their fishing.

At first the plane was a blur, for it seemed to be flying out of the sun, but as it came lower they could focus it.

Neill saw it was behaving oddly, coming down in swoops as a leaf drifts; yet the sound of the engine was healthy enough.

From its tail hung a long wire which he supposed must be the wireless aerial. This was not drawn in as the plane dropped, coming straight over them, almost at mast level.

They could see the floats, the number, a name painted on the silver side: WORLD-BEATER.

Neill knew this as the name of the plane on which a woman was attempting a round-the-world flight.

## Death Waits for the Sleeper

Continued from Page 9

He stood up in the well among the apparatus, forgetting prudence, forgetting that the Japanese were handy with knives, and let out a cheer.

To him it seemed that here was one means of escape, not even hoped for.

Desire for sleep made him suppose for a moment that the descent had been deliberate, on his account.

Common sense would have not a word of it. The descent was involuntary, the flier in trouble, the trailing aerial proved it.

Nobody would behave like that in the middle of the Timor Sea unless there were something wrong.

He sat down again on the diver's helmet, drooping. But the Japanese were startled and uneasy.

When the seaplane made a perfect

descent on the oily water, and rocked there not three hundred yards away, they began to bustle about as though preparing for a visit from some inspector, and made little gestures of interested deference to Neill as they passed him sitting in the well.

Nothing happened. The Japanese stared at the plane. Neill, too, got up now and then to stare at it. It slept on the water like a sea-bird tucked up for the night.

Gradually, the Japanese regained confidence, like wild animals when there is no movement from the man with the gun.

It gave an order; the cook tumbled into the dinghy and rowed towards the plane.

All watched. They saw him reach it, stand on the lower wing and peer into the closed cockpit. They saw him working with his knife, thrusting his arm through an opening.

Neill stood up suddenly and shouted across the water:

"Hey, wake up, Mary Field, wake up, can't you."

He had remembered the flier's name. But there was no sign.

The cook came back in the dinghy. He was laughing, and there was something hanging on his arm.

As he came closer he shouted. The crew grinned, and it translated for Neill, with a touch of malice:

"Woman sleep. Sleep very nice. Yes."

Neill's first impulse was to be angry with anyone who could sleep. Then his blurred mind made a picture: a girl fighting fatigue, nodding at the controls, retaining strength enough to make a descent and shut off her engine, enough strength perhaps to send a wireless message giving her position.

have to wake up, and there was only one way to wake her.

Making his decision, he acted upon it instantly. Aiming carefully so as not to hit its vitals, he fired his last bullet at the plane.

Striking solid metal, the bullet ricocheted off into the water.

The crew ran from their fo'c'sle. They knew his one shot was gone.

Holding up the weighted rag into which they had seen him put what they believed to be the pearl, he waved it defiantly, and threw it as far as he could to port.

The little yellow diver went down into the water as it went up into the air, diving shallow and heaving himself with strong strokes towards the spot.

As the others checked their run for an instant, Neill went over on the starboard side, making for the plane.

A figure moved in the plane, and he shouted as he swam. "Let me aboard. Heaven's sake. Japs. After me."

Sky and water were darkening round him—then a rope was thrown towards him.

Behind him, on number 227, there was a clamor which might have meant anything—anger at his escape, encouragement to the man who was after the imaginary pearl.

He put one hand to the little hard, round thing buttoned inside the breast pocket of his shirt, wasted a single breath in a laugh, and struck out for the plane.

The tramp steamer Sirius, searching in response to a wireless call, came upon World-Beater at seven o'clock next morning, and was

### Lyric of Life

I WISH—  
I often wish that I could be  
Content with domesticity  
And talk with friends of this  
or that,  
A new lounge suite, a winter  
hat,  
The paper on the nursery  
wall,  
The length of carpet in my  
hall.  
  
I often wish that I could  
find  
Serene acceptance in my  
mind  
That makes a woman who's  
a wife  
Content with platitudes in  
life,  
But here I am a-guesting still  
In dreams my days cannot  
fulfill.  
  
I wish so much that I could  
be  
Content with what Life's  
given me.  
—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

astonished to find two people in its cockpit.

After a voyage of some five or six days they were put ashore at Darwin amid considerable uproar from the newspaper men and photographers who had travelled to meet them by air.

The captain of the Sirius, giving his account of the rescue, is said to have observed that girls nowadays didn't waste much time.

But the reproach ought rather to have been directed at Neill, who, besides being impulsive, was young.

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HERE'S *Extra*  
BEAUTY CARE

in Pond's  
Creams containing  
"SKIN-VITAMIN A"

HAVE you noticed lately that your skin seems rough, dry, and dull looking?

These are all signs that your skin is lacking the "skin-vitamin," vitamin A, which scientists have found is necessary to skin health. Sun, wind and washing are constantly drying out the supply of this precious vitamin.

But now you can restore it direct to your skin, with Pond's. Every time you use Pond's you cream "skin-vitamin" right on your skin. Pond's Cold Cream, for cleansing Pond's Vanishing

Cream, powder base and skin softener.

Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/- jars for your dressing table, 1/- tubes for your handbag, and economical 2/6 jars containing approximately 3½ times as much.



3 years of research by a group of foremost bio-chemists proved that when skin lacks "skin-vitamin," it becomes rough and dull. But when Pond's Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied to this skin daily, it soon becomes smooth, clear and healthy.



When Pond's announced the "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams, women all over the country tried them with enthusiasm. Came back for more. Now Pond's Creams, largest selling creams in the world, have beaten all previous sales records.

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The delightful new radio story presented by Pond's every Thursday at 9 p.m. on 2CH, 3GZ, 12B-LF, 4BK-AK, 6KX-WB, 7HT, at 7.45 p.m. on 3SR, at 8.30 p.m. on 5AN-MU-PI-SB, 2KO every Monday at 7.30 p.m.

#### FREE!

Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin." Mail this coupon today with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage and packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams with "skin-vitamin"—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

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"I love outdoor life and have always found that Pond's Creams kept my skin beautifully smooth in spite of sun and wind. I really could not see how they could be improved. Yet I must own that the new ingredient has made them better than ever."

NOW IN  
POND'S CREAMS  
—the active  
"skin-vitamin"



### SHE

was tough, by what he had read, ambitious, and the record meant a lot to her.

Hard to have to throw away all that in exchange for a few hours of sleep.

She could throw away her record, and wake up. He could not throw away the pearl.

The Japanese were distributing the contents of Mary Field's handbag.

They did not leave Neill out, but ironically tossed him a lipstick.

He caught the sophisticated little gilt tube that had travelled so fast from the other side of the world, while his mind repeated aimlessly: "I can't chuck away the pearl, can't chuck away my pearl!"

For occupation he began to break up the scene they had brought him at dinner-time, and which he had not touched, rolling the dough in his fingers and playing with it.

To keep attention alive he made a pellet the size of his pearl, and touched it up artistically with lipstick to something the right color.

It was not bad: it might trick the eye at a few yards' distance. His mind changed its tune. "I can chuck this away if I want to, I can chuck this one away."

The phrase suggested something, the possibility of action.

He had almost forgotten, with the excitement of the plane's arrival, that he was a prisoner under sentence of death. Now he pulled his mind together once more.

When the Japanese next looked at him he was tying up a pink object in a scrap of rag, ostentatiously adding a bit of lead to weight it.

They became concerned, and he knew what they were thinking. It was what he meant them to think.

If he threw the pearl overboard by daylight it could probably be rescued.

But if he threw it over by night

They talked together, and he had a moment's fear lest they might rush him, chancing at least one death.

For all that he was pleased with his strategem, which had disturbed their detestable placidity.

But they did nothing. The day wore on. The seaplane rocked tranquilly.

As the afternoon wore on Neill knew that sleep was winning. He knew that he could not hold out another night.

Now was the moment to execute his plan; the plan which, as his thoughts turned and twisted about, had defended him for these hours against sleep.

He could do it all right, with luck and no sharks. Only the girl would

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Number One Interest, and  
No. 1 BLOCK is my Number  
One Chocolate.



No. 1 BLOCK 'NUT MILK'—one of the four excitingly new No. 1 BLOCK varieties—is MacRobertson's famous "Extra Cream" chocolate with delicious toasted nuts. The other No. 1 BLOCK varieties are "Old Gold," "Fruit and Nut," "Extra Cream"—all in the smart new packs.

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THE S-M-O-D-T-H-EST EVER MADE

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## Prizes for Letters

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address will be found at the top of page 3.



## CRINOLINE TREND

THE crinoline is definitely regaining favor. It is perfect, of course, for anyone with the dignity and gracious charm of the Queen, who wears the style so well.

Some of us remain apprehensive, however, for with the crinoline we are accustomed to associate demure feminine appeal, gallant attention from our menfolk, and Old-World charm.

How, then, will the crinoline fit in with our suave sophistication, with cigarettes, cocktails, and modern dances?

If the average girl is to adopt the crinoline she should also cultivate the charm of the crinoline age.

£1 for this letter to Constance Child, Ferry Rd., Surfers' Paradise, Qld.

## THIN OR FAT?

ALTHOUGH it seems to be the ambition of many girls to keep slim, I think most people admire the plump girl.

Pump people usually have the better nervous system, and are more likely to keep their nerve in a critical emergency.

To be physically and mentally fit one must be proof against the habit of worrying, and, generally, it seems that those who are slim are the most likely to be neurotic.

Miss G. McCure, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

## TOO CONVENTIONAL

ARE not Australians too conventional in the furnishings of their homes?

Wherever one goes, the same stereotyped lounge suite meets the eye, along with the stiff-looking dining suite with its high-backed, uncomfortable chairs, and then the severe-looking kitchen with its straight table and inevitable cabinet. Surely we can show originality in our furnishing ideas!

Mrs. H. Smith, 23 Tyrone St., South Yarra SE1, Vic.

## SICK-ROOM MANNERS

HOW few people have perfect sick-room manners!

Relations would be wise to ascertain who is going to see the patient, and on what day. This would often obviate a crowd in the room.

Visitors also should take a little trouble with gifts. If the room contains too many flowers, take fruit on the next visit.

When a person is ill it is the quietest friend who is most welcome—the one who has come to see the patient to cheer her; the one who chats to the patient and not to the other visitors.

A noisy talker does great harm to any sick person.

Mrs. H. Rogers, Hunter's Point Rd., Hunter's Point, N.S.W.

## ARMCHAIR TRAVEL

IN these times when intense nationalism has such disturbing results, the average citizen, to whom travelling can be only a dream, may learn much from his bookshelves.

The hackneyed phrase, "Travel broadens the mind," may be essentially true, but it is better to study our neighbors from an armchair, and with an open mind, than to circle the globe with the insular outlook that seems to belong to many tourists.

Unless we avail ourselves of the abundant array of contemporary literature, and approach world problems in a universal spirit, then we will be easy prey for those who wish to fashion public opinion for their own selfish ends.

Mrs. H. J. Eastlake, 111 Harold St., Thornbury N17, Vic.

## Are modern men lacking in good manners?

AREN'T you asking far too much, Miss W. Seaton (20/5/39) when you expect modern men to have "better manners"?

The days when men raised their hats to women friends in the funny Charlie Chaplin manner are gone for ever, one hopes.

After all, many of the old-fashioned formalities were absurd and quite inane, however superior they made the women feel in those days.

The modern, easy-going casualness is a healthy thing.

With the old-time palaver gone, a woman feels she is meeting men on equal terms.

As for men who smoke in feminine company—surely Miss Seaton does not suggest this is a horrible breach! Miss Florence Liddicoat, 17 Gurr St., Goodwood Park, Adelaide.

## Sign of the times

JUST watch the table manners of the modern man when he is entertaining a girl friend. He will help himself first to the menu and order his meal, before consulting her about her choice.

Once the food is in front of him, he takes the condiments first, smokes cigarettes in between courses whether his companion likes smoking or not, and finally, when they are ready to leave, he never thinks of pulling back her chair for her or helping her on with her wrap.

A strong criticism this, I know, but just watch for yourself!

Mrs. P. White, Pacific Highway, Roseville, N.S.W.

## Smile enough

IF a man recognises his women friends with a friendly smile and a wave of his paper, it is just as effective as the old-time habit of raising his hat.

Miss Seaton also mentions the number of men who smoke when walking with girl-friends.

The reflection is on the girl. So many smoke that men find it unnecessary to ask if they object.

Mrs. H. H. Toynon, Bonnie Brae, Geurie, N.S.W.

## More sincerity

MODERN women, in their desire for equality with men, and their entry into what were formerly male professions and sports, are the cause of this less courteous attitude.

If women want equality in all things, how can they also expect the courtesies displayed in an earlier era?

Most women smoke nowadays, so why should men cast aside cigarettes or pipes when in their company?

Miss L. G. Brien, 20 Albert Cres., Surrey Hills E10, Melbourne.

## Not ill-mannered

THIS younger generation is called "wild," "fast," and so on, but I don't think it can be called ill-mannered.

Nine out of every ten young men



Careless about manners.

to-day are eager to show how polite they are.

The modern man prides himself on his knowledge of the right thing to do, and the usual small courtesies to women surely come within the range of this knowledge.

It is quite unfair to judge all men by the minority who are careless about good manners.

Shirley Heyfron, Abbott St., Fairfield N30, Vic.

## Gift for new home instead of engagement ring

IN choosing a sewing machine instead of an engagement ring, Miss E. A. Paterson (20/5/39), the bride you mentioned was wise. Few girls to-day would show such common sense.

Most girls like to show their engagement rings to their friends, and if a girl announced that she was engaged but had decided to put the money into her home instead of on her finger most of them would raise their eyebrows and call her foolish.

I certainly think that bride-to-be deserves to be very happy, and that she will make a good wife.

Mrs. Betty Townsend, 23a Kangaroo Rd., Oakleigh, Vic.

## Retains value

A RING is the best and most suitable gift when a girl becomes engaged, as it is the recognised symbol of forthcoming marriage.

Also, a jewelled ring always retains its value, but a sewing machine will deteriorate, and wear out as the years pass.

Again, an engagement ring can always be worn, no matter where one lives, but it must be awkward to take a sewing machine if moving about the country.

Mrs. A. Holland, 80 Barton St., Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.W.

## More romantic

MISS PATERSON'S question is rather a difficult one to answer. On one side we have the fact that a sewing machine is a hundred

## Laziness about letter-writing

"I HAVEN'T heard from So and So for ages!" We hear this little phrase far too often.

Many people seemingly would rather lose touch with a dear friend than take the trouble to sit down and compose a letter. "Oh, I hate writing letters," they say, or "I've been so busy lately," and they selfishly make feeble excuses, knowing that the real reason for their neglect of a simple little courtesy is that they just can't be bothered.

The glow of satisfaction felt by both the sender and the recipient of a friendly letter is sufficient compensation for any time spent in writing.

Mrs. F. Pearson, 27 McDonald St., East Geelong, Vic.

times more sensible than an engagement ring; on the other we have sentiment.

A ring is not merely a bit of gold and a diamond; it is a symbol of happy romance, and I really believe that anyone who does away with these tokens will regret it later.

Mrs. Colin Harris, Rensselaers, Robinson Ave., Coorparoo SE2, Qld.

## Practical use

EVEN if there is a certain amount of sentiment in an engagement ring, the modern girl only shows it around to her friends.

On the other hand, a sewing machine can be put to a practical purpose, especially at a time when the trousseau is being prepared.

What an excellent example for other young couples to follow!

T. Whittenbury, Box 193, Naracoorte, S.A.

## Not same joy

I HAVE often regretted my choice of a sewing machine in place of an engagement ring.

A machine can be purchased at any time, but should you desire a ring later on you do not experience the same joy in receiving it, and the memories attached to it are not so sweet.

Mrs. H. Falconer, Eldorado, Vic.

## Should husbands prepare Sunday meal?

N.O. J. Atkinson (20/5/39), I don't think it fair for wives to expect their husbands to get the breakfast on Sunday mornings.

In most cases, in the country, at least, a man rises very early and



Husband as chef.

lights the fire, so surely a rest in bed on Sunday morning is a just reward for the week's work.

Miss M. Charles, Harlestone, Young Rd., Grenfell, N.S.W.

## Might happen often

IF a man is supposed to get his wife's breakfast on Sunday, why shouldn't he ask her to weed the garden on Saturday afternoon?

Women may be tired of getting all the meals, but the husband doesn't have much leisure, either, and unless his wife is ill I think it is selfish of her to expect him to cook breakfast on his only really free day.

J. R. Murray, Davey St., Hobart.

## Fair exchange

GETTING the Sunday breakfast affords an opportunity for the husband to show his skill in cooking, and, after all, is it not a fair deal, seeing that the wife has the monotony of preparing meals all the week?

A tactful wife should be able to guide her husband along culinary lines with great success, and if he is taught well in the first place there is no reason why the change-over should not prove most beneficial!

Miss Cecilia Taylor, The Avenue, Hurstville, N.S.W.

## "I KNOW IT'S A TROUBLE-SOME TIME"

8478  
Mrs. MOTHERWELL



"But most of the trouble's grossly exaggerated. Obviously the change-over from a liquid to a solid diet is not easy for baby, but there's Robinson's 'Patent' Groats to help him—and you. It's a cereal food containing the elements which help to build bone and muscle, and is suited to baby's delicate digestion. The cost? Very reasonable, and a tin lasts a long while."



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GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE of Robinson's "Patent" Groats will be sent to you if you write to Colman-Keen (A/asia) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 5010M, Sydney, N.S.W. Enclose 3d. stamp for return postage.

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# The richer the SUDS the whiter the wash

and believe me these  
**NEW RINSO SUDS**  
are the **RICHEST** I've  
ever seen



## SUDS TEST PROVES THE RICHNESS OF NEW RINSO SUDS!

Equal quantities of old and New Rinso shaken up and left standing 10 minutes. Note how much extra suds the new Rinso gives and how much longer they last.

WE proved the extra richness of the New Rinso suds by test! Now Australian women everywhere are proving it for themselves—by getting the whitest washes they've ever known! Everyone knows it's the suds that get the clothes clean—and the New Rinso gives heaps more suds than any other washing product you've ever known. *Fine-bubble* suds, too! Each separate bubble is small—contains less air, more washing help than ordinary big-bubble suds. They stay piled high, close-packed, until every trace of dirt is removed—worked-in grime as well as surface soiling. So naturally the New Rinso gets whites brilliant. Its extra-rich suds are safe for the finest silks and woollens, keep colours crisp, sparkling. In fact, the whole weekly wash is quicker, easier, brighter, with the new Rinso.



NEXT WASH DAY—TRY THE  
**FUEL-SAVING RINSO**  
**2-MINUTE BOIL**  
FULL INSTRUCTIONS ON THE  
**Big New Packet**



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A LEVER PRODUCT

## The Sign of the Patsy-Anne

Continued from Page 8

LET King Carmichael speak for himself! She would not condemn him without a hearing. And he would come out on top, she knew he would. She felt it. So, hands sunk again in her wide pockets, she sauntered back casually.

Customers began to stop frequently at the quaint little tea-house and the service station, too, grubby. But though Anne was delighted, Patsy was unusually serious. Carmichael had not come again. A week after his first visit he had gone by and Patsy had turned from her work in time to see him wave. Then he was gone. What did it mean? Perhaps, after all, he really was not much interested. There was a mist before her eyes at this thought. She gave herself a little shake. Ridiculous to be so concerned about a stranger. But it was no use arguing, the thing just was.

Patsy was hard at work in the garage when he did come at last. At his hail she came out and stood by the car gravely looking up at him.

"I can't stay," he told her, "but I just had to see you for a moment!" Patsy said, equally tense:

"Are you 'King' Carmichael?" He nodded and his eyes were grave.

"You've heard about me?" Patsy suddenly felt her loyalty challenged. Why should she condemn him without hearing him?

She said quickly: "Does it matter?" He smiled at her, a warm smile that charmed her.

"Thanks, little Miss Patsy! But it does matter!" And his tone was grave. "Now, I'll have to push on. I can't have tea as I'd like under the tree with you. But perhaps I'll see you, very soon!"

Patsy stood staring after the car and it seemed to her as though in that early bright morning she was living through a whole lifetime. She felt herself growing up, leaving behind forever the careless joy of youth. Yet growing up so face, what?

She walked back to the garage with slow reluctant steps. All her future, she now knew, all her destiny was irrevocably and forever wrapped up in that man. And who, and what, was he? In spite of the brilliant sunshine the world seemed dark to Patsy at that moment.

HER ponderings were interrupted by a sudden noise. She looked up. A red car was approaching from the direction of the city, behind it a long rope towing a disabled sedan—a big, grey sedan. Out of the first car hopped a little gimlet-eyed man.

"See here, miss! Where's the boss?" he demanded truculently. Patsy straightened herself up ready to do battle. Her eyes flashed.

"I'm the boss!" she informed him curtly. "What is it you require?" The fellow looked her up and down and smiled, then, insolently.

"Oh, ho! So you're the boss! Well, then, praps you'll attend to that job there!" He nodded towards the sedan. Patsy, with difficulty controlling her temper, walked briskly towards the second car and began to make an inspection in an expert manner. The man, standing by appraising her, gave a low whistle.

"You do know something about cars," he muttered in surprise as Patsy twisted here and screwed there with an air of efficiency. She stood up and surveyed him.

"That is my business!" she reproved him. "There's not much wrong with this car. The carburettor is choked; I'll have her right in about an hour." The fellow drew out an old-fashioned silver watch. He stared at it and pursed his lips.

"An hour!" he exclaimed then, impatiently. "But I can't wait! I've got to get back to town!" He stared belligerently at her. Patsy stared straight back into those sharp little eyes, and liked them less and less, and their owner. Still, business was business. This was a public garage. "I can't promise it under an hour," she told him. He snapped down the lid of the watch.

"Well, then, I've got to get back, but I'll send someone." His eyes narrowed until Patsy thought they were going to disappear entirely.

"But I've got to be sure you hand over to the right person!" Patsy stiffened, but he did not appear to notice. "My man will say:

"I have come to take charge of the grey sedan, No. 56771." Then you'll know things are all right." Patsy was too astonished to speak.

"Suit you?" he rapped out. She nodded.

"Yes! That will be quite all right."

"All right! How much will it be?" She made a rapid calculation and told him. He argued, as she expected he would, but Patsy stuck to her guns and grumblingly he agreed to pay. Then, at her behest, he got into his car and towed the sedan into the station. Patsy unfastened the rope, and, with a final admonition to her, the unpleasant customer drove off. She sighed with relief and then went outside to call for Mick. She needed his assistance. But there was no answer. She went to the door of the tea-room. Anne was fluttering round putting fresh flowers in the vases.

"Mick? Why, didn't you know he had gone into town? A telephone message came a while ago for him, and he rushed off. Just a few minutes ago—while you were talking to that odd customer." Patsy turned away with a puzzled frown. This was strange behaviour on Mick's part! She could not understand it. She saw again that man with his little, crafty eyes, and she shivered. If only King Carmichael were here! He would know how to deal with such a creature. Whoever and whatever he was, he would never stand by and see her worried, that she knew. But he was not here, nor

### MOTHER LOVE

Can it be selfishness—a love  
that aches  
And burns within my heart,  
and sometimes makes  
My eyes grow tearful when  
they should be dry?  
I learn so slowly now! I cannot lie—  
I smile at them—but still the  
tears will flow—  
Can it be selfishness? They  
tell me so!

Can it be selfishness that  
makes me long  
To clasp them to my breast—  
to right the wrong  
That has befallen them upon  
life's road—  
To heal their broken hearts,  
as when they showed  
Their little bleeding knees I  
bathed away  
The hurt? Why is it selfish-  
ness to-day?

If it be selfishness to love them  
so,  
With all the heart and soul—  
to watch them grow.  
To spend oneself for their  
sakes, and to live  
Only in their lives—for their  
joy, to give  
Time, money (what there is of  
it!), then we  
Are selfish!—and God meant  
us so to be!

—Nancy Phyllis King.

Don, and even Mick had failed them.

There was a feeling of foreboding in her heart, but she said nothing to alarm Anne. Anxiously she scanned the long road on which at the moment nothing moved. Only two crows circled overhead, cawing grimly. Patsy hastened into the service station and fell to work on the car.

But, without Mick, the work progressed slowly and more than an hour had passed and still she was not finished. Uneasily, she began to listen for an approaching car and to sigh with satisfaction when one whizzed by. Twice came interruptions and she hastened out with a guilty air but each time it was only a fill-up that was required, and she hastened to carry out the order with more than ordinary speed.

Anne's call to lunch went unheeded as she worked feverishly on the grey sedan. Somehow, she had a dread of disappointing that gimlet-eyed little man. She must try to deliver the car as early as possible. And, while she worked, her thoughts kept recurring uneasily to that strange customer. The grey sedan appeared to her like a giant incubus and she would be glad when the messenger came for it and took it away! That is, she would be glad if she could only get it finished! At last! She hopped into the seat and tried the engine; it sang sweetly.

Please turn to Page 22

## VITALITY AND STRENGTH WITH ROBOLEINE



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The best protection is a fit and well-nourished body, and for this purpose there is nothing so good as Roboleine.

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by Acid Indigestion

Gas in the stomach accompanied by a full, bloated feeling after eating is almost certain evidence of too much hydrochloric acid in the stomach, causing so-called "acid indigestion."

Acid stomachs are dangerous. Too much acid irritates the delicate lining of the stomach, often leads to gastritis accompanied by serious stomach ulcers. Food ferments and sours, creating the distressing gas which distends the stomach and hampers the normal functions of the vital internal organs, often affecting the heart.

It is the worst of folly to neglect such a serious condition or to try to treat with ordinary digestive aids which have no neutralising effect on the stomach acids. Instead get a little Salix Magnesia from your nearest chemist or store and take a teaspoonful in water right after eating. This will drive out the gas, wind and bloating, sweeten the stomach, neutralise the excess acid, and prevent its fermentation, and stop sourness, gas or pain. Salix Magnesia is harmless, inexpensive, and a fine remedy for acid stomach. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no fear of indigestion.\*



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When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



HE (shyly): I'm going to steal a kiss.  
SHE: Well, let the crime wave begin.



FILM STAR: Now you're being reasonable!  
Of course I'll marry you—but you said something about being yours for ever!



"Whoopie! Don't you feel glad you're alive?"  
"Glad isn't the word—I'm amazed."

## MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead



"Why worry about Mac? There are other fish in the sea."  
"But he was a goldfish."

Is your husband  
**ASHAMED** of your legs?

**VARICOSE VEINS....**  
can be restored to normal.

**ARE** you one of those unfortunate or uncaring women who find the admiration in everyone's eyes suddenly change to disgust, when they notice ugly, swollen varicose veins on your legs?

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Get a bottle from your chemist to-day.

**MOONE'S EMERALD OIL**

## Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

MOTORIST: What I know about driving would fill a book.  
Traffic Cop: And what you don't know is going to fill mine.

SMALL BOY: Daddy, what did they have before wireless, gramophones, and cars were invented?  
Father: Peace, my son!

BOBBY (short of money): Say, Dad, have you any work you'd like me to do?  
Father (taken by surprise): Why—no—but—  
Bobby: Then how about putting me on relief?

"YOU never tell me what you are going to buy. Doesn't a husband have a voice in the buying?"  
"Of course, dear—the invoice."

"Is this a second-hand shop?" asked a small boy.  
"Yes, my lad; what can I do for you?"  
"I want a second hand for my watch."

"Do you know, dearie," said Mrs. Atkins, "it's just two years ago to the day since I sent my husband for a loaf of bread, and he's never come back. It's had me proper worried. What'd you do, Mrs. Perkins?"  
"Well, dearie, if I was you, I wouldn't wait no more; I'd just slip out for another loaf."

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Without Drugs.  
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Without Beauty  
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Facial Surgery.



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Wear a **FIGURE CONTROL CORSET** to secure a slender, graceful figure. Reduce 2 inches in a week; 3 inches in 10 days. This beautiful corset will give you straight, slender lines, thus enabling you to wear chic, youthfully-cut clothes immediately. Figure sag vanishes. Bulges are smoothed out—you actually **REDUCE** at waist, hips and thighs, and you look and feel so much younger, so much smarter.

The **FIGURE CONTROL CORSET** gives natural balanced support. It slims your hips and waist and flattens your abdomen with positive cross-over frontal control. Its gentle, almost imperceptible, massage-like action, reduces your waistline and beautifies your figure with every move you make.

## DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF FIGURE CONTROL

### THE NEW PERSONAL CORSETRY

1 Positive cross-over frontal control—no busks or lacing—no back opening.

2 Simplified, adjustable fastening, allowing for reduction of waist and hips.

3 Special spiral boning for comfort, flexibility and figure beauty.

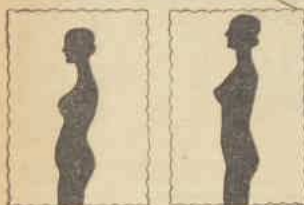
4 Imperial elastic inserts, under positive stretch control, assuring **NO BULGES** and gentle changing pressure for reduction of waistline and hips.

5 Figure Control Corset tailor-made to any desired length.

### POSITIVELY NOT MADE OF RUBBER

The **FIGURE CONTROL CORSET** is tailor-made of beautiful, long-wearing corset materials to reduce and control the figure in absolute smartness, comfort and safety.

### BANISH FIGURE SAG



See the difference between ordinary DOWN-PULL and **FIGURE CONTROL UPLIFT**. The graph on the right shows how **FIGURE CONTROL** supports the figure as nature intended—gives you taller, slimmer, smoother lines.

## Sent on 7 Days' FREE TRIAL

I want you to try the **FIGURE CONTROL CORSET** for 7 days at my expense. In this way you can prove quickly and definitely that the **FIGURE CONTROL CORSET** will reduce your waist and hips, give comforting support and uplift to your abdomen, and lovely, slim, youthful grace and energy to your figure. Every corset supplied is **NEW**—direct from the workrooms to the wearer. If not perfectly satisfied, you can return the Corset and the test will not cost you a penny. Post the **FREE** coupon, NOW.

### POST THIS COUPON SEND NO MONEY

Miss Florence Bradshaw,  
**FIGURE CONTROL CORSET CO.**,  
P.O. Buildings,  
22-24 Elizabeth St., SYDNEY.  
Without cost or obligation, send me  
full particulars of the **FIGURE CONTROL CORSET** and your 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.  
NAME .....  
ADDRESS ..... (C.W.W.)

## PAINS AFTER EATING

Gas pains and many other common ailments are often caused by improper elimination. Califig (California Syrup of Figs) is the ideal remedy for such disorders. Its pure fruit content and freedom from harsh drugs ensure a natural action. Califig tones up the entire intestinal tract—makes for better health.



**CALIFIG**  
CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS

NATURE'S OWN  
LAXATIVE

## Bushranger's Bonus

Continued from Page 7

**BUT** when the man with the gun looked in at the door she had the presence of mind to keep her mitted hands still fairly covered.

The four passengers were obliged to descend in the mud. Mrs. Hodges indignantly protesting against the miring of her shoes. "If you must rob us," she said to the man with the gun, "you might at least do it like gentlemen!" Perhaps she was already considering the nice points of the tale she would have to tell. But her protest brought forth nothing more than a grunt; these were not highwaymen with any of those fine graces that made it seem a privilege to be robbed.

Still their weapons and their determination had to be respected, and while the first one occupied himself with the driver of the coach the second expeditiously lined up the passengers beside the road. Poor Mrs. Hodges, standing in a puddle, was obliged to remove the whole burden of her jewellery and deposit it in his revolting hat. Janet, grateful for the smallness of her own possessions, delivered up a purse containing three shillings and fivepence and one peppermint lozenge. Meanwhile Selina, hands still under her pelisse, dropped her father's diamond ring where she stood and swiftly trod it into the mud.

"I have no money and no jewels: my mother does not believe in them for young ladies," said Selina, looking at the bushranger as if she re-

volving this, the man who had been bestowing his attentions on the driver of the coach called out brusquely and the four passengers were hustled back into the coach and the horses started off again. The adventure was over.

News of the affair added to the excitement of the ball. Selina was quite a heroine when she related how she had offered her little blue velvet bag to the highwayman and how it had been refused. The bag itself was handed about and examined as if it bore actual marks of its thrilling experience. But she said nothing of her father's diamond ring left embedded in the mud somewhere by the roadside at Homebush, and when during the evening she seemed a little distraught it was of this she was thinking. How was she going to find that small particular spot on the muddy roadside again? And when could she get the opportunity to go and search for it secretly and unaided?

The following morning she and Janet took the coach for home. The young man with the yellow silk handkerchief was making the return journey also, but Selina was rather disappointed to find that he was riding on the box with the driver. She had not for a moment believed Mrs. Hodges' assertion that he was in league with the bushrangers, but she felt she wanted to see something more of him, just to get rid of the unpleasant idea altogether; she was sure that a little further acquaintance with him would have made it seem quite preposterous.

Nothing was said at home about the missing ring, and she was immensely grateful for her father's carelessness about such matters. She gossiped about the ball and seemed concerned with nothing else, so when her parents wanted to ask questions about the sticking up of the coach they had to ask them of Janet, who had been robbed of three and fivepence and a peppermint lozenge, and whose mind was not distracted by frivolity.

But she had made a plan, and next morning she rose very early and quietly before any other female of the household was astir, and went outside and ordered her horse saddled. She was not supposed to ride alone, so when she found her father already abroad she said vaguely, "I am going to look for specimens for my microscope," and let him believe that she was not going off the estate. She now had a good start.

It was not difficult to find again the place where the coach had been stuck up and to pick out the clump of trees near which she and her fellow-passengers had stood. She dismounted and tied her horse to a sapling. The mud had dried and she did not know whether this would make her search easier or not; the place had been trampled, too, since she had last made a mental note of it. Without any waste of time she began to break up the little ridges and gutters of dried mud with a native yam stick she had brought with her.

A square foot or so was systematically dug over without producing any result. After all, a ring was a very small thing to find, even in such a restricted area, and she had to work hurriedly. She moved on a step still bending to her search, and as she moved she looked up, just by chance, towards the trees. Selina had smoky blue eyes, wide like a kitten's, and now they grew wider.

There, only a few feet away, appeared the young man with the yellow silk handkerchief. That very article by which she had come to identify him hung obtrusively out of his coat pocket.

Disconcerted, she straightened herself up. Then, her first astonishment over, she realised that they were regarding each other with just the same expression of embarrassed annoyance. Each stood motionless, frowning into the other's eyes. This was natural enough on her part, but not at all understandable on his. If he had looked at her differently she might have come to ask his help. Selina had a way of getting over embarrassing situations and even of turning them to account. But now she had no time either for speculation or for enlisting his doubtful aid; she would simply have to ignore him and get on with her task.

Please turn to Page 16

## Why I use the new Poudre Tokalon



### By PRINCESS ALA TROUBETZKOY

- ★ It is made in so many up-to-date flattering shades.
- ★ It is finer and lighter than any other powder I know.
- ★ I love its exquisite real flower perfume.
- ★ I find it stays on all day long. No other powder has this 'Mousse de Cream' secret.
- ★ It keeps my complexion fresh and lovely even in wind and rain.
- ★ I am sure I could not buy a better powder at any price.

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.



## 30 to 40 are difficult years

Many a man or woman who has enjoyed a vigorous, healthy youth seems to go "all to pieces" in the thirties. There may be a variety of reasons for it . . . responsibilities . . . unusual worries . . . anaemia . . . but there is ONE sure remedy, **WINGARNIS** . . . the no-waiting tonic. Unlike pain killing drugs which lower the whole system **Wingarnis** is rich in natural, nourishing foods . . . which are more beneficial for being blended in a full bodied wine. Yet **Wingarnis** is quick! You actually feel better after the first glass . . . and before a bottle is used up you are well on the path back to vigorous health. That's the great advantage of **Wingarnis** . . . a long course is unnecessary. It's the no-waiting tonic!

Read this:—"My nerves were all to pieces. I was worried, couldn't sleep. Nothing did me any good until I tried **Wingarnis**. After the first glass I knew I was going to get well again. My confidence and spirits came back like magic, and in a short time I got healthy and cheerful again." These words are typical of thousands of letters received by **Wingarnis**.

Thirty or forty . . . there's no need to feel old because one's actual youth has passed. **WINGARNIS** will make you fit and happy again. From all Chemists.



# Miss Midnight's JOTTINGS



## Club Crawling . . .

I TAKE myself in hand and chide myself—no more late nights . . . the telephone rings . . . "Romano's for dinner?" . . . Waal . . . Um . . . With a Yes sirree and a black velvet I'm off . . .

Glad to see Mr. Romano has made his lighting to agree with the glamor of his women patrons . . .

There's Nola McGregor—in a black beauty of a frock . . . I take my seat for "zoop" near Mr. K. Tesdorpf, Consul for Germany, who is with flaxen-haired Nancy Griffiths . . . hard by are Mr. and Mrs. Francis Graham—she was Babe Cobcroft . . . say hullo to Phyll Duerre, wife of wool-buyer Rudolph D.

Suppose we dash across the road to Prince's? Flick a puff over my cheeks—"Good-night, Luigi . . ."

Nearly ten-thirty as Pierre shows us to our table . . . glance round and discover Hon. Pat Hore-Ruthven with his attractive wife. Someone waves to me from the corner table—Joc. Poynter—squired by Captain Windsor.

There's Nola McGregor again, dancing with Bill McMahon . . . begin to wish feet were detachable from general anatomical scheme, but that doesn't stop me Ol-ing with the rest of them. Andree Pelletier and Nigel Lovell in front—love Andree's ice-blue satin . . . And Dorothy Shepherd—haven't seen her for ages; must run across and say "G'night."

Orchestra breaks into "Two Sleepy People" . . . that's my cue; I gather my wrap and take the stairs.

Carl's? Oh, no, I really can't make it. No, really. Oh, well, just for half an hour—but I never did like spaghetti. The Darling Point younger things are having La Fiesta Italiana, and I smell the minestrone and spaghetti before the car is parked.

Jean Hollis lovely in white; suits her dark hair . . . Fall into seat next to Eve Rayment, who tells me she did all the Italian decoration—posters and what-have-you.

Quite a few people . . . Joan Roberts, Valerie Horne, Shirley Ross, Nancye Bundock and Elizabeth Shelley, all in one breath . . .

## The wide, wide world . . .

THE SEFTON CULLENS, on the high seas, bound for Alaska and South America before they come home in a year or so.

Mrs. Cecil Smith and daughter Pam, in Germany for a music festival, and now in London. Pam due back in September . . . she wants to be on first summer-breaker at Colaroy. Mrs. Smith, not so summer-conscious, waiting for cooler weather before looking homeward.

Dr. Grace Cuthbert, flying to Europe, on two months' leave. Bosun, her Aberdeen terrier, disconsolate at home.

John and Elaine Proud, sun-baking on the Riviera, after motoring through Africa and England. Two years' honeymoon will take in the rest of Europe—international situation permitting.

## Put on the war-paint . . .

FOR the University Football Club dance at Grace Bros., June 13. Joyce Lotherington tells me all the Varsity be-men and b.y.t.s. will be there. Dr. Bob Mackey heads the committee.

## And now some music . . .

HIE me to Town Hall for Schnabel concerts . . . Cheered to see the young 'uns lapping it up . . . must be something in S's contention that if you give 'em good music, everything's oke . . .

This sprinkling of pretty lasses and swains certainly does things to the usual classical concert scene . . . chat with Sheila Pring and fiancé Geoff Platter . . . staggered by Shell's knowledge of sonatas and such . . . and Lorraine Halse Rogers, armed with music books and pencil, absolutely rapt . . .

Lois Chartres, furred to the floor . . . Joan Wentworth, vivid green going gorgeously with her flawless complexion . . . tall Pip Street with Peter Moyes . . . Cecile Weston, Joan Baldick . . .

And afterwards a drove of young things grabbing ye olde hansom cab and leaving their own cars parked around Druitt Street, while they up-towned to supper . . .

## Heard around town . . .

GERTRUDE ODILLO MAHER, having lived in Paris, London, New York for years, now back again. Has a flat at Edgecliff House, and super-car.

Pam Darling playing the role of efficient housekeeper. Looked after the Rutherford Darling home while mother visited brother Sim Bennet and wife at Carinya, Cooma.

## Seasiders . . .

MRS. TOM HOOD, from Tantallan, Orange, at Hotel Manly.

Lady Hughes, same address.

Mrs. Wynne Lewis, with young sons, at Palm Beach.

## Children's hour . . .

NEARLY over. Back to school week, this, for most of them.

Elaine, the G. K. Krygers' one ewe lamb, goes back to Frensham, with Margot Davidson, her young hostess at Cootamundra.

John and Jacqueline, Mrs. Kitty Paradise's pair, take up the school child's burden after blissful weeks of ice-skating.

## They are talking about . . .

THE Kelly-Cheeseman wedding, and how well Carleton and Gwen kept the secret. No one knows yet where the ceremony was. A Saturday night and the T.H.K.'s seen at the Schnabel concert. Had they come on from the wedding? They're not telling . . . The Pat Macken-Bert Field romance, truly a love's young dream. Pretty Pat only 13, and Bert in early twenties. AND the super-celebration party at the Field home . . . Pat Zieles sapphire engagement ring from Colin Hall, and Mrs. A. A. Hall saying Pat will make her third charming daughter-in-law . . . How a country bachelor seems to be preparing to run the Curtis blockade . . . Remember how Dr. George Curtis said at Gay's wedding to Lieut. John Mesley that all male visitors to his household would have to sign a three years' non-aggression pact . . . How some King's Cross denizens MUST go to bed early because their complaints caused a soft-peddalling of the explosions in "Idiot's Delight"—Minerva Theatre . . . And how you mustn't sneeze at the Schnabel concerts.



• CAMERA caught them unawares. Betty Maxwell and David Adams at La Fiesta Italiana—chez Carl Thomas.



• GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S son, Hon. Pat Hore-Ruthven, and fair-haired wife drop in at Prince's for supper.



• PETER (baritone) DAWSON and wife, back in Australia to settle, welcomed at Usher's. Greater Union Theatres hosts.



• GOOD-LOOKING, isn't he? German Consul K. Tesdorpf, with attractive Nancy Griffiths at Romano's.



• LENNOX BODE and his decorative wife, dancing at Prince's. They're regulars at all our smart merry-making rendezvous.



• BLUE RUSSELL, of surfboard fame, and Mrs. Colin Chisholm, of Khancoban, Upper Murray. Mr. Chisholm and Dorothy Shepherd also in party.



• PATCHES, Mrs. J. K. Hulme's wire-haired terrier, comes in for a spot of attention from Alex Kahn and Sheila Cavendish. Occasion was the Sydney Ski Club's party at Mrs. Hulme's Darling Point penthouse.



## NEW PLASMIC



Actual Photo. Mrs. Margaret Westbrook, before using New Plasmic. Actual Photo. Mrs. Margaret Westbrook, after using New Plasmic.

ABSOLUTELY removes almost instantaneously WRINKLES, LINES, OPEN PORES, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, and all SKIN BLEMISHES arising from any cause whatsoever.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC. Restores PERMANENTLY to use as middle age the skin and complexion of youth. REJUVENATES THE SKIN TISSUES.

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THE PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

Next Bathurst St. 4th Floor. Take lift.

Also obtainable at Washington, Bondi, Potts, and other leading chemists.

## AGAIN she took

hold of the yarn stick, and again her attention was caught away. There was a sound of horses on the road, and she and the young man both pricked their ears as at the same warning. Then the same uneasy sense seemed to move them both. They took a step towards each other, and after a second's hesitation the young man came the rest of the way. His expression swiftly changed to one of polite interest, perhaps only stimulated after all, but what remained of the frown now showed more anxiety than annoyance.

He bowed—perfunctorily, as if the exercise wasted valuable time—and he said, "Pardon me; you have lost something here?"

"It belongs to my father," said Selina, putting what seemed the most important point of her explanation first. And then, being reminded of this fact most acutely, she said nothing more to the young man but went back to her digging. The sound of the horses on the road had died away, but the sun was getting higher and time was passing.

"Can I be of any assistance?" offered the young man out of his own mysterious hurry. "Please

## Bushranger's Bonus

Continued from Page 14

allow me." And he began an ill-directed search of the ground where he stood. "If you could tell me what the object is—" he began to inquire, and broke off suddenly. As he did not go on Selina looked up, and she was just in time to see him pull the yellow silk handkerchief out of his pocket and signal to someone on the far side of the road.

Was a whole crowd going to gather here at this hour of the morning? Selina felt thoroughly exasperated. And then she looked to see who else had arrived, and she stiffened with horror: it was the stage-coach robber. There he was with the same gun that had been held under her nose two days ago. So that was what the young man with the yellow silk handkerchief was doing here! Mrs. Hodges had been right; he was an accomplice. The bushrangers must have a rendezvous at this place.

Selina's next emotion, strangely, was one of angry disillusionment. She blazed with resentment. Unlike Mrs. Hodges she did not feel that it mitigated crime to find an attractive young man engaged in it. On the contrary. "You!" she cried.

And then rashly, in a high voice, "I shall get the police!" With that she ran and, scarcely waiting to clear her horse's rein properly from the sapling where it was tied, she mounted from a fallen log and galloped away down the road.

But she flew in the direction of home and she did not get the police after all. For one thing, there seemed none to be got thereabouts. Perhaps they were all in other places looking for the bushrangers. And as she went, still furiously mortified, she found other excuses for keeping this second adventure to herself. So, arrived home she merely entered as inconspicuously as she could, ate her breakfast, and spent the day poring over her new microscope.

Late that evening the loss of the ring was discovered. Selina was obliged to confess. Her father, careless man, did not himself seem deeply concerned about the ring, but he sent for the doctor to come and cure his wife's hysterics because above all things he liked peace and quietness.

When Janet came down to let the doctor in Selina was lurking in a doorway off the hall. She was upset now at having caused such a disturbance in the household, and was as anxious as anyone to see the soothing old family physician walk in. But when Janet opened the door there were explanations. The old doctor was away. "I am his partner, Dr. Bosanquet," she heard, and, though the name was strange, the voice was familiar.

OUT she came just in time to see him going up the stairs. The young man with the yellow silk handkerchief, though now that incriminating article was not visible. "Probably in the wash," thought Selina, who even in the most exciting and absorbing moments had a trick of thinking in parenthesis. He went up, passed the landing and disappeared.

"Well," said Selina to the universe at large, and she sat down on the hall seat to consider the matter. But after a short while, apparently becoming absent-minded, she got up and went to the mirror to arrange her curls and the lace collar and cuffs on her dress of dark green cashmere, and she stayed there till she heard her father escorting the visitor down again.

They met at the dining-room door. Charles Burdett was not the man to let a doctor go straight from sick room to saddle on an autumn night, as Selina knew. "A most extraordinary thing that you should have been on the coach, too," he was saying as she appeared. "Selina, this is Dr. Bosanquet. You must have seen each other before."

"Your father told me the story of the ring," he said when Mr. Burdett had left them. "I am sorry your ingenuity was not better rewarded."

"We may find it yet," Selina said with a sudden new hope.

"I'm afraid not, and I'm partly responsible. When I came past the spot to-night I saw that it had all been thoroughly dug over. Our interest in the place this morning must have attracted some undesirable attention."

"Oh," said Selina regretfully; then curiosity overcame everything else. "But how—" she began.

"It was only on my account that our friend the bushranger happened to be there again this morning, though I didn't tell your father this."

"I didn't tell him about your being there," Selina said quickly, and wondered if she blushed.

"I am so sorry if I embarrassed you as well. You see, when the coach was held up I unfortunately had a valuable microscope with me. It was no use to the robbers and would have been difficult for them to dispose of, so I made a bargain with the fellow to redeem it for five pounds. He didn't know the value of it, of course. I promised not to inform on him in the meantime, and it was arranged that I should bring the money to that place this morning and get my microscope back."

"And did you get it?"

"Well—no. I'm afraid your sudden bolt after the police frightened the man who had brought it and he bolted too, and took it with him."

"My fault!" said Selina, and she put her hand to her forehead with the most charming air of distraction.

"No, no; I should not have made bargains with malefactors. After all, one would not be far wrong in saying I was an accessory. But

## THE TREE ON THE RISE

The old tree's burnt: it used to stand.  
A monarch on the rise,  
A landmark, bare but starkly grand.

Outlined 'gainst sunny skies.  
The ploughman raised his eyes to see

The gun in lonely state,  
And drove his team with artistry  
That kept his furrow straight.

And children coming home from school  
With youthful revelry,  
Would shout: "I'll race you from the pool."

"And beat you to the tree!"  
And when the moonbeams lit its boughs  
Young lovers often met  
And in its shelter made the vows.

They swore not to forget,  
But now it's burnt: and, as we wend  
Our way towards the spot,  
It seems that we have lost a friend.

Because the tree is not,  
—Z. V. WEBB.

I need the microscope for important work."

"It is still my fault," Selina insisted. "And I have a microscope, a beautiful new microscope. You must let me give it to you to make amends."

Dr. Bosanquet did not even pause to look incredulous. "If you would just lend it to me!" he said with the most tremulous relief and no further apology. He turned out to be a young man rather like that; but nice, oh very nice.

So Selina's birthday microscope began its travels, and presently no one could say how often it had been lent and returned, or on how many occasions two heads were bent over it together. Dr. Bosanquet never mentioned the loss of his own instrument again or seemed to regret it.

Selina's father, however, was not compensated even by the loan of another diamond ring. Some little time afterwards, when Dr. Bosanquet bought one, he thoughtlessly chose it only to fit Selina's and Mr. Burdett, seeming to see no unfairness in this, contented himself with saying that the bushranger might now keep his own ring for a bonus.

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a week (including extra).



NO DEPOSIT: 3/11  
a week including installation.

Who is there who hasn't dreamt of a kitchen always spotless? A kitchen free from smoke and fumes, with pots and pans always clean and bright. No cooking failures, less work, less worry and AT FAR LESS COST. Only an electric range can make your dreams come true. Isn't the realisation of all these things worth 2/6 a week? You can purchase—and install—an electric range for no deposit and as little as 2/6 a week.

Eventually you will install electric . . . why not now?

## THE SYDNEY COUNTY COUNCIL

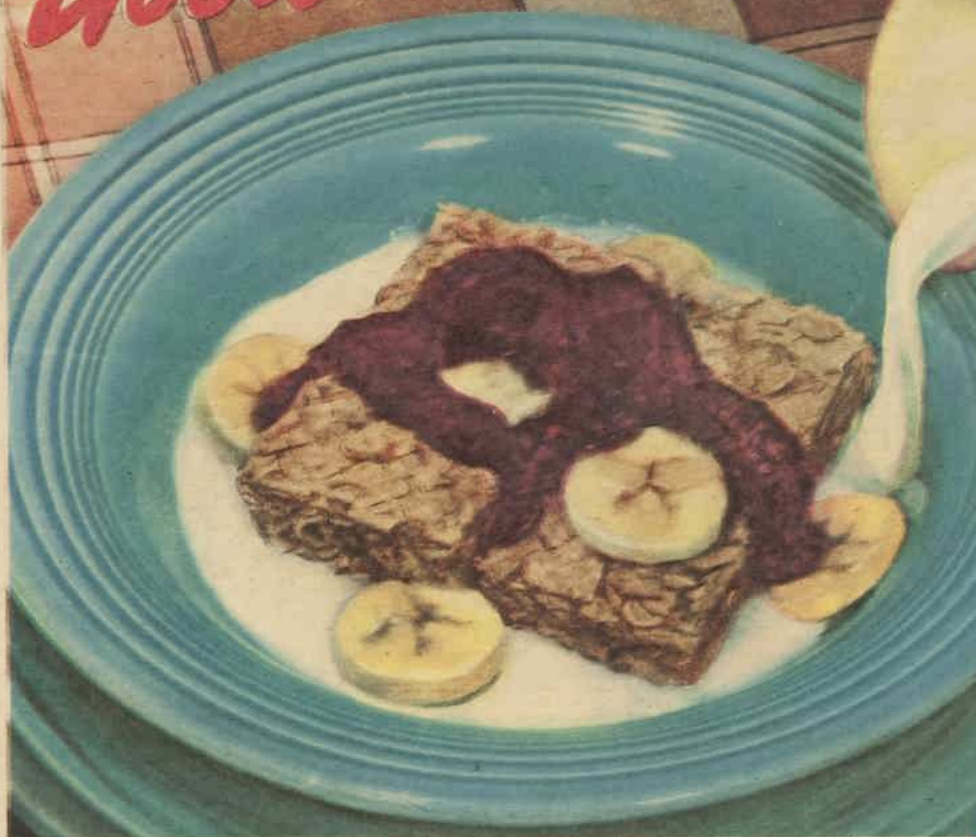
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**GRILLED CHEESE**—2 Vita-Brits—2 oz. of cheese—1 dessertspoonful of milk—1 oz. butter—salt, cayenne, mustard. Split Vita-Brits through centre and toast. Melt the butter and add grated cheese, milk and flavour. Spread Vita-Brits with butter and then the cheese mixture. Place under a hot grill and cook slowly until golden brown.



*And here's a trouble-saving luncheon*  
**SPINACHED EGGS ON VITA-BRITS**—Vita-Brits—cooked spinach—eggs—butter—salt and pepper. Split Vita-Brits through the centre and toast. Chop spinach finely and re-heat with melted butter, salt and pepper. Poach eggs. Butter the Vita-Brits and spread the spinach over them. Make depressions for the poached eggs and place on spinach. Serve hot.



*For a dinner sweet—they'll ask for more of this—*  
**VITA-BRIT VANILLA SLICE**—4 Vita-Brits—1 oz. butter—1 oz. flour—1 egg yolk—1 pint milk—2 tablespoons castor sugar—1 teaspoon Vanilla—2 oz. icing sugar. Split Vita-Brits through the centre. Melt butter. Split Vita-Brits through the centre. Add milk and stir till boiling. Cook 2 minutes. Cool slightly, add yolk and cook without boiling. Add sugar and vanilla and beat well. Allow to cool. Fill Vita-Brits with the mixture and spread with soft white icing. Sprinkle over with chocolate decorations.

**HOW TO SPLIT VITA-BRITS:**  
Hold firmly on edge and cut with a saw-edged knife or sharp knife dipped in boiling water.

HERE'S the time-saving way to make everyone happy at breakfast. Ready for instant use are these Vita-Brits—these flakes of sun-nourished wheat pressed and golden-toasted into crisp, crunchy "biscuits" of goodness. Heap them with sliced bananas. Garnish them with raspberry jam. Then serve with creamy milk. That's the kind of breakfast for happy days and healthy bodies—so full of deliciousness—so full of the nourishment of pure wheat, fruit and milk. It's one of the scores of ways you can use Vita-Brits for "morning, noon or night." Buy a packet of Vita-Brits today.

# VITA-BRITS

FOR *morning, noon & night*





## REMEMBER....

THE bride's mother, not the bride, is the hostess at a wedding reception.

Bride and bridegroom are toasted at a wedding party which takes the form of luncheon or dinner but not at any afternoon reception.

No one should leave a wedding party before the bridal pair.

A widow remarrying should not wear a bridal veil or orange blossom.

## ETIQUETTE

## Be CERTAIN about those wedding details

**How to receive the guests at a wedding reception — how to display the presents — when toasts are drunk — the cutting of the wedding cake — what to do when Royal guests are present....**

These are some of the problems of wedding-day etiquette discussed by Mrs. Massey Lyon in this week's instalment of her book.



BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM are toasted when the after-wedding celebration is a luncheon or dinner. The wedding cake forms the central decoration on the table.

## A RECEPTION always follows an afternoon wedding.

An evening wedding is followed by a "sit-down" or a buffet dinner and this may be followed by dancing.

The wedding reception follows precisely the same lines as an ordinary afternoon reception, save for the presence of the important couple, and the fact that wedding-cake and champagne, or, sometimes, sparkling hock, figure in the refreshments.

Flowers naturally predominate among the decorations, and occasionally a large bell of snowy blossoms is hung over the place where the newly-married couple stand to receive the congratulations of their friends.

Bride and bridegroom stand in the largest reception-room. Sometimes they stand just inside the door, sometimes in front of a flower-decked fireplace or near the entrance to an adjoining room through which guests who have greeted them pass to make room for others.

Meanwhile the hostess (the mother of the bride) receives her guests at the head of the staircase or the entrance to the main room, according to the arrangements of the house. Those who have been invited pass from her to greet the bride and bridegroom and on again to talk to friends or on to the room set aside for refreshments.

After most of the guests have arrived, the newly-married pair move about among them, perhaps introducing old friends, and soon go to the refreshment-room, where the little ceremony of cutting the cake takes place.

## Cutting the cake

THE cutting is a mere formality, one wedge having been separated beforehand so that the bride has only to pass the silver saw through the position indicated by ribbon, or to use her husband's sword for the purpose in the case of a Service wedding, after which the cake is taken and cut up into convenient pieces and handed to the guests.

No healths are drunk at an afternoon reception.

For very big receptions a separate room is often set aside for the bride and bridegroom with the near relatives and important guests on both sides.

It is then a matter for individual decision whether the cake is cut in this room or in the large one for the general company before the important little party adjourns to the separate room.

In good time the bride will leave to change from her bridal dress into her "going away" frock.

It is usual for her chief bridesmaid to accompany her, otherwise the bridesmaids remain with the general company.

As the time for departure draws near, the bridesmaids go to the front door, for it is their prerogative to line the exit with informal groups and wave good wishes to the happy pair.

The charming old custom of the bride throwing her bouquet among the guests when she leaves the house still survives. It is an old saying that the girl who catches the bouquet will be the next bride.

It is incorrect for any guests to leave before the bride and bridegroom, but if their departure is delayed guests who for some reason have to go explain the reason to their hostess and take their leave.

Immediately after the bridal pair's departure the time for leaving has come. The hostess returns to the principal room to bid her guests farewell.

Nowadays confetti or its equivalent



"Why, Mr. Pig, I think that's downright shocking! Really? You don't believe in bathing? ... Merciful goodness, I didn't suppose there was anybody left with such old-fashioned ideas!"



"Something's got to be done about this! ... Let's see ... what's been wrong with the baths you've had? Soap in the eye? Or ... Wait — how dumb of me — I see it all now! You've never had Johnson's Baby Powder afterward!"



"Hold on — don't run away! You're going to have a brand-new thrill! Soft silky Johnson's Baby Powder to make you feel as cool as a breeze and happy as a pig in clover. Now ... who's afraid of the big bad bath?"

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BEST FOR BABY — BEST FOR YOU

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By MRS. MASSEY LYON

(Published by Special Arrangement).

## Evening party

AT an evening wedding party the guests are received in the same way as at a reception.

The guests sit at small tables with the bridal party and more important guests at a long table at the top of the room, or if there is a large number of guests long tables may be arranged at right angles to the main table.

In this case the wedding cake forms the principal ornament in front of the bride and bridegroom.

At a wedding luncheon or dinner toasts are honored.

The toast of the bride and bridegroom is proposed by a distinguished guest or perhaps a very old friend of the family, and the bridegroom replies. Long speeches are out of date.

After replying to the toast of his wife and himself the bridegroom proposes the health of the bridesmaids, to which the best man should reply.

Sometimes the health of the bride's parents is also drunk. It is proposed by the bridegroom's father and responded to by the father of the bride. But more often only the newly-married couple and the bridesmaids are toasted.

Continued on next page

*This Cold*  
**IS GETTING ME DOWN!**

**A COLD TO-DAY  
FLU TO-MORROW**

End that cold now  
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Don't neglect a common cold; though it may not seem serious, a cold can develop through quick stages to 'Flu' or worse. Don't gamble ... act now this simple way.

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Take 2 Bayer's Aspirins with a full glass of water ... repeat if necessary in 2 hours. That is recognised as the safest, surest, quickest, treatment for relief from colds.

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BOTTLES OF 24 - 1s.  
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## ETIQUETTE

Continued from Previous Page

WHEN a buffet meal is chosen, only light refreshments are served. Hot soup—in cold weather—lobster and chicken mayonnaise, oyster patties, sandwiches, and savories are arranged on the buffet, and fruit salads, creams and ices may be the sweets provided.

Champagne, light wines, and soft drinks are supplied.

The menu for a wedding luncheon is the same as the menu for any festive lunch party.

It may include oysters or hors d'oeuvre, an egg dish, or fish, chicken in casserole or a roast, salad and ices.

The menu for a wedding dinner may have additional courses—soup, an entree, poultry and a savory.

Refreshments at an afternoon wedding reception are similar to those served at a gala tea party, or, if it is a quiet wedding, they may simply be cakes, sandwiches and bread and butter with tea, plus the champagne and wedding cake.

For a large reception, tea may be varied with coffee, hot or iced, sandwiches, asparagus rolls, pastry parties with various fillings, elaborate small and large cakes, fruit salad liberally dressed with cream and various ices may be placed on the tables.

The amount to be spent and the number of guests invited influence the type of wedding cake chosen.

Therid wedding cakes are rarely seen except at very large weddings. Real flowers are often used for extra ornamentation.

Incidentally, orange blossom should not appear when the reception is for a widow who has remarried. This applies also to wedding bouquet and headdress.

### Royal guests

WHEN Royalty attends a wedding, both the bride's mother and father and the bridegroom's parents hasten from the church to reach the house before the Royal guests. They await them in the hall, the host being prepared to go to the door of the Royal car when it arrives.

The bride and bridegroom wait in the reception room and the Royal guests are the first guests whose greetings they receive.

After this the party proceeds on the usual lines of one honored by Royalty. The Royal guests meet and greet friends, while presentations are made as the occasion suggests. The bridesmaids, for instance, are generally presented, and members of the two families who may not have previously been presented.

A refreshment buffet is arranged either in the main reception room or in a small one opening out of the ordinary refreshment room.

The bride and bridegroom take refreshments with the Royal party, and they cut the cake in their presence.



THE LITTLE TRAIN-BEARER plays an important role at a wedding and at the reception afterwards. With the older bridesmaids she stands at the front door to see off the bride and bridegroom.

The Royal guests are notified when the bridal couple will leave. Royalty usually leaves beforehand, saying good-bye to the bride before she goes to change her dress, and the Royal guests are escorted to the front door by host and hostess, and to their car by the host.

Wedding presents are often arranged for inspection in another room.

When this is done they should be quite simply arranged, and care should be taken that the card bearing the donor's name is attached to each present.

It is a matter of taste and good feeling, rather than of etiquette, that the gifts made by her husband's people should be given prominence by the bride.

When a present of jewellery is being worn by the bride, as often happens, the empty case with a card bearing the description should be displayed.

In the same way, cheques or a motor car, for instance, should be noted on a card. "To the bride from her father-in-law—a motor car," or "Col. and Mrs. Somebody—a cheque."

### When to send gifts

WEDDING presents, when intended for both the bride and bridegroom, are sent to the bride, and she expresses their combined thanks for them.

The parents of the bridegroom make some gift to her no matter how much they may be doing for their son, and similarly her parents will send something, big or small, to their future son-in-law.

The bridegroom's gift to his bride

announced. There is no need to wait for an invitation to the wedding.

On the other hand, invitations to the wedding must be sent to anyone who has already sent a present, so that unless the donor is fairly certain that an invitation to the wedding will be forthcoming it is tactless to send a present too far in advance.

The arrival of an invitation is the signal for sending a wedding present.

They are usually forwarded from the shop where they are purchased and accompanied by the donor's visiting-card, on the top of which is written: "With all good wishes from ——" or "With much love and many good wishes," etc.

The bride-to-be should acknowledge gifts immediately they arrive. Where a great many gifts are received, it should be made the responsibility of one person to keep them in order, fixing the cards safely to the gift immediately it arrives. A list should be kept of the gifts and names of the donors, and each one marked as the acknowledgment is sent.

The bride must write the letters of thanks, except in the case of gifts sent personally to the bridegroom by his own friends who may not yet have met his bride.

Wedding presents are much more utilitarian than they were some years ago. Furniture, useful plate, and additions to household furnishings are sent both by intimate friends and newer acquaintances.

### Next week

WHAT are a bride's social duties when she returns from her honeymoon? How long does a formal call last? When can the mistress of the house be "not at home"? Mrs. Massey Lyon answers these questions in the next instalment of "Etiquette."



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He'll say your lips are fresh and youthful if you use Tangee. And here's the reason why: Tangee isn't paint—can't paint. Its magic Color Change Principle takes care of that. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to just the right color to suit your natural loveliness. Lips are kept soft and appealing with Tangee's special cream base. Try Tangee today. Then ask if he approves.

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ASK YOUR CHEMIST, 44 E. ST.

## Highlight your latest hair style with Californian Poppy

BRILLIANTINE



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No ordinary brilliantine this, but one specially blended from oils of rare delicacy to suit the fineness of a woman's hair. Rub a little Californian Poppy Brilliantine between the hands and pat it lightly on the hair before combing. See how sleekly the wave falls in place—how firmly those soft curls hold—what bright colour is discovered where the light catches—what glorious lustre and vitality shine from your curly hair!



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ENO IS DIFFERENT because

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Eno costs 2/3 and double quantity 3/0



# An Editorial

JUNE 10, 1939

## WOMEN ARE HAPPY NEWS



WITH this week's issue, The Australian Women's Weekly celebrates its sixth birthday anniversary.

To-day almost half a million Australians buy the paper, and all Australia reads it.

The rest of the world quotes it as the representative journal of Australian women.

This overwhelming success and this high status were won because women appreciated a newspaper of their own, which placed in its true perspective the growing importance of women in national life. The time had come when women's news was too important for a corner of any newspaper. It was big news, and deserved a paper of its own.

We are proud of the standard created and the circulation records achieved in giving the women of Australia the sort of newspaper they wanted.

To cater fully for the growing needs of women, we had to produce six newspapers in one, so diverse are women's interests and outlook to-day.

The Australian Women's Weekly marches forward with women in the splendid new status they enjoy.

There is prideful pleasure for us as a women's newspaper, as there must be for all women, in the fact that two great women hold the spotlight of world interest at this time.

The meeting of Queen Elizabeth and Mrs. Roosevelt, first lady of the United States, has shown us the value of our women leaders.

They have driven high tension politics, dictators and talk of war from the headlines and replaced these things with human interest, friendliness and understanding.

Women are news today, and happy news at that.

—THE EDITOR.

# They rule the Empire while the King is away

## Two women sit on the Council of State

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our London Representative

DURING the King's absence abroad in Canada and the United States, the Empire is ruled by a Council of State. The King's last official act before sailing for Canada was the appointment of this Council of State, which comprises his brothers, the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Kent, his sister, the Princess Royal, and Princess Arthur of Connaught.

They form a "committee" of which the Queen, too, is a member, though her appointment is to meet the terms of the Regency Act of 1937, and she, obviously, is but a nominal member of the Council, being abroad with the King.

Though the names of the Counsellors are familiar to everyone, the actual work of the "committee" is very little known, yet they form an important body, without which the King would be unable to leave the shores of England.

The Counsellors have to read through all State documents, Acts of Parliament, commissions for officers in the Navy, Army, and Air Force, and all other papers of State read by the King.

### Only two necessary

ACTUALLY only two of the four Counsellors appointed are strictly necessary, and only two signatures are required in place of the King's, but two extra members were appointed to provide against the possibility of both the other two being ill or otherwise incapacitated.

The King's absence in America represents a busy time for the Counsellors.

A portion of the day must be set aside by at least two members of the Council for reading State papers and other documents.

If they approve, at least two signatures must be appended or, if the "committee" wishes, three or four, where normally the King writes "George R.I."

These signatures give the legal authority to whatever is set out in the document.

With a Council of State there could arise many little difficulties.

One possibility is that a division of opinion regarding the matters as set out in the State papers may arise.

This is a contingency for which, so far, no provisions have been made—save that the constitutional experts of the Privy Council and the Home Office, who are responsible for



Impression of the Council of State in session, showing the Dukes of Kent and Gloucester, the Princess Royal and Princess Arthur of Connaught.

these matters, take the view that the Royal Dukes and the two Princesses are unlikely to argue the rights and wrongs of any matter submitted to them by Parliament.

Previous Councils of State have justified this view.

Furthermore, they regard it as a position which, under our democratic system of government, is unlikely to crop up during Their Majesties' absence.

The powers yielded by the King to his Counsellors are very elastic. According to legal theory, they may, if they wish, create dukes, barons, knights.

One power, however, that is not granted to the Council of State is the dissolution of Parliament.

Only with the special authority of the King can this be done, so that while he is out of the country, whatever may be the division of opinion in Parliament, it can be safely assumed that there will be no general election.

And, in accepting the honor conferred on them by their brother, both the Duke of Gloucester and Duke of Kent were obliged to relinquish a very valuable privilege.

They are members of the House of Lords, with the right to take part in debates of the Upper House, and to vote with their fellow Peers.

### King's authority

THOUGH neither of the Royal Dukes exercises this right, now that they find themselves invested with the King's authority their position changes.

They may no longer take any part in the debates, or enjoy their privi-

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, as Heir Presumptive, is, of course, No. 1 Royalty in England at the moment. With Queen Mary indisposed because of her car accident, Princess Elizabeth is nominally first lady. This precedence will not operate, however, as Princess Elizabeth is a minor, and does not appear at social or ceremonial functions alone.

lege of voting, as their appointment to the Council now gives them the final "decision."

For this reason their right to be members of the House of Lords ceases as from the day they become members of the Council of State.

The Queen's absence in America also varies the rule of precedence in London society.

Queen Mary is England's first lady—just as she was for a quarter of a century while her husband, George V, was on the throne.

Princess Elizabeth, Heir Presumptive to the Throne, is second in order of precedence, because she is a minor.

But with Queen Mary recovering from a motor accident and not taking part in any social functions, Princess Elizabeth is really first lady.

### Duchess of Gloucester

ANOTHER interesting feature of the King's absence is the way the Duchess of Gloucester has come to the forefront.

A charming, girlish figure, she has been doing much social work, and has had a very big list of engagements.

With Queen Mary indisposed, more and more calls will be made on her time.

Royalty is hard-working; there can be no doubt about that. The Duke of Gloucester is moving more and more into the public eye, preparing for the extra duties that will fall to him when the Duke of Kent leaves for Australia in a few months' time. The Duchess of Gloucester will perform many more official functions than she does at present when the Duchess of Kent leaves for Australia.

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP





# The LOWER LASH-OUT . . . Have you tried it?

Dancing master reveals secrets of his success

By L. W. LOWER  
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by  
WEP

My grandfather, Lancelot, is going to take up dancing.

The reason for this is that he is particularly keen on learning the Lambeth Walk so that he can yell out "Oi!" every now and then without people thinking he's rotty.

GRANDPA intends to follow this up with the Palais Glide, the Big Apple and the Snake Gully Swagger. He shows astonishing agility for a man of one hundred and ninety years of age.

Myself, I am more of an adagio dancer. I don't mean that I'm an Italian.

Adagio means—well, it's a kind of a general rough-house, set to music. You grab your partner by the left leg, whirl her around a few times, and let her go. If she lands on her feet it's an adagio dance. If she lands on her ear it's an apache dance.

In the second instance it is usual to kick the partner in the ribs a few times while she's down. This adds realism to the apache dance.

I have before me a clipping from an old newspaper. I'll just quote you a bit of it:

"Mr. Leonard ('Fairy-toes') Lower's outstanding performance of the apache dance will be long remembered. Mademoiselle Fifi stood up to it well for the first few rounds, but in the final movement, when Mr. Lower threw her into the

orchestra stalls, she broke a leg over the back of a seat—the only thing that marred an otherwise perfect performance."

I've never gone in for ballet dancing much. Too much of a crowd. I mean to say in the chorus.

Of course I have performed "The Dying Swan" and all the other classics, but I find that it knocks your knees about too much.

When you limp off the stage with a twisted ankle and a busted kneecap you begin to wonder whether Art does not demand too much of the artist.

## Giving exhibitions

I HAVE not had a go at the Chestnut Tree yet. I am waiting for the weather to get a little warmer. All you girls are welcome at the first night at the opening of the season. It will be a gala night.

A gala is a kind of parrot. I don't see what that has to do with the show, but my publicity manager said it was O.K. so there you are.

Then there is exhibition dancing. It must come natural to me. Every time I go to a ball and have a few dances with the girls, my wife says, "Come and sit down here and stop making an exhibition of yourself!"



An admiring throng watches "Fairy-toes" Lower sample his latest dancing masterpiece, the Lower Lash-out, with his grandfather.

Rather a pretty compliment, I think—yet, I am afraid, tinged with a little jealous envy. Just human nature, I suppose.

Without boasting, I think that I must be the best exhibition dancer in Australia.

But, of course, we can't all be experts. Perhaps a few hints might help you. I speak from the man's point of view, but if you just read my advice backwards you'll find that it is as good for women as for men.

I find it best to select a partner weighing at least fourteen stone. If you slip, you've got something to hang on to.

If, however, all the heavyweights are taken up, don't go to the other extreme of selecting some frail type who breaks a rib every time you fall.

As a matter of fact, I am at present working on a new solo dance called the Lower Lounge.

You do it lying on the floor. There's no possibility of falling over. The only difficulty is getting up. That is the problem I am working out now.

## An ancient art

DANCING is as old as civilisation itself. It is on record in old Egyptian chronicles carved on baked clay tablets that—let me see if I can think of it.

"And then did the sons and daughters of the bourgeoisie join merrily in the Palestine France, saying unto each other: 'Oi!' and, also, 'Whacko!' and 'Shuffle them dogs, sister!'"

"And so it came to pass that sounds of shuffling were heard in the land. Yea, even unto the outer suburbs.

"And in the suburbs there was much wailing and Oi-ing, for they were like unto those who wish to sleep in the darkness of the night, but this was denied them."

Beautiful, mellifluous phraseology they used in those days. (That's not bad, is it?)

It was my original intention to discuss modern dances. I am afraid I have not strictly kept to this intention, but when an authority gets on to his particular subject it is very hard to stop him, short of belting him on the chin or handing him over to the police.

If I may prevail on your patience for a little longer I would like to point out that the original Big Apple was first performed in the Garden of Eden.

And, incidentally, Confucius, the great Chinese sage, said in 1600 B.C.:

"Come, let us pluck lotus flowers and move the legs about with solemnity and grace. Let the makers of music get hot and give us a bit of swing music upon their instruments that our hearts may be lifted up."

It just goes to show. Don't ask me what it goes to show because it would take too long, and I'm racing

neck and neck with the printing department with another thirty words to go.

Getting back to modern times, have you tried the Lower Lash-out? (No, not Wash-out). It goes like this:

"I'm gonner dance off both my boots And I don't care two hoots. Slap that drum! Here I come! Ah, there! Hira, too!"

Well, if you haven't tried this you ain't tried nothin'. Good, isn't it?

## It's no Secret



. . . . that White clothes turn YELLOW unless you give them the last rinse in BLUE water

It's quite simple! There can be no pure white without blue and no pure whiteness in linens without the last rinse in blue water on wash-days. If your clothes have turned greyish-yellow restore their lovely whiteness quickly with Reckitt's Blue in the last rinsing water.

**Reckitt's BLUE**  
Blue Keeps Linen a good colour!

Why does she look so Young for her Years

IT'S hard to imagine her the mother of grown-up sons and daughters, for she's so astonishingly youthful. How does she manage to look ten to fifteen years younger than she really is?

She retains her youthful figure and radiant health by taking Bile Beans nightly. Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They ensure perfect digestion, keep the blood-stream pure, and health at concert pitch.

You, too, can rejuvenate—take years off your appearance—if you only remember to take Bile Beans every night.



"Quite recently I was told by friends from abroad that I looked just as slim and youthful as I did when they left England ten years before. They were greatly impressed when told that I owed it all to Bile Beans. Bile Beans have reduced my weight by eighteen pounds and they keep me ever so fit."—Mrs. W. Ruddleson.

"I cannot speak too highly of Bile Beans. They have given me a slim figure, made me youthful in appearance, and improved my health in a wonderful way."—Mrs. K. Pickels.

**BILE BEANS**

KEEP YOU HEALTHY AND YOUTHFUL



## Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/10/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note some examples:

"Necture," printed by "Smith's," recently brought me between £5 and £6. "My last story, 'The Darling of Hobart Town,' was published by 'Table Talk.' I received £4/10/- for it."

"In one week I had printed matter in only two papers ('Smith's' and 'The Bulletin') to the amount of £7/10/-, which, I think, is rather satisfactory."

"I have had three articles accepted by 'The Bulletin' and one by 'The A.B.C.'"

"The Bulletin" headlined my story, "Justice." I received £4/10/- for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £6/10/- from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"

"I received £5 from the 'Sydney Mail' for my first story, 'Twin Ships.'"

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## Grey Hair



No need to look old with grey hair. Here is a new prescription to restore its natural, youthful colour without dyes or stains:—

**RAYDENE** (Concentrated) 1oz., Glycerine and Rosewater 2oz. Water enough to make 8oz. Directions: Brush the lotion through your hair once daily till colour returns. Get genuine RAYDENE (Concentrated) for 2/6 from your chemist and make it up yourself at home.

**A** PLEASSED smile hovered about her mouth that had been so unwontedly serious. Then she heard the sound of a swiftly approaching car and ran to the door.

Yes! It was slowing down! It was stopping. Patsy's heart beat in her throat. Why should she be so nervous? She did not know, but she devoutly hoped that glint-eyes had not returned. She stared unbelievably at the door of the car opened and out stepped a familiar figure: tall, broad-shouldered, swift of movement—King Carmichael! As he came towards her she stepped back involuntarily, the first glad greeting stifled. Why had he come? Why did he look so serious?

With an unaccustomed lack of ceremony, he brushed past her and walked into the station. He stood by the grey sedan and Patsy's heart now seemed to stop beating, such a terrible chill had fallen upon her. He said:

"The grey sedan! I'll take charge of it." She stood looking at him in deep dismay.

"So it was you he sent!" There was accusation in her voice, but he scarcely appeared to be listening. He turned from her, opened the door of the sedan, and peered inside. Patsy stepped forward. She had hung a cloth over the number-plate for she wanted to make a sure test! "The-number!" she stammered. Carmichael, from his great height, looked down into that vivid face, into startled blue eyes.

"Oh, you were told to ask that? Very well; I'll prove my bona fides." His tone was curt, businesslike. "No. 50771. Is that right?" Patsy nodded. Her mouth was dry and she could not trust herself to speak. So King Carmichael was in league with the glint-eyed man! She was desperately uneasy, there was something very, very wrong about it, she knew. And now he was speak-

ing to her as he swung into the driver's seat.

"I'm leaving my old bus and taking this," he told her. A smile lit up his dark eyes for a second as he looked at her, but it quickly faded.

"Good-bye, Miss Patsy! I wish I could explain, but I can't!" And then with a sudden burst of speed he was gone.

Patsy stood very still staring in front of her till Anne came and put an arm about her.

"Was that King Carmichael?" she asked anxiously. Patsy nodded miserably.

"You must come to lunch, Patsy! And don't think about him any more. He's not worth it." But lunch had no interest for Patsy. She sat staring at her plate while the long minutes went by, grieving, wondering. What could it all mean?

A noise startled the girls and they hurried outside. Down the road roared two big cars to pull up with a screeching of brakes as they stared, amazed. Out tumbled an assortment of men in uniform. Patsy stood frozen.

"Police!" she whispered, fearfully. Her heart gave a sickening thump. But there was nothing she could do. Under the rapid fire of questions she admitted to the Inspector all that had happened, keeping back only King Carmichael's identity. Let them find it out if they could! It was not for her to betray him whatever he had done! Whatever he had done? She was racked with anxiety as she faced her questioners.

"Yes! He had gone that way!" No use, she decided, in lying to them; they would soon find out. But she deliberately delayed her answers, spoke in a rambling, roundabout, uncertain way, that caused Anne to watch her in anxious wonderment.

## The Sign of the Patsy-Anne

Continued from Page 12

garage. Then things began to happen.

Patsy saw the man spring up from behind a bush; saw Carmichael cover him, the sun glinting on the revolver barrel. She saw, too, the other figure that appeared from around the side of the garage, stealthily. A hand was upraised and Patsy, running swiftly and silently on the soft earth, was behind the man whom she saw now was glint-eyes as the knife in his hand flashed. Without a moment's hesitation from the capacious pocket of her overalls she pulled out a spanner which fortunately she had thrust there, and brought it crashing down on the man's head as he stooped to strike.

Carmichael started, but she called swiftly:

"Look out! That man!" He smiled, grimly, then thrust the revolver into her hand.

"Cover him, Patsy!" She understood and levelled the revolver at the man while Carmichael searched him, and getting a rope from the garage, tied him up. Then he turned to Patsy, calmly relieved her of the revolver and without more ado took her into his arms.

"You splendid darling!" he cried, then he held her off and looked keenly at her. "It seems an inopportune time to ask, but Patsy, will you marry me? Take me with all faults!" She smiled.

"I will, King Carmichael," she said firmly.

"You darling! Now that the fuss is over, I can tell you, I'm an Intelligence Officer on dangerous work. That's why Don has heard things about me. I can't explain to outsiders, but to my wife! A proud look was in his eyes.

"Oh, Patsy! You sweet thing! Aren't you afraid to marry me? It will mean danger, a hard life shared." Patsy straightened up and her eyes flashed.

"King," she said, "I'd be proud of it, with you!" He kissed her very thoroughly at that, and then he said:

"Just one thing more! I thought the police would stay here and wait for these fellows. But they, suspected me, not knowing who I was. You see, Pats, these chaps were dope-runners. The stuff is under the cushions of the grey sedan! I've been after them for a long time, and you've helped me get them!"

Patsy's face was radiant. She looked at the Patsy-Anne that had been her love, the new, shining service station. She looked at the tall man beside her and she knew where her fate lay.

(Copyright.)

**FRIENDS—LISTEN TO THIS—**

**MOTHER TELLS GRANDMA WHAT TO DO!**

**MOTHER:** Oh, dear! I was afraid something would happen if I went away for two days! What's wrong with the little darling?

**GRANDMA:** He's caught a cold and won't take his medicine.

**MOTHER:** Oh, children don't swallow medicine for colds nowadays. That often upsets the digestion. Besides, a cold is not in the stomach—it's in the air-passages.

**GRANDMA:** Good gracious! Have you some way of fighting a cold in the air-passages?

**MOTHER:** Yes, I just rub Vicks VapoRub on his throat, chest and back, like this. Then I tuck him in bed, leaving the covers loose around the neck.

**MOTHER:** Listen how much easier he's breathing already. He is inhaling VapoRub's vapours all through his sore, clogged air-passages. And see how relaxed he is. That's because VapoRub makes his chest so warm and comfortable as it works through the skin like a poultice.

**MOTHER:** And while he sleeps, the warmth of his body keeps on releasing VapoRub's vapours for hours. Those vapours and the action through the skin work together to keep his breathing easy and to break up the cold. Tomorrow morning, he will be ever so much better.

**GRANDMA:** My, he felt so good he went right to sleep!

**VICKS VAPORUB**  
Best for Children's Colds

Now you know why 26 million mothers in 71 countries prefer Vicks VapoRub for their children's colds. It is safe, even for the youngest child. It avoids the dangers of "dosing" because it is just rubbed on. And it brings extra quick relief because it fights a cold direct in the air-passages—in two ways at the same time.

**W**HAT is it, little car-lady?" His tone was bantering, but his eyes were serious as he thrust his head out of the window and stared at her. The two cars were making a slow pace now, side by side.

"Turn back!" she cried, breathlessly, "you must!"

"Why?" he demanded. "Police! They're after you! I took a short cut. Quick! I'll show you." King Carmichael looked at the flushed, eager face, at the blue eyes, dark with anxiety, and his own expression was strange, enigmatic. Without another word he proceeded to turn the grey car round. It was not till they had reached the turn-off into the bush that he spoke again.

"Patsy!" He called, "Patsy Brenner!" She looked apprehensively along the road, then drew in alongside.

"Yes?" she queried impatiently. "You must hurry, you know!" "I—know!" He smiled at her impatience. "But listen to me!" And his voice was a command. "When we are out of sight of the road, leave my car off the track and get in with me. I want to talk to you!" Patsy said, "Very well" in a meek tone, for her one thought was to get off that road. Nothing else mattered at the moment. Yet when she had done as she was bid and climbed into the big car, she was dismayed to find that Carmichael had no intention of going into hiding. He was going back with her.

"But," she demurred, "the police will come back. They will find you!" He looked grim.

"I didn't expect you to come after me! Now, I'll have to go back!" Patsy was hurt. She explained that she had to do it, but he made no reply to this, only looked at her strangely. Hurt though she was, anxiety was uppermost, and she begged him again to desist from his project.

"It's dear of you to ask me, Miss Patsy, knowing what you know, I wish—"

"But he did not finish. She looked quickly up at him. "Yes?" she asked, hopefully. But he sighed.

"Just something I'd like to tell you but I can't; not now!" And, as Patsy sat back in disappointment they came within sight of the Patsy-Anne. Carmichael was out of the car as they swung into the clearing and was hurrying towards the

## More Confidence Wearing FALSE TEETH that no longer "stay put"



**T**HE illustration shows one of the most annoying and far reaching drawbacks to dental plate wearing—the loss of firm plate support due to gradual, continuous shrinking of the gums. Since a loose, wobbly plate handicaps eating and talking, causes discomfort and embarrassment and lessens self-confidence, have your dentist re-adapt your plate to gum tissue changes. Meanwhile, until your dentist has done this, use **FARTEETH**, the original alkaline (non-acid) powder, to hold your loose plate securely. It forms a thin, retentive seal between plate and gums. Eat and talk with greater confidence. Help safeguard your public appearance with the aid **FARTEETH** gives in holding unstable dental plates so they feel more comfortable and secure. No oily, pasty taste or feeling. Get **FARTEETH** from any chemist.

Any dental plate held tighter by **FARTEETH** leads to better eating, enjoyment and solid pleasure.

**ORIGINAL ALKALINE PLATE POWDER**

## FOR SEWING MACHINES Sweepers and all household appliances

**LUBRICATES  
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PREVENTS RUST**

**3-IN-ONE OIL**





# FASHION PORTFOLIO

June 10, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## BOLERO . . . or Swagger



• REVILLON'S dashing three-quarter swagger in dyed fox, which is assuming a new importance with Parisian furriers.



• A CHUNKY fox jacket, dyed powder-blue and made up on net. (Above).



• GREY INDIAN lamb jacket and muff bag for smart town wear. (Left).

• TO OFFSET a cocktail frock, Revillon's brief jacket of white fox, dyed an exquisite pastel blue. (Above).

• FOR SPORTS wear Revillon suggests this elegant coat three-quarter coat with swing back and snap collar. (Top central).

• A BOXY three-quarter style in which Kae-Seymour sews strips of racoon on to dark brown velvet. (Right).



## Everybody Knew . . . what she meant by "Headache"

### NEW FACTS ABOUT PERIOD PAIN

Specialist Tells about Amazing New  
—Relating—Way to Relieve Pain—  
You Can't "Explain" . . .

"I wish that every woman in this country could realize just how much they cheat themselves when they allow unnecessary, weakening Pain and sickening headache to rob them of that calm poise which is so essential to charm."

When your poor back feels it is being drawn in—when you want to sit down and cry with the Pain, and that terrible feeling of weakness and "Shut" . . . let Myosine bring you wonderful comfort—better than anything you've ever known!

### New Freedom for Women

Scientists have discovered new facts about Pain—and with them has been found a new—safe—way to relieve Pain, by relaxing nervous and muscular tension—(instead of by "drugging").



Already free out of every nine women are blessing this marvellous new relief. For Myosine's special action (anti-spasm) compound brings instant ease from most severe period pain, headache or sick feeling.

### TWO Tablets

Yes!—Just two tiny Myosine tablets, with drink of water, or cup of tea, at the first sign of pain. How comforting! And in a few minutes you feel Pain fading away—you look brighter—and feel better.

The Myosine box is neat and inconspicuous. The price is 2/- for three month's supply at your chemist or pharmacy counter.

Let Myosine help you to look your best at all times.





# From FIVE O'CLOCK . . .



● PIQUANTLY DEMURE FOR THE COCKTAIL HOUR — black taffeta with white lace ruffles at the neck and sleeves, and a starched petticoat. With it a pill-box of white violets showered with a black veil which tucks into the neckline. (Above.)

● FOR ENTERTAINING AT HOME try the enchantment of this amusing new nightshirt dinner dress in hectic black and white striped jersey with a wide red suede belt. (Right.)

● DRESSY BLACK VELVET COAT-DRESS, its sophisticated lines contradicted by school-girlish smocking at the shoulders and waistline. A draped velvet beret matches. (Above.)

● A CHALK - WHITE jersey, dramatically draped, with fashion interest in the simple hood, which is held in place with a clump of crimson flowers. (Left.)



# TOWN and COUNTRY



● A VERY SHORT jacket of yellow glove cotton fits snugly over the waistline of a flannel skirt, diagonally striped in powder-blue and white. (Above).

● SPELLBINDER of the winter suits. Pastel-blue, with long, superlatively tailored jacket and full, pleated skirt. The hat features an artfully-swathed scarf. (Above).

● EYE-CATCHING purple tweed in an all-purpose coat with a simple silhouette. Note the clever introduction of pockets. (Centre left).

● TWO-PIECE SUIT consisting of deep green flared skirt dramatically contrasted with a ripped-in-at-the-waistline jacket of big, breezy checks. (Bottom).



## THE HAT . . . and the Hair-do

THE girls Robb has drawn here are wearing practical versions of the heights of new hair fashions. You will notice that curls are still on top in front, but that dragged-up look at the back has quite gone.

Far easier and more appealing is the new trend for doing your back hair in soft rolls on and around the nape of your neck.

By Air Mail from  
MARY ST. CLAIRE

Sketched by ROBB



● IF YOUR PROFILE is your best point, sweep your hair up all the way—up from your forehead, from your ears, from your nape. With it wear hats such as the postillion hat, a close-fitting brimless hat, or velvet beret with snood.



● ONE OF THE SOFTEST, most becoming new hair styles is this way of sweeping the curls up and off your forehead, but softening the line by a long roll going down to the nape of your neck. Hats to top this are a stiff boater, a curved sports breton, and an upswept breton.

● LEFT: If you wear your hair in rolls low across the nape of your neck you must look for height in your hat to balance them. For instance, a tilted pill-box made of flowers, and if you're very young an American sailor set well back on your head, or a new version of the Victorian bonnet.

You'll need a new dress for the Ball,  
You'll need new Undies and all,  
The secret of form,  
Close fitting and warm,  
Is 'Kay-Tites' by Kayser—that's all!



"I'm a  
**ONE Brand**  
woman now

Day in, night out, you'll  
bless Kayser's new  
KAY-TITES. A glorious  
pantee that gives you a  
S-M-O-O-T-H wrinkle-  
less line and keeps you  
snug and warm. Be-  
witchery in wool 3/11  
by Kayser, only 3/11

I insist on  
**KAYSER**  
*Woolies*"

W. 1. 9.



WHEN you have de-  
cided on your hair  
style, bear it in  
mind when you buy your new  
hat. Be sure the line of the hat  
balances the line of your hair.

To help you, Robb has  
drawn diagram sketches of  
the type of hat which will  
suit each type of hair. If, for  
instance, you sweep it boldly  
back and up (top left) you can  
safely risk one of the more  
exaggerated and sophisticated  
new hat shapes. If you go in  
for that softened roll (top  
right), you can afford to try a  
smart severe sailor or breton;  
if you wear your hair  
across the nape of your neck  
(centre), balance it with high  
pillboxes or deep bonnets.



This cover and curtain fabric  
is No. 661813, a delightful  
Elizabethan period design on  
'Sanderlin,' 31 inches wide.

### THAT'S A NICE HEALTHY FABRIC!



Healthy! I should say  
it is. It's one of the  
Sanderson Indecolor  
range—and when cur-  
tains and covers are  
made of Indecolor fab-  
rics there's no non-  
sense talked about  
drawing the curtains to  
prevent the colours  
fading. And, as the  
world's nicest fabrics  
cost from next to noth-  
ing and their lovely  
colours are not only  
sun-resisting but wash-  
proof into the bargain  
... well, I ask you—  
who's going to miss a  
single sunbeam? \*

**SANDERSON**

*Indecolor*  
SUN-RESISTING & WASH-PROOF  
**FABRICS**

Sanderson Indecolor range  
includes reversible woven  
fabrics, cretonne, linen and  
linen union, glazed chintz and  
the new lustrous-finish wash-  
able chintz called 'Sanderlin.'  
They are sold by all good  
furnishers and stores.

Trade enquiries to R. H. Wilson (Pty) Ltd: 40, York St., Sydney; 200, Flinders Lane, Melbourne.



# Special Concession Pattern

# OUR PATTERN SERVICE



THREE CHARMING FROCKS  
AND A COAT

32, 34, and 36in. bust.

- No. 1 requires 3yds., 54ins. wide.  
No. 2 requires 3½yds., 54ins. wide.  
No. 3 requires 3½yds., 54ins. wide.  
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## Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 4599YY, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z.: Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers, use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for at addresses appearing on page 3.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....  
STREET.....  
TOWN.....  
STATE.....  
SEE..... Pattern Coupons, 18/9/39.



WW2897



WW2898



WW2899



WW2900



WW2901



WW2902

## Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

WW2897.—Frock and bolero. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 1½yds. for frock, and 1½yds. for bolero, 54ins. wide, and 3½yds. 8in. ribbon. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2898.—Dainty evening gown. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 8½yds., 36ins. wide, and 2yds. embroidered organdie for cut flowers. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2899.—Skirt, jacket, and coat. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 1yd. for skirt, 5yds. for coat and jacket, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

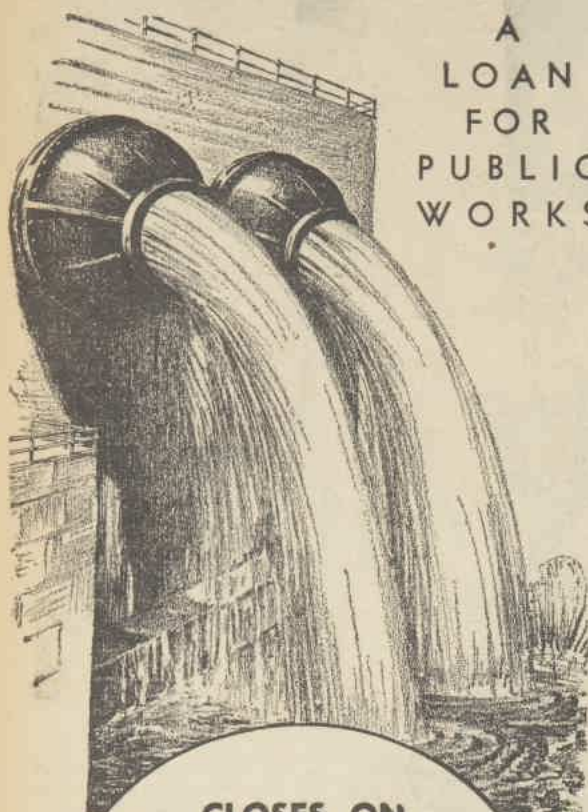
WW2900.—Trim style. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2901.—Slim bodice, pleated skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2902.—Bolero style. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½yds. for frock, and 1yd., 54ins. wide, for bolero. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2903.—Simple and gay. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.





## A LOAN FOR PUBLIC WORKS

**CLOSES ON  
WEDNESDAY,  
14th JUNE**

Little time remains for investors desiring to subscribe to this Loan, for the Issue will definitely close on Wednesday next. As it offers a sound investment, secured by Australia itself, and gives the very good return of £3/19/2 per cent. per annum, immediate application should be made to any Bank, Savings Bank, Money Order Post Office or Stockbroker.

Interest 3½% — Issued at £99.

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*"Suzannah"* Underwear  
also  
Gloves, Bags,  
Stockings,  
and all accessories  
at 118 King St., City  
Country clients specially catered  
for and mail orders.

## PARIS

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

Sketched by PETROV

## SNAPSHOTS



1 **HATPINS** are in evidence again. This time they have beautiful enamelled heads made in the shape and color of bumble bees, butterflies, dragonflies, snails and woolly caterpillars.

2 **FRILLS** of narrow lace are appearing everywhere from the crown of one's hat to the buckle on one's evening shoes. Also full white half-sleeves on a dark crepe frock. With it a white frilled lace hat, and perhaps a buttonhole posy of white frilled lace.

3 **CHIFFON** with wide satin stripes woven into it is being used a great deal for blouses, some of which are shaded from their Peter Pan collars downward to the waist, the lighter part of the blouse joining the dark matching linen or wool georgette skirt.



4 **FABRIC SHOES** to match one's frock, whether it be spotted crepe, printed linen, or tweed, are Paquin's latest contribution to fashion. They are perfectly plain shapes, as their designer declares that sandals or quaint shapes would detract from the smartness of matching shoes.

INDIVIDUAL hand-cut patterns from fashion sketches by Petrov and Rene and overseas fashion photos are obtainable from our Pattern Department. Price 2/6 each.

## Sprains Sports Injuries RUB OUT PAIN with IODEX

In every field of Sport throughout the world, Iodex is used as First-Aid treatment because of its great pain reducing and healing properties. Iodex does not stain or blister the skin. Below are extracts from two interesting letters on our files:—



**Strained Muscles.** "I had an accident to my leg, playing tennis—strained tendon and sinew. Iodex was used, and in less than a fortnight, I played again, keeping the affected part bandaged. I heard of Iodex from another lady player who uses it under doctor's directions for similar injuries."



**Painful Joints.** "Iodex gives great relief from pain. My husband had Footballer's Knee, and it was very swollen and painful. Our Chemist advised him to use Iodex, which not only relieved, but cured it."

**FREE!** Write for valuable Iodex First Aid Book. Every home should have one. The Iodex Co., Box 34, P.O., North Sydney.

## IODEX

NO-STAIN IODINE X

Price 2/- from all Chemists

## Do you BRUSH your teeth or CLEAN them ?

The daily routine—a rub or a shower—a rub down and a vigorous brushing of the teeth—and we feel that we've started the day well—but have we?

Vigorous teeth brushing is likely to lull us into a false sense of security. Modern hygiene demands mouth Euthymolisation twice every day, morning and evening.

Euthymol kills the deadly dental decay germs in 30 seconds contact. Don't be satisfied to run the risk of gum infection and all its unpleasant train of disease.

Most infection enters through the mouth—keep it clean. You'll thrill to this new Euthymol hygiene with its fragrant mouth cleanliness and wholesome, glistening teeth.

Obtainable at chemists  
and stores everywhere.  
1/3 per tube.

## Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE



A PARKE DAVIS PRODUCT



# What does the future hold for the 'Quins'?

Difficult problem for guardians as they grow up

What will be the future of the famous Dionne "Quins"?

That question, which many people are asking to-day, is discussed in a new book, "The Five Sisters," by Dr. William E. Blatz, a distinguished authority on child psychology, who has been in charge of the mental well-being of the children since they were ten months old.

THE "Quins" were five years old on May 28.

That parents the world over have taken them to their hearts was shown by the presents which were showered upon them.

Their meeting with the King and Queen was one of the highlights of the present Royal tour.

Now that the "Quins" are beginning to pass beyond their baby days, Dr. Blatz says, people everywhere are wondering what will happen to them as they grow older.

How can these children, brought up in the limelight of universal interest, ever achieve that haven of privacy, that right to the choice of their associations for which civilization has striven for so long?

"It is obvious that the present plan for viewing the children will have to be modified drastically, but whether the public will be satisfied to have the children withdrawn and will accept an appeal to respect their privacy is problematical.

"Only physical ramparts will restrain the curiosity which is now deep-seated, because it is based on the universal appeal of the growth and development of humanity.

"This means more rigid isolation and self-imposed seclusion.

## Many obstacles

"As long as the five sisters remain together they will ever be denied normal participation in those ordinary amenities which the average person takes for granted.

"For them to attend a church service in a body would reduce the religious ceremony to the level of a circus. To attend an ordinary school would make of the schoolhouse a parade ground. To attend a theatre would eclipse the performance.

"And to send the children to five different churches, schools, or theatres would be to make a farce of modern living.

"The ingenuity of the guardians will be strained to the utmost in seeking some solution to this problem.

"A private chapel, a model school with selected schoolmates and with radio and television and private movies? The world about them can thus be brought within the precincts of their estate. For it is unlikely that these children, for some years to come, will be able to travel very widely.

"Fortunately, when the time comes for this aspect of their education to be arranged, they will be able to afford the privileges of privacy which only money can provide.

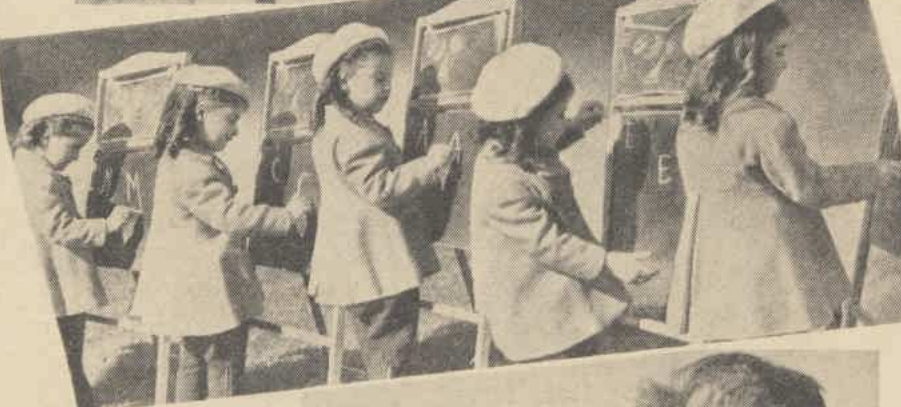
"Another question arises: 'Who will be their companions?'

"Fortunately for them there is already available a group of contemporaries in their own brothers and sisters.

"It has always been in the minds of the guardians that some day there will be a closer relationship within the family. . . . In the very near future these sisters are to enjoy the close companionship of their immediate family under circumstances which might be envied by the great majority of children.

"To earn their living in its narrowest sense is not a problem for the 'Quins,' but to enjoy their living is, as in all children, a paramount consideration.

"For this reason they have been trained to be busy. It will never



GETTING SMARTER every day, the "Quins" are now learning to write their own names.

be necessary for them to appear before the public for gain; but since neither parents nor guardians have any right to determine the ultimate activities of their children or wards, an educational programme must be evolved so that in each individual case the choice of vocation, or avocation, will not be hindered or thwarted by lack of preparation.

"It is more than likely that the artistic talents of these five girls will be especially stressed.

"Singing, dancing, music and art will all find a prominent place in their development.

"This does not mean that the household arts or orthodox subjects in the everyday curriculum will be neglected.

"It is hoped that some day each of these children may in her own right present to the world some aspect of human achievement which will bring her acclaim not as one of the Dionne quintuplets, but as Yvonne Dionne, or Annette, or any of the other three."

## Distinct personalities

ALTHOUGH they look alike and have, of course, many characteristics in common, each of the "Quins" has a distinct personality of her own.

From scientific charts and from his personal experience, Dr. Blatz sums them as follows:

"Annette is socially aggressive without marked success, perhaps due to the fact that she is trying too hard.

"Cecile is socially interesting, and for that reason is more successful than Annette in her appeal to her small community of four.



THEIR RAPID recovery from their recent operation for the removal of their tonsils and almost complete freedom from colds emphasize the "Quins" splendid health.

"Emilie is independent, self-assured, and magnanimous.

"Marie is the 'baby' of the group and may be looked upon as a younger sister.

"Yvonne is the most mature, the most serene, and gives the picture of the older sister.

"It will be interesting from time to time to notice the changes that will undoubtedly take place in the personalities of these five.

"Nothing, of course, is more certain than that the picture presented by this data is by no means crystallized."

As well as being given every opportunity to develop a talent for drawing, the "Quins" are learning the fundamentals of music.

The Dionne Quintuplet Orchestra consists of drum, tom-tom, triangle, xylophone, cymbal, tambourine and bell.

NO TEACHER could want more attentive pupils—although Cecile does seem a little too interested in her finger-nails!

"As yet there is no favorite instrument," Dr. Blatz says, "because turn and turn about is the order of the day.

"A keen observer may note that Annette keeps accurate time, paying particular attention to the pauses. Yvonne is equally good but steadfastly refuses to omit the pause beat. Cecile's performance encompasses the simple rhythm, but she is a little perplexed at an approach to syncopation.

"Marie still finds it difficult to adapt her movements to the tempo of the music, absent-mindedly listening instead of beating time; while Emilie, with complete abandon and perfect rhythm of her own, disregards the requirements of the musical pattern."

## Scientific records

FOR more than two years scientific records have been kept of the "Quins" throughout the day. Charts record their sleep, their food preferences, quantities eaten, their response, or lack of it, to routine discipline, their "social reactions" to each other and other people.

The only form of reproof is isolation designed not as punishment but to develop their capacity for learning to adapt themselves to other people.

Since their second year the "Quins" have been gradually trained to dress and undress themselves.

"To describe the bewildering array of clothing which has been showered on these children is beyond the scope of the author," Dr. Blatz writes.

"Small replicas of the native costumes of many countries are in their wardrobes: Japanese kimonos, Eskimo parkas, hula skirts—and Maple Leaf hockey team sweaters.

"But in spite of this exotic apparel the children are dressed in sensible and warm but charming clothes—thick overall snow suits and aviation helmets in the winter and loose-fitting sun suits in summer."

Although the children are dressed in garments identical in make and material, design and color of the garments differ.

They are allowed a choice of colors in the morning and afternoon.

Already each of the sisters has shown a preference for individual colors—Yvonne, purple; Annette, green; Cecile, turquoise-blue; Emilie, pink; Marie, yellow.

This color preference is also carried over to the light blankets which are used when the children rest. And woe betide if the nurse makes a mistake and puts the wrong color on the bed!

"The Five Sisters," by Dr. W. E. Blatz (Dent). Our copy from Angus and Robertson.



## We interview the flying Columbus

### RICHARD ARCHBOLD

Whose quest for specimens takes him on greatest ocean flight of the year

HERE is a woman's vivid sketch of Richard Archbold, Columbus of the air, whose plan to span the Indian Ocean from Australia to Africa is 1939's greatest aviation drama.

This interview with him was obtained during his hurried preparations last week for the flight.

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

RICHARD ARCHBOLD, bachelor, millionaire, scientist, explorer and flier, is a young man of 32 about whom women will think wistfully.

In him one sees all the ingredients of a perfect romance—youth, riches, vitality, accomplishments, liking for travel, simplicity of manner, consideration for others . . .

But Richard Archbold is not interested in romance—yet.

"I'm not very interested in women, I'm much too busy," he explained politely.

*Finding new lands, new races, new scientific exhibits, new air trails between nations . . . these are the things that have kept him busy . . .*

No austerity, no American volubility, . . . just a shy young man carrying a handbag seemingly packed for a weekend vacation somewhere when I saw him . . .

No indication from his manner of the wonderful adventurous world in which he lives apart . . .

He answered questions in monosyllables, except when they were questions about his work.

Tall and lean, with deep-set, rather startled blue eyes, a shock of unruly black hair and a heavy black moustache, he wore a tweed suit that had not seen the press very often, a dark bow tie, heavy black shoes, above which came woollen socks, very wrinkled.

His moustache identifies him just as the famous umbrella identifies Mr. Chamberlain. Deep and dark and bushy—like the forests over which he flies so often.

*What a fine screen behind which to hide the amazing achievements of his years . . .*

#### Practical clothes

HIS clothes were the serviceable, practical clothes of the man who prefers jungle pads to footpaths, campfires to drawing-rooms, and his fast flying boat to luxury liner. He has been flying for seven years.

His American crew, hefty, sun-tanned young men whom novelists would call "rugged" and Hollywood would call "tough," called Mr. Archbold "the boss."

Anybody who has ever collected in his youth—anything from cigarette cards to birds' eggs—would envy Richard Archbold.

He began collecting when he was a small boy. It was a hobby then, and became his life's work.

Ever since he can remember he has owned a camera. While his school-friends played baseball, young Archbold spent all his spare time crawling under

hedges, climbing trees, and tramping through the country, taking animal pictures with his camera.

#### Chases the sun

HE began collecting seriously on his first trip to Madagascar, when he hunted with a gun and a camera, and decided that the animals and plants he collected might be some use to the scientific world.

"My home is in New York, but I do not like New York. I like to live where it is always warm," he said. So he chases the sun.

His grandfather was an oil millionaire. He has a brother and sister.

"But they're both married and settled," he explained, which seemed to dismiss them.

Mr. Archbold's schooldays gave him the travel habit.

"I never seemed to be able to find a school I liked, so I went to a great many of them. My first school was in Massachusetts, but I didn't stay there very long, and after trying many more I finished up at a ranch school in Arizona. I liked that."

He is not particularly interested in clothes.

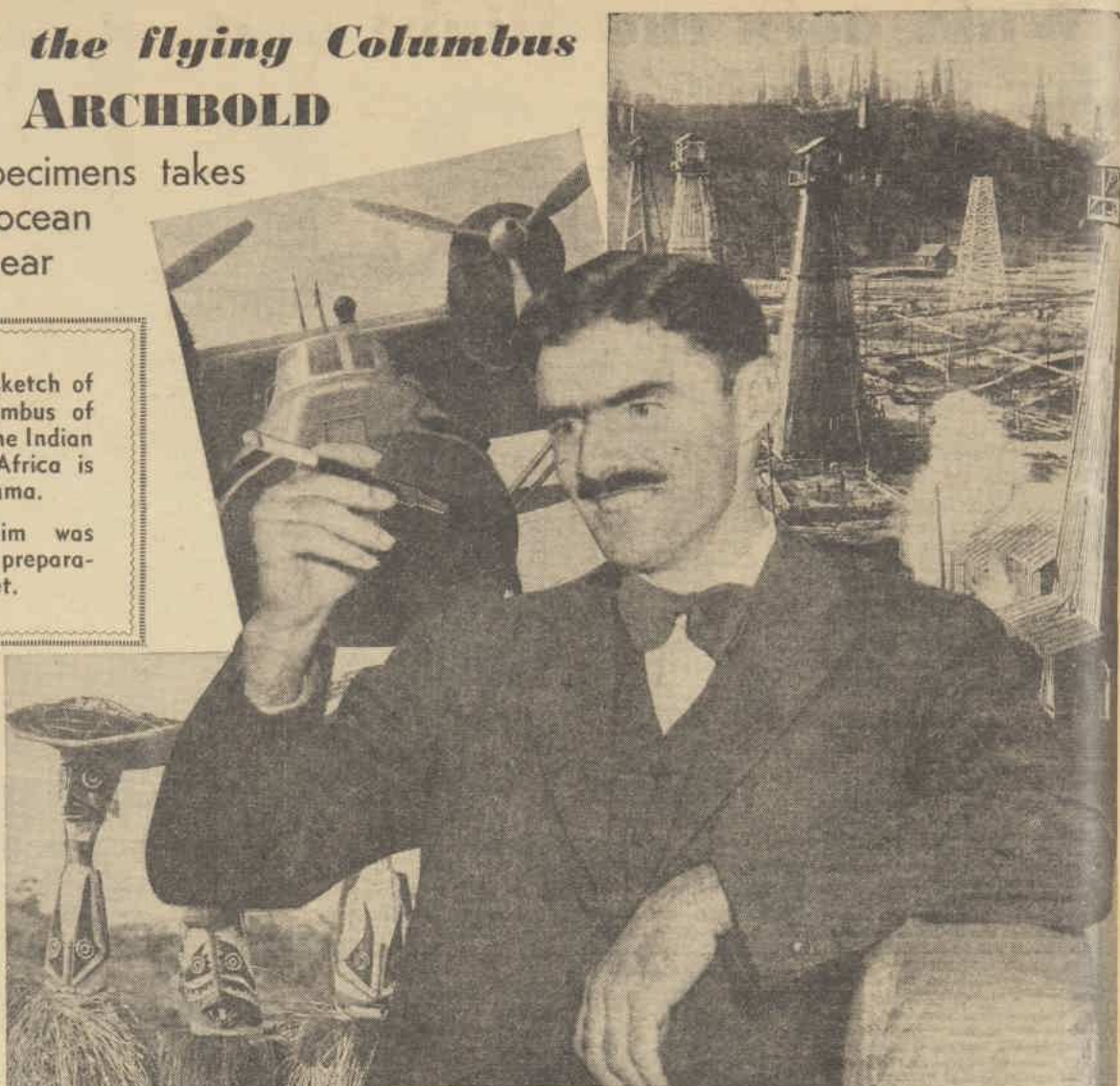
"But I seem to collect a lot of luggage," he said. "I seem to have left trunks behind me all over the place."

His luggage caused a sensation among the staff when he arrived at his Sydney hotel. It included a pile of cardboard boxes labelled "rat traps." He uses them in collecting his animal specimens.

Much experience has made him an artful packer of necessities.

"On the New Guinea expedition the plane made 168 trips between coast and interior, carrying 586,000lb. of food and equipment . . ."

So his methodical mind presented the simple facts of a great story.



RICHARD ARCHBOLD, surrounded by flying boat, oil-wells, palms, and natives . . .

And Richard Archbold sends them to museums.

Mr. Archbold was asked if he had any frivolous interests.

"Well, I'm interested in radio," he said. That didn't seem very frivolous, so we tried again.

"Well, I like flying, and of course there's my collecting. Would you call that frivolous?" he asked nervously.

#### £250,000! Pouff!

MR. ARCHBOLD became—for him—very talkative when he described his finds in New Guinea and his plans for the Indian Ocean journey.

No zoological specimens have ever been brought to the outside world from Cocos Island, and he hopes to be the first man to do so.

Preoccupied with his dream of new discoveries he held in mid-air in one hand a beautiful silver cigarette case he bought in Batavia, and in the other, also in mid-air, an unlighted cigarette.

" . . . I can fulfil my wish to see what is on the islands. I am particularly interested in the Cocos Islands . . . They have called to me for a long time . . . " he said from his contemplative dreaminess.

The cost of his expedition? " . . . What does the cost matter as long as we can learn more about the world and assist science?"

So he nonchalantly dismissed his estimated travel bill of £250,000. Just imagine what YOU could do with an expenses account like that!

His consideration for others is told in this tribute to his companions:

"I owe a debt of gratitude to my pilot, Mr. Russell Rogers, the navigator, Captain L. A. Vancey, the technical crew, and the ground staff . . ."

And he revealed his own preparedness and activity in these remarks:

"I have learned by experience the necessity for planning to the last detail . . ."

"I like to do my share of the flying . . ."

When he returns from each expedition there is a huge pile of correspondence waiting for him.

"My secretary deals with most of it," he said. "There are always hundreds of applications from people wanting to come on expeditions with me. My secretary sorts out the most likely ones. I understand quite a lot of them come from women."

#### Oh, those orchids!

MR. Archbold has spent thousands of pounds and frequently risked his neck to collect glorious orchids. But they have gone, not to beautiful women, but to American museums.

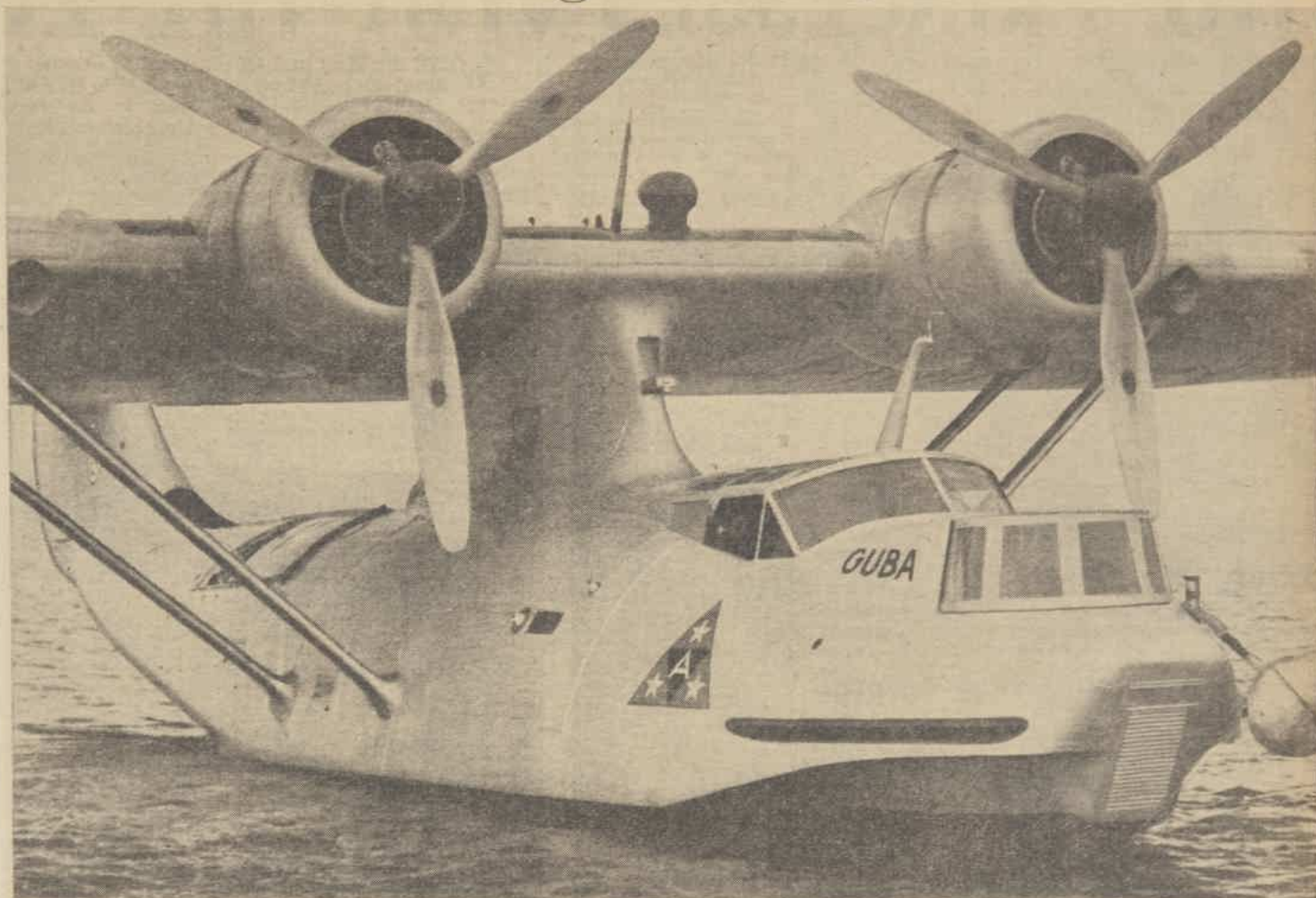
He is a Research Associate of the American Museum of Natural History, and has spent a year in New Guinea collecting animals, plants and geological specimens for the museum.

The orchids arrive at the museum dried and pressed. Many of them come from wild mountain districts hundreds of miles inland, where the native men and women twine the orchids in their hair.

It would cost thousands of pounds to procure plants of these orchids to grow enough to enable white women to wear these jungle flowers in city theatres and ballrooms.



# Indian Ocean flight . . . the plane and the men



GUBA, Mr. Archbold's giant luxury flying boat, which he made available for the Indian Ocean flight via Port Hedland to Africa. The route is planned as a new air link between England and the Dominions. Mr. Archbold christened his boat "Guba" (meaning whirlwind) because his flying boat on a previous trip to New Guinea was destroyed in a whirlwind. Forty passengers could be seated in the plane.



FIVE Americans in the crew—Gerald Brown, mechanic, Raymond Booth, radio operator, Stephen Barrinka, engineer, Captain L. A. Yancey, navigator, Russell Rogers, pilot.

LEFT: Capt. P. G. TAYLOR, Australian airman in charge of the Guba survey, hero of the Tasman flight with Kingsford Smith.



RAYMOND BOOTH, the bachelor radio operator, is shown preparing afternoon tea on the Guba. The compact kitchen equipment includes a three-burner fuel stove.



MAP of the Guba's route. A week at each stop was planned to enable surveys of possible flying boat bases to be made and to facilitate Mr. Archbold's scientific investigations.



ANOTHER Australian, Mr. J. Percival, second Commonwealth Government representative, and official newspaper correspondent.



PANORAMA of Port Hedland, hopping-off point on the West Australian coast for the Guba's flight, preparations for which have excited the town's quiet life.



# THE PRINCESSES VISIT THE ZOO

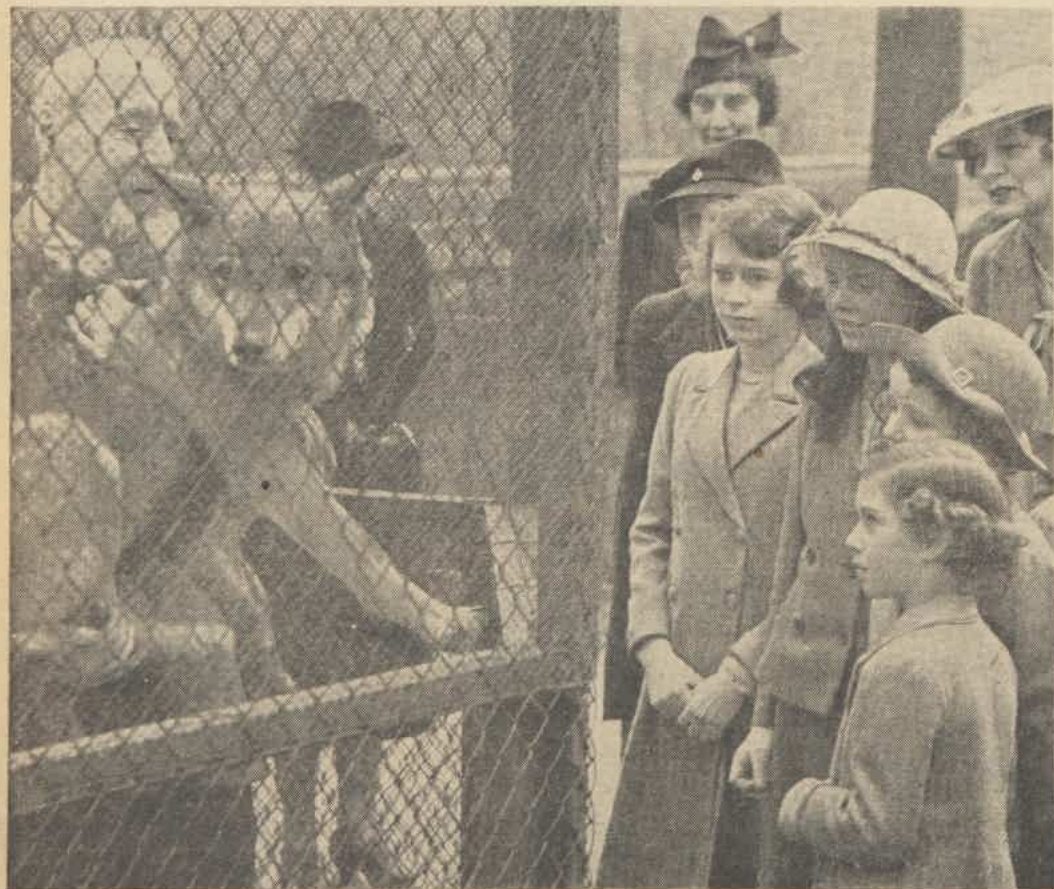
WHEN the King and Queen went to Canada Princess Elizabeth and Margaret Rose had to stay at home. Their ladies-in-waiting took them to the London Zoo. The Australian Women's Weekly obtained these pictures.



**BEFORE RIDING** up and down the walk on both the zoo's elephants, Rani and Sally, the two Princesses fed the elephants with buns. They rode for fifteen minutes. . . . Both the Princesses are extremely fond of animals. They have many favorite pets of their own.



**THE PRINCESSES** Elizabeth and Margaret Rose have often visited the London Zoological Gardens, but had never ridden on an elephant. This time ladies-in-waiting allowed the Royal children and their friends to ride on the elephants.



**THE PRINCESSES** saw Mr. D. Spens-Stewart, London's famous "wolf man," enter the cage with fierce wolves. He is one of the few men in the world who can handle wolves without being attacked, hold them in his arms.



**THE KING** and Queen were riding across Canada. The Princesses got as much enjoyment from their ride in a motor car.





**BIGGEST THRILL** for the young Princesses was their visit to the children's section of the zoo. Star attraction here is Ming, the giant baby panda, which went through her repertoire of tricks for them. Ming's chief playmate is Rex,

an Alsatian dog. . . Pandas which live in the mountains between China and Tibet are the world's rarest animals. Until recently none had ever been captured alive. There are only five giant pandas in captivity to-day.



The luxurious Royal train. . . The Princesses were drawn by the zoo's trained llama.

**THE PRINCESSES** have seen many regimental parades, but none so precise and formal as the parade the zoo's penguins put on for them. Princess Margaret Rose was most impressed and just a little nervous. They visited the sea lions, too.



# Carpenter's Zest Amazes Workmates



**His Health is Grand — he's so full of life!**

**H**ES over 70—this carpenter, but he can do a day's work with any man. He can put his finger on his chest and say, "My health is grand!" What tidings of comfort his simple words contain for every man and woman in the middle years of life. Read his letter.

"I have passed 70 years and work as a carpenter," he writes. "I am com-

pelled to compete with my younger mates, which I find not difficult, providing I always have my bottle of Kruschen to dip into every morning. Often I think I am only 50, instead of 70, years of age—it's wonderful, as my mates say! I will never be without my Kruschen. As long as I have Kruschen, perfect health is mine."—J.B.

## You, too, can have this Zest for Life!

Start tipping a pinch of Kruschen into your tea, or into a glass of hot water, first thing every morning. Within one week you'll have vim and vigour that everyone will envy. The mineral salts in Kruschen (which include that vital element iodine) will bring new life to every organ in your body. The liver, kidneys and in-

testines awake to new activity. Poisons go. Sluggishness goes. You get that "Kruschen feeling" which has brought joy to millions. Kruschen Salts is obtainable at Chemists and Stores, prices 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle.

"It's the Little Dolly that does it!"  
Take a pinch of Kruschen—no more as will be on a teaspoon—every morning, in hot water, or tea. Remember—it's the little dolly dose that gives you that "Kruschen feeling."



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# Fate Cracks the Whip

Continued from Page 5

with a philanderer . . . as Eve took Francis Le Leu to be.

She saw him through the blurred glasses of selfishness, greed, and ignorance. On the surface he was gay and modern. Within himself he was a frightened, broken, and bewildered man. He was afraid of the long business tour from island town to island town in the group of which Tepu was one. He was a broken man because, at the height of his financial existence, a doctor had pronounced over him a grim truth. He was bewildered because in his former plans for living there had been no room for prophecies of illness and death. A few months to live . . . or perhaps a year at the most. He had read of such things in stories, heard of them in real life about him, but to be numbered among the doomed was a fact he could not quite digest.

**I**N his terror and spiritual loneliness he saw beauty in Eve—a live, warm, human thing whose companionship would help him forget. He wanted to drown his mind and senses in emotion and excitement, and saw opportunity with Eve, who was lovely enough to make a man forget almost anything—even himself.

Gratitude was his prevailing feeling when, carefully pretending reluctance, she agreed to travel round with him for a month or so. While shyly agreeing, and displaying just the correct suggestion of the doubt she felt at the propriety of the thing, she secretly delighted at the thought of the excitement and adventure the trip promised. Nobody would know. When in certain places she could remain on board the yacht belonging to the firm he owned and directed, and in certain island towns discretion would be unnecessary.

He asked her name that evening over the evening meal in the Chinese place at Tepu. A startled sense of caution made her hesitate, though her mind, usually quick, simply could not think up a name that was not her own.

Visions of Jeremy, echoes of possible gossip, and her own nervousness over all this gave her the pinched look of one petrified by terror. "No need to be afraid of my dear," Le Leu said softly, and meant it. "Wouldn't it be rather odd for us to travel round the island and I have to call you by a number, or else Madame XY? Your name is safe with me, you know."

An idea, hot and daring, borne in her mind now. Jill often visited round the Tepu group, as did most of the Pahuti folk. Facts round the part of the world, when repeated soon developed strange aspects. Dates were muddled and time ignored. "Last year" might be gossip, mean five years back, or last month. But to be seen indiscreet, and often in a rich man's home, apocryphal care was dangerous should it be known. Eve parted her lips a speak and found herself almost breathless with nervousness again, but she finally managed to say with some composure: "Of course you must know my name. It's . . . Jill Hayden."

Now if anyone heard odd things Eve Mohray's name would not be mentioned. Her eyes suddenly gleamed with satisfaction. What a joke—presenting the marvellous Jill with a past she would not even know she had. And if Jill heard of the way a girl called Jill Hayden had been attended by a gallant traveller, what, then, of Jill's respect for her?

Eve had no realization of the enormity of her action. She was, she said later, merely protecting herself, and if necessary Jill could easily prove she had not been near Tepu at the time. Eve had an accommodating conscience. Excitement rose in her next day when she was called for by Le Leu in a car of a most impressive make. He travelled with it when on steamers round the islands, he told her, and shipped it ahead of him when using the company's yacht. As the car started, a native chauffeur driving the man dropped into Eve's lap a little suede box.

Please turn to Page 36

# INDIGESTION

Chronic Pains were Ended when she took her Friend's Advice

Here is just one more remarkable story, selected from a host, telling of digestive misery ended quickly and for good. Our records prove that time and time again some good friend has passed along the news telling of chronic indigestion banished, thanks to De Witt's Antacid Powder. Read this statement. You, too, can get relief quickly.

Mrs. H. Williams, of 135, Napier St., South Melbourne, Victoria, writes:—"I must tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from De Witt's Antacid Powder. For a long time I suffered from acute indigestion, with biliousness, pains in the stomach and giddiness, so much so that my nerves were affected, I looked haggard and felt thoroughly 'fed up.' Now, after using De Witt's Antacid Powder, I feel and look happier and all my pains have completely disappeared. I can certainly say De Witt's Antacid Powder is a wonderful remedy for indigestion."

## HOW THIS REMEDY WORKS

Firstly, the valuable colloidal kaolin ingredient protects the stomach from the burning acid and allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on in a natural way.

Secondly, De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralizes the excess acid and renders it harmless. The pain is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Fourthly, subsequent doses of De Witt's Antacid Powder ensure the digestive system becoming normal and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food and medicine is no longer required.

Make Mrs. Williams' experience your own. This quick-action remedy produces never-failing, successful results. One dose brings relief. In a short time your after-meal pain, acidity, heartburn or any other form of digestive trouble is banished for good. Stop painful indigestion now by getting a supply of—

# DE WITT'S Antacid Powder

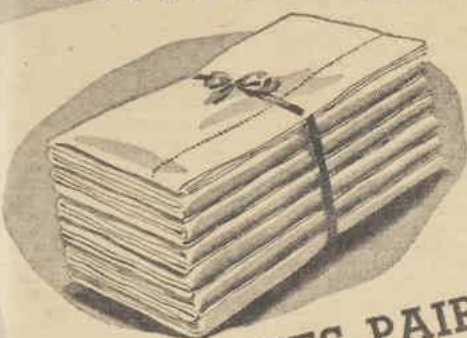
The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulency, Gastritis. Of chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in sky-blue canisters, 2/6





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9/6  
Brown or black. High, medium heels only.



8/11  
In black or brown. Three heel heights.



8/11  
High ankle-boots. Brown or black rubber.

They're here from Canada!

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Just here from snowy Canada! Smart rubber rain shoes to button over your pumps... to keep your feet triumphantly dry and your bright sues and leathers as good as new through all of Winter's sleet and downpour. 2,000 pairs with a choice of three different heel heights, in brown or black, from only **8'11**

Give ordinary size and heel type when mail-ordering. Footwear Salon, Third Floor.



## Gifted young hats specially priced

Usually 14/11, at left, its chic, mannish swagger sends it soaring high in popularity. In black, brown, navy, green or tan. **12/11**

Usually 16/11, at right, a bolster brim frames your face with youthful lines... in navy, brown or black. Smart trim. **10/11**

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A pullover with crew or slice neck and short sleeves, for sunshine-dawdling or active wear... and to top it when the air grows chill a basque cardigan in the same soft wool. S.S.W. to O.S. Cardigans and pullovers, us. 29/11, now, each, **17'11**

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From France come these cards of three "Le Merveilleux" hair-rollers... one for the long, even roll at the back and two for your Edwardian curls a'la top invisible in hair. 1/- and 1/3

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For all the family! Farmer's wonder "Health-Exerciser"... the easiest, most enjoyable method known for reducing weight and building strength and vigour. All-metal, compact frame, complete with sliding seat and steel tension springs for beneficial rowing action. The keenest price in Sydney.



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flow of gastric juices in the stomach, it helps you get the most out of other foods taken... helps to build up your line of resistance against 'flu and colds. Don't take any chances this winter... have a cup of Bonox every day! Bonox is sold everywhere in 2, 4, 8, and 16 oz. bottles. Made in Australia by Kraft Walker Cheese Co. Pty. Ltd.

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## Strengthen Bladder

STOP Strain of "frequent-Night-rising"

Certain Relief in 24 hours.

Dr. Southworth declares that it is now not true that bladder weakness—frequent, burning spasms—headache—pains in back and legs, cannot be helped. And this world-famous specialist offers a simple home test to quickly prove it! Its remarkable triple-action starts at once: One—to quickly stop "burning" of excessive acid... Two—to flush kidneys of poisons, and thoroughly clean out the bladder... and Three—to soothe and heal urinary tract.



"This last 6 months, I could hardly bear the pain, I tried all sorts of medicine. After the second dose of Urodyne I began to get relief," Mrs. A. Jones.



Urodyne must bring you great relief in 24 hours, and a definite improvement in 10 days—or its cost willingly refunded. Don't delay. Ask today for Urodyne tablets. They have brought new life, new youthfulness, and restful nights to thousands of men and women all over the world.

**URODYNE**

## Fate Cracks the Whip

Continued from Page 34

"Oh, how perfectly marvellous," she cried, lifting out a string of carved jade bought that morning, she supposed, at the Chinese gem store on Tepe. Le Lu enjoyed her pleasure and helped her fasten the lovely bauble on her neck. It hung against the foam white of her tailored frock like drops of green water on snow.

Le Lu was satisfied. Women he adored for their own sake, and admired for their infinite variety. Their strangely complicated minds and sudden about-turns which annoy most men and cause them to say "women are mysteries" merely amused Le Lu. They were not mysteries to him, and he understood them enough to let them think they were. He had summed Eve up too kindly in his confusion and fear of life ending. When he could still the gnawing misery within himself he rejoiced in having her with him, and when the misery was at its grinding worst he thanked heaven he was not alone. He felt, also, that by snatching this hour of life and youthful companionship from the dreary monotony facing him, that he was "putting one over Fate."

"You'll think I'm a terrible person, Francis," she whispered one evening in the light of a large silver moon. "I'm not, really."

"You're an unconventional little person. You're a delightful surprise in the boredom of this job I'm on. You're individual, sweet, and charming, so don't slander yourself. Good Lord, child, do you imagine me inhibited by the aspistrada standards of suburbia? Or are you inhibited by misgivings—eh?"

Gifts, compliments, favors, luxury, plenty to spend on whatever she wanted, service and the best of everything, idleness and lovely hazy days of buying, swimming, driving, sailing—inhibited by misgivings!

### SMILES

SHE looked at me so wondrously  
And smiled her sweetest smile;  
I pressed her tiny hand in mine  
And held it there awhile.  
I breathed the nicest things that I  
Could conjure up; but she,  
Still smiling wonderfully, gave  
No soft replies to me.  
At last I loosed her tiny hand.  
She ceased to smile; and then  
She turned within her little cot and—  
Went to sleep again.  
—Leon Batt.

How could she be? Besides, there was no need for misgivings, as she had seen to that.

"Jill dear," he said one afternoon just after taking the yacht at Kelama. She turned to find out what had brought that serious note to his usually carefree voice. He was oddly white round the nostrils, his hands were shaking, and in his eyes was a look that made her flinch. "I'm a sick man... No, don't look like that. I believe I'm at last facing up to the fact, and it's nothing contagious. I'm a coward, my dear. A coward—afraid to face the Unknown."

Eve swallowed and could not speak. Suddenly the deep blue of the sea and the silver of the sliding waves were ominous. The little wind sighing in the rigging, the creak of timber, the call of a native hand to the boy at the wheel, all seemed to weep round her. The air was filled with lament and she was afraid in a way never known before. His glance was now turned past her and she followed it, to rest her gaze on a solitary mauve-based cloud floating in the blue like a puff of smoke. Eve shivered. What was he seeing? And thinking? What did it all mean?

He told her the story because of a pressing, awful need to hear it in words and see their effect on someone sympathetic. When he had finished the simple tale of progress, love found and lost, love found and lost again, then a hard climb upwards in the business world with his mind ruthlessly thrusting out all thoughts of a personal existence, and finally, strange collapses... and a pronouncement of doom, she gasped and clutched her chair arms closer.

"... but this tour was arranged, and I don't want people moaning over me," he added. "So I just went ahead with things. I'm glad I did. It was escape, in a way, from the city and my old friends, though I haven't many. I've been too busy, too colossally occupied by my own egotistic soaring to think much of friendship. As for love—I could have married a wonderful woman, but I put it off... postponed it... Not this sort of happy companionship, my dear. This, to me, is pure romance and incredibly beautiful. Perhaps—because it cannot last. Partly, I know, because you are sweet and infinitely delightful. That's chiefly why I'm glad I came on this tour—for I met you."

A suspicion entered her mind and she could not thrust it out. He must be romancing, dramatizing, so that the affair which he thought so beautiful would not reach the point when she might want or expect marriage. Another woman—not this sort of thing. Again, she was admired, complimented, given to, but not with thoughts of marriage. He was acting—pretending—playing the part of a doomed man just for the sensation it gave him, and the escape from marrying her.

Several times she had dwelt pleasantly on the thought of being proposed to, and extended her visions into a delightful future full of luxuries, favors, and freedom his kind always gave their wives. Jeremy would be a gaoler husband and never like his wife to have individual friends. Francis would not mind at all—and would want his own friends, too. Not loving him, that would not hurt her.

She jerked her mind back to reality, now half-believing, half-disbelieving his story, for he did look ill. If he were really ill, and that funny thing wrong with his heart should suddenly play up, then he might drop dead... Fear constricted her throat. She reached out and laid a hand on his sleeve, her face drenched with emotion. "Don't... don't die," she choked out.

He was surprised. It was impos-

sible that she should love him, he knew, but this genuine terror on her pinched face...

"My dearest girl," he smiled. "You poor youngster—I shan't die yet. Do you really care so much, Jill? He asked in a thin voice full of wistfulness, she was too blind to see."

What else could she say but: "Yes, oh yes, you must know I do."

HE patted her hand and said no more.

One day, in the glare beneath the awnings of the yacht, some hundred miles or so from the final port of call, he said suddenly, without leading up to the subject: "Well, marry some nice young man when you get home, and settle down. This sort of thing, sweet and perfect as it is, isn't life. Marriage, kids, a home, and a partner, are life. This is an episode only. No woman can live an episodic life and get away with it. It's like lying. You always get tripped up in the end—sooner or later. Marry some decent young fellow with the brain and brawn to earn for you and the manliness to protect you from... yourself and others. Will you?"

"I... don't know. I suppose so."

His eyes held wisdom. "So there is a young man, eh?"

"In a way—," she commenced to say, trying to maintain her pretence of being Jill Hayden.

"No, that wasn't playing fair on my part," Le Lu nodded. "I've no right to question you about your life. This interlude is separated from your life—a moment hanging between the past and the future, wholly mine, but—only a moment. But marry your young man, Jill. Don't postpone things. Don't wait for the future that might never be. Take a chance and plunge into life. And learn to value things correctly. Is he well off?" asked Le Lu.

He waited with a crooked twist on his mouth while Eve floundered a little, but soon explained that no young man on Pahuhi was well off. Only the old ones were that.

Please turn to Page 38

## Asthma Cause Dissolved in 1 Day

Doctor's Prescription Acts 3 Ways To End Asthma

Do you wheeze, choke, strangle and gasp for breath—are you unable to sleep at nights and find that your vitality is sapped and your health ruined by Asthma or Bronchitis? If you are a victim of this dread disease, there is new hope of health and happiness for you in the prescription of physician with 20 years' experience. This new prescription has brought freedom from Asthma to millions throughout the world who had despaired of ever again living a normal life.

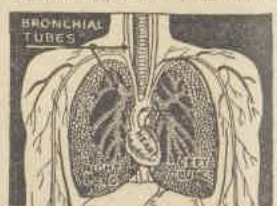
### 3-Way Action Dissolves Cause

This physician's prescription, called Mendaco, is scientifically prepared and compounded to act directly in removing the true and underlying cause of choking, gasping, wheezing, Asthma. This is accomplished by its 3-way action. First, it liquefies and dissolves the mucus or phlegm that causes the choking and rattling. Second, it relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in the bronchial tubes so that you can breathe freely and deeply and thus get the benefits of health—restoring air and oxygen in your lungs. Third, it promotes body vigor and stimulates the building of red, revitalized blood. Thus Mendaco acts in a natural manner to overcome Asthma, restore normal, refreshing sleep, and actually make you feel like a new man.

### Helps Millions

Millions of former sufferers from Asthma and Bronchitis in all parts of the world are now enjoying vigorous health and sound sleep through the use of Mendaco. Sufferers who formerly had to sit up all night and others who had to take hypodermic injections are now able to work and enjoy life. Mendaco does not contain any narcotics or habit-forming drugs, yet it brings sound, restful sleep the very first night. This is because it acts to dissolve the cause of those terrible choking, gasping attacks of Asthma. Sufferers are high in their praise of Mendaco. For instance, Mrs. G. Tynan, 15 Paraday Avenue, Rose Bay, N.S.W., recently said: "My husband suffered with Bronchitis Asthma for years, and had to leave his work because of it. He had to be kept up in bed all night, and had two

doctors' prescriptions made up, but could get no relief. After the first bottle of Mendaco, he was able to sleep the night through. He took three bottles and is now quite cured and back to work again. He can eat anything and is back to his normal weight, having put on two to three stone."



### 3-Minute Action

Dr. James Bartlett, widely known scientist, physician, and surgeon of London, England, recently stated: "I am happy to tell Asthma sufferers that the new prescription called Mendaco dissolves and removes the underlying cause of Asthma. Mendaco, through its 3-way action, offers real hope of health and normal life to those who are afflicted with this dread ailment. One of the ingredients in Mendaco starts circulating in the blood in 3 minutes and that is why this remarkable preparation so quickly brings freedom from those terrible choking, gasping, strangling spells. The average patient breathes freer and sleeps soundly the very first night, finds his appetite returning, and that he can eat normal food within the first two days, and a complete cessation of asthmatic symptoms by the end of the first week. I can conscientiously say that I consider Mendaco a boon to Asthma sufferers."

### Results Guaranteed

There is no need to suffer another day from terrible choking, strangle Asthma, because Mendaco is offered under a written guarantee that it must free you from your Asthma, make you feel years younger, stronger, and joyfully alive, or you merely return the empty package and the small purchase price is refunded immediately without question or argument. Your word is final. You can't afford to wait another hour—you can't afford to waste time—you can't afford to take chances with cheap, inferior or death drugs. The longer you wait the more harm Asthma will do to your heart and lungs, and your life may be endangered. Get the doctor's guaranteed prescription Mendaco from your chemist today. The guarantee card protects you.

**Mendaco** Ends Asthma • Bronchitis • Hay Fever



Mrs. G. Tynan Rose Bay N.S.W.



# Real Life Stories

## Short and Snappy

### SUDDEN LEAP-FROG

WALKING briskly during the lunch-hour I noticed a pin on the pavement and, being alighty, bent down to pick it up.

The result was that a young man, walking close behind me and not guessing my intentions, collided with me.

Instead of sending me sprawling, he did a very neat "leap-frog" over my bent figure, raised his hat, and carried on, much to the amusement of people passing.

18/6 to Mrs. J. Steel, Myrtle St., Prospect, S.A.

### ROSE TOO QUICKLY

SPENDING a holiday in the country, I decided to try my hand at bread-making.

An old lady gave me a yeast bottle with the usual pieces of seasoned potato in it, and at night I made the yeast and put it by the stove to "work."

Next morning I was anxious to use the yeast, so I picked up the bottle and shook it a little. It looked good, but I am always thankful I got it back by the stove at once.

Next minute the bottle burst, and pieces of the thick glass went everywhere.

1/4 to Miss Grace Simond, Apple-wood Creek, via Childers, Qld.

### BLACK FRIDAY

ONE Friday I was travelling to work in my brother's car when a baker's cart came from a side street and collided with us. A shaft passed a window and the broken glass splintered my brother's face.

Two hours later my mother was travelling to town, when she saw a selling horse headed for the tram. The shaft of the cart went through the door of the compartment adjoining that in which she was seated, but there were no casualties.

The same evening we visited Lakemba and on our return found that burglars had entered our home and stolen goods worth £100.

1/4 to Miss Lois M. Row, Darley St., Marriekville, N.S.W.

### WATCHFUL DRIVER

THE day my sister and I decided to return from a holiday trip to the West Coast of Tasmania, we had a talk to the driver of the train, an old friend of the family.

"I don't know if we'll get through tonight," he said. "Crossing one of the rivers this morning I noticed that the bridge was a bit shaky. We will have to look at it before taking the train across this evening."

When we came to the river he stopped the train and on investigation found the bridge washed away and the railway lines and sleepers hanging across the water.

But for the care of that driver, a dreadful accident would have happened.

1/4 to Mrs. Turner, Glenorchy, Tas.

### QUICK CHANGE

WHEN Mother was a little girl she went out for a walk with her brother, who was three years her senior. She was wearing a new dress of which she was very proud, and when it started to rain she was greatly perturbed.

Not at a loss for ideas, her brother quickly whipped the frock off her, turned it inside out, and put it on her again.

They came home drenched, but both sure that they had saved the dress from ruin.

1/4 to Joyce Cornell, Sherbrooke Ave., Ringwood, Vic.

### CAUGHT IN TANK

WHILE collecting eggs a friend partly crawled in through the round opening of an old iron tank, which the fowls used as a nest, and became wedged.

She could neither retreat nor turn and it was not until an hour later that she was found and, after a great deal of trouble, extricated.

1/4 to J. Moy, Brockley, Guyra, N.S.W.

## 'Easy money' that was not easy



"An irate landlady burst into the bathroom."

## A fruit-canning adventure

HAVING heard there were "packets of easy money" to be made out of canning fruit, a friend and I decided to help ourselves to some.

The factory, however, thought otherwise. Only experienced hands were being put on. The time came, however, when the factory was so busy that even the inexperienced were welcome. Our joy was great, if short-lived.

There we were in jobs and the abundant golden fruit poured itself on to our bench from moving belts. Other belts brought empty tins, and the tins we filled were removed, counted and checked without an effort on our part.

All we had to do was to fill the tins and collect our "easy money." At least, so we thought as we watched the effortless flicker of fingers and sliding movements of hands of expert fellow-workers-to-be—one, two and the tin filled itself! Easy? Child's play! But—

First of all, the fruit had to be divided into two classes, export and local; each class again subdivided into large, small, full (color) and half (color) sometimes requiring as many as eight to ten tins or grades. And trusting to our eyes and being much slower than the experts with their almost uncanny "feel" earned the good-natured advice of "don't kiss each piece good-bye."

At the end of the first day we were heart-broken. Our "packet of easy money" was well and truly non-existent. In vain kind work-mates sought to comfort us with the reminder that all newcomers were paid a fixed wage the first week. "Experience was all we needed," they said. "Why, next season we would be experts ourselves."

On the way home we had a brain-wave. If experience was all we needed, experience we would have.

Pooling our cash, we bought every grade, make and quality of the fruit we were canning and smuggled it into our room. After the house was quiet and the inmates safely asleep, we started a young canning factory in the bathroom, taking turn about to be canner and checker.

In the early a.m. the canner, checker (and the fruit), by now considerably the worse for wear, had a noisy dispute as to the grading of one conspicuous piece of fruit. The result was that an irate landlady (also forewoman) burst into the bathroom to see what was amiss.

Taking in the situation at a glance, she dumped our carefully graded fruit into a bucket and invented two new grades—MUSH and PULP, and to these names we had to answer for the rest of our stay under her roof.

11/1/- to Mrs. Nancy Millan, Davis Ave., South Yarra, Melbourne.

### Day of days

HALF-WAY down the stairs of our fifteen-roomed house at North Adelaide I was brought to a standstill by the roar of an explosion. Pictures fell from the walls, heavy carpets were ripped up, and thick cedar doors were splintered to matchwood on the floor below.

Rushing to the breakfast-room, I found the room ablaze, furniture smashed to bits and the ceiling gaping open, while my father, cut and bleeding, was trying to beat out the flames that had caught my mother's dress.

The cause of the explosion was an accumulation of gas between the ceiling and the floor above, and when my father lit a match for his pipe the explosion followed. Damage to the property was over £400.

The remainder of the day was also eventful for me. I had entered the championship dramatic elocution contest, and thought I would never be calm enough to compete. However, I did, and won first prize.

1/4 to Mrs. M. Lenthall, Crown St., Sydney.

### In flooded river

MAKING a trip to Queensland, we were held up at Grafton for ten days by torrential rain, and before leaving were anxious to see the Clarence River in flood.

Standing on the river bank we were gazing idly at the timber floating down the stream. Enormous logs surrounded with debris were joined together by the swift-flowing currents, and taken in by this view, I did not realize the danger of the slimy, muddy ground on which I stood. Suddenly my feet slipped from under me, and before I could regain my balance I had fallen into the muddy, swirling water.

Half-choking, half-drowning, I dragged myself on to a large log and lay there exhausted until the log, together with the rest of the timber, was washed into a small inlet about 100 yards down the river.

A number of rivermen pulled me out, but it was several days before I recovered from the shock and bruising.

1/4 to Miss V. Hotten, Young St., Sydney.

### Classroom thrill

THE slates were being replaced on the roof of the school I was attending, and the children had been warned not to venture too near that part of the building in case a slate should fall.

However, it was not a falling slate that endangered my life, but a hatchet.

It being my turn to read to the class, I started to walk towards the platform when a hatchet came hurtling down and buried itself deep into the seat I had just vacated.

It was discovered afterwards that the hatchet had fallen from the belt of a workman on the roof and through one of the four cylinder-like ventilators of the classroom.

2/6 to M. D. McMahon, Broadway, Wycheproof, Vic.

### Roof caved in

FRIENDS in Central Queensland took me to see some caves, the walls of which were covered with aboriginal drawings. We spent a long time examining them, and had afternoon tea in the cave.

The following morning two men who had been camping close by came to the homestead and informed us that soon after we departed the roof of the cave collapsed, bringing down hundreds of tons of earth on to the spot where we had tea.

2/6 to F. S. Smith, Drayton St., Dalby, Qld.

### Saved by punch

AN awkward job had to be done at the top of a Government grain elevator, and while I went up by ladder my mate used the lift, which was operated by weights over the 90ft. height.

Descending, he suggested that we go together in the lift, but we had travelled only a few feet below the wall when the lift jammed.

As it was only a one-man lift we were very crowded. The only tool we had was a small dot punch, but with this we were able to prise the wire off one corner and make an opening through which I crawled on to the ladder.

We were two hours in the "cage," and only for the small punch we would have had a most unenviable experience, as it was the middle of winter and sometimes no one came near that silo for days.

2/6 to E. Meredith, Crookwell, N.S.W.

### SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 2.

## DO YOU KNOW?

**SMITH AND GLAZIER LONDON'S ONLY DENTIST**

A LONDONER OF THE YEAR 1850, WHO NEEDED THE AID OF A DENTIST, WENT TO A MAN WHO HUNG OUT THIS SIGNBOARD

**THE SMITH GLAZIER LET BLOOD AND DREW TEETH, TEA KITTLES AND POTS, BUCKLES AND LANTERN CUPS HANDLED HERE!**

**SYDNEY BOOTMAKER**

CARVED OWN TEETH FROM SOLID IVORY!

**T. COUGHLAN**

A SYDNEY BOOTMAKER, OF 63 VICTORIA STREET, LEWISHAM, IS STILL WEARING A COMPLETE SET OF TEETH HE CARVED HIMSELF FROM A SOLID BLOCK OF IVORY! — KEPT SURGICALLY CLEAN WITH KOLYNOS!

**BUBBLES THAT PREVENT BACTERIAL MOUTH**

DENTAL AUTHORITIES HAVE BEEN ADVISED BY BACTERIAL DOCTORS THAT THE FERMENTATION OF TINY FOOD DEBRITS JAMMED BETWEEN YOUR TEETH, STOP BACTERIAL MOUTH WITH KOLYNOS! KOLYNOS BURSTS INTO A SEETHING FOAM OF ANTISEPTIC BUBBLES INSIDE YOUR MOUTH. THESE SEETH IN BETWEEN YOUR TEETH, LEAVING THEM SURGICALLY CLEAN — SPARKLING WITH GLORIOUS NEW LUSTRE! KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY DENTAL CREAM TOO — YOU NEED ONLY 1/2 INCH ON A DRY BRUSH!

**KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM 1/3 AND 2/**



## Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter ounce of Orifex Compound, and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

"LIKE me," said the man. "The old ones, eh? Funny, at forty I feel beastly young, and at forty-one I will probably be dead. A queer business, mortal existence... queer and baffling."

"I didn't mean you were old," she stammered. Sometimes he robbed her of all her poise and sophistication. It was pleasant and yet most annoying. He laughed and changed the subject.

While Eve was away, presumably with the Cooks, Jeremy had a long and truthful argument with himself. It was a shattering experience and left him completely worn out, for he knew he would have to face the facts, and later face both Eve and Jill with those facts. Eve, by going away, gave him time to think and regain his balance. He was now sick with detestation of himself and flinched at the idea of

telling her the engagement must be broken. Also, he knew that to lose Jill would ruin all hope of ambition, happiness, and progress. He was in a pretty mess, and only a weak fool would have got into it. He simply couldn't marry Eve, and that was all there was about it. And not until he had had it out with her—he dreaded it—could he, in honesty, speak to Jill of his analysed emotions. While the more he waited, the farther Jill was sliding away from him.

During the six weeks of Eve's absence he went through tortures and longed so badly for Jill's restful presence that he almost gave way to the longing and called to see her. If he did that, nothing could stop him from taking her into his arms and begging her forgiveness.

## Fate Cracks the Whip

Continued from Page 36

for the hideous blow he'd dealt her in his own astute bewilderment.

A wretched and shamed young man kicked his heels round Pahuti for nearly six weeks, and they were six centuries in effect.

When Eve arrived he took his courage into both hands and went round that same evening to call on her. She was strangely aloof, in oddly excited and changed, and in some subtle way, changed. She had on a striking frock of silver with a jade necklace. He took in that much before he plunged into the subject haunting his brain.

She went white to the ears, and round her lips a blue look crept. Episodally... some women were never married, only made love to. Then her eyes narrowed. She had secretly in her possession enough money to take her abroad if she wished, and could form a plausible scheme whereby her father's suspicions would not be aroused. If abroad, there would be ample opportunity to marry someone better off than Jeremy. She must and would have the right clothes this time to meet the right people in, and she simply must get away somehow.

Jeremy said wretchedly: "Eve, if you'll be generous enough to free me, I'll do anything for you—gladly. Tell people you jilted me. That at least is due to you—though I'm not

and—nobody would suspect she had it. In the end, after a little polite demurring, Eve gave in with a sigh of apparent helplessness and the agreement was made.

Two weeks later she sailed again from Pahuti.

Six months later Jill and Jeremy Forbes were married. They had very little money for furniture, but bungalow stuff was cheap, and so was the bungalow they rented. They were poor but happy, said Jill, and now, thanks very much, two grown-up people with more sense than they once had. But business was bad for Jeremy and the problem of money now looked slightly more ominous. Jeremy earned a fair amount, but life in the tropics ate it all up.

Suddenly, like a bombshell in the house, a lawyer came, from Sydney, and with great respect for his dead client who had expressly wished the news of the legacy to be delivered that way, told a startling story to the Forbes couple. Only so much was explained, and the young pair could get no more out of him. They were left staring helplessly at each other and wondering why being suddenly made rich was so petrifying and numbing a sensation.

"I just can't understand it," said Jill, lying back in her long chair and staring up through the scarlet of the poinsettias. "So we'd better stop racking our brains with it. As you say, we ought to be just be grateful and ask no questions of fate—Look at it, Jen, isn't it perfect?" she said and turned again to stare at the newly-purchased bungalow, spacious, shady, surrounded by a garden now being watered by two native boys, with green shutters open against white walls and lacy-green things sprouting from hanging baskets in the open porches. "Isn't it a darling house! I always wanted just this sort of bungalow. And you no longer working in that rotten office! Jen, hurry up and start on your building scheme. It will make Pahuti quite important..."

She chattered on. Presently, with a sigh of bafflement, the puzzle made her refer to it again. "Nobody would believe it if we told them. That's why I just said a legacy from a distant relation when people heard. It sounds fishy. They might suspect me to have had some rich lover in my youthful past. He would have to be horribly and most unusually grateful to bequeath me so much. Say what you will, Jen, it is funny. And why any strange man utterly unknown to me should leave me—Gillian Hayden better known as Jill Hayden—all that money I just can't imagine. And what a funny name he had—our benefactor—it sounds French to me."

"Francis Le Leu," said Jen. "Yes, it sounds rather French to me, too. But it's a pleasant name, rather—Francis Le Leu."

(Copyright.)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

# YOUR BABY NEEDS the 3 Vital Vitamins

**B<sub>1</sub> B<sub>2</sub> and P.P.**

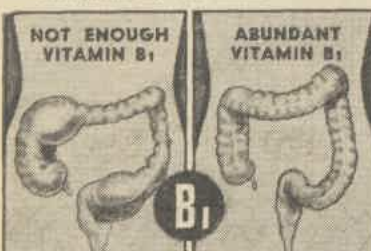
(ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR)

for normal development and good health

**Vegemite, the YEAST EXTRACT**, rich in these three vitamins is recommended by Baby Health Centres all over Australia.

**B<sub>2</sub> POOR GROWTH TOO LITTLE VITAMIN B<sub>2</sub>**

When children are fretful, weak, undernourished, it probably means they're not getting enough Vitamin B<sub>2</sub>—the GROWTH VITAMIN necessary to ensure proper development of body tissues. Vegemite supplies this vitamin. Every growing child needs some Vegemite daily for normal development and good health.



**Poor digestion—too little Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>**

A fallen stomach, digestive trouble, weakened intestines (pictured above on the left) and many obscure nerve disorders can result from deficiency in Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, the NERVE VITAMIN.

Your body needs plenty of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> to keep your stomach and intestinal tract normal and healthy (picture above), and your nervous system steady. Vegemite is very rich in Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>.



**VEGEMITE, the delicious highly-concentrated Extract of YEAST**

Yeast is the richest known food source of the three vital vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub> and P.P. (anti-Pellagic factor). VEGEMITE is an extract of yeast, deliciously flavoured with pure vegetable juices, and concentrated at a specially low temperature. That's why it contains intact all these essential food elements of the yeast plant in their highest possible degree of concentration. Even though modern over-refined foods are lacking in the Vitamin B complex, you needn't let

your family run the risk of shortage in vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub> and P.P. Give them Vegemite daily. Vegemite is so highly concentrated that a little every day does an amazing amount of good. And everybody enjoys the exciting appetising flavour of Vegemite on bread or biscuits, with cheese or eggs, in soups or stews.



**Skin Eruptions—too little Vitamin P.P.** (anti-Pellagic factor) When pimples break out that may be a sign that your diet lacks the essential vitamin P.P. Help to keep skin clear and healthy. Eat Vegemite—rich in Vitamin P.P., the anti-Pellagic factor.



Ask for

# VEGEMITE

the concentrated extract of YEAST

### THE WEATHER

When friends we meet  
Or strangers greet  
Or neighbors are together,  
United voice  
Proclaims our choice  
As first of all "The weather."

"The day's ashine,"  
"Tis keeping fine,"  
Or, "Splendid rain is falling."  
From dawn to dark  
A like remark  
Is made in every calling.

It paves the way  
To friendship's day  
As we discuss together  
In kindly chat  
Just this or that,  
Beginning with "The weather."

So don't forget  
We owe a debt  
Of deep appreciation  
To sun, or shade,  
Or flood cascade,  
Commencing conversation.

—Grace L. Rodda.

exactly jilting you." His mouth set to a stern line—stern with himself. "I've behaved like a weakling and a cad, and I'm genuinely regretful."

She managed to assume a poignant air of astonishment, then to sit down and tear at her handkerchief as if crushed beyond speech.

"Eve, I'm useless to explain myself. I wish I could. But I'd do you a greater injury by marrying you while not wanting to than by ending the business now."

"Does... Jill know?" asked Eve, lifting a saddened face.

"Good Lord, no!"

"Well, Jen, what else can I do but give you up?" A sigh spoke more eloquently than her dulled speech.

"I have a little pride, and some sense. Oh, Jen... I feel... I feel just... awful."

"I know. I'm most terribly sorry, Eve." He almost loved her for her unexpectedly gracious agreement. His heart was bursting with several emotions, and at the back of his mind he asked a question: Would Jill forgive him... Eve was speaking in the subdued, smothered voice of one maintaining composure against all instincts.

"Jen... I can't face people... I'll have to go away. A long way away for a long time... I'll have to get Dad somehow to give me a cheap passage home to England... or the Continent... but I'll have to go. I can't go on here. I want, if I must free you, to get right out of it all and try to forget..."

His young face was eager and pitying. "Look here, Eve, let me help. I've a few hundred pounds saved up. I'll give you half and you can have your voyage... Nobody would ever know I did it."

"If I can persuade Dad—" She looked down to hide the triumph in her eyes. She could persuade her father if he had not to give her much money. With Jen's hundred or two, some from her father, she would have her own money to spend



**RELAX ACHING MUSCLES drive pain clean out!**

Give your poor, aching back quick, glorious relief! One application of St. Jacob's Oil—and your skin begins to glow. Tired, sore, stiff muscles relax... pain goes. You can actually feel this soothing, penetrating oil sinking deep into the aching muscles. You can feel it drawing the pain clean out! St. Jacob's Oil does not burn the skin. Always keep a bottle handy. Your chemist sells St. Jacob's Oil.



# The Movie World

June 10, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1 **SHERLOCK** sends Watson to probe Baskerville mystery.



2 **WATSON'S** task is to protect Richard Greene, the young master.



3 **MORTON LOWRY** angrily interrupts embrace between stepsister, Wendy Barrie, and Richard.



4 **WATSON** and Richard go onto the moors to investigate mysterious baying.



5 **LIONEL ATWILL** and wife (Beryl Mercer) believe an evil spirit is responsible.



6 **BUT** Sherlock Holmes with Watson, finding a dead man on Baskerville moors, deduces human agency.

## Moviedom Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, from New York and Hollywood

**Keeps his relations**  
BING CROSBY has his troubles, for although he receives \$27,000 for each picture in which he appears (he makes four a year) and large sums from radio programmes, he has fifty relatives and friends on his payroll, which includes those employed by Bing Crosby, Inc.

**Sonja as ballerina**  
SONJA HENIE will augment her usual skating numbers with a dash of ballet dancing in her next picture. Sonja studied the ballet art for five years before taking up skating seriously, and it was this training which inspired her to try "dancing on ice" which has brought her fame and fortune.

**Just too late**  
BARBARA PEPPER, young Paramount player, is one of Hollywood's rare natural blondes. Recently she decided that her film career wasn't progressing as well as it might, and had her hair tinted to a darker shade, hoping the change might bring her luck. Next day she was assigned to the feminine lead in "The Magnificent Fraud"—and instructed to report to the make-up department to try on a blonde wig which she would have to wear throughout the film!

**Allergic to orchids**  
EVERYBODY seems to be allergic to something these days, but few can claim as fancy an allergy as Jeanette MacDonald's. Suffering a violent attack of what seemed to be a combination of hay fever and laryngitis shortly before she was due to leave on her concert tour, Jeanette went to her doctor. After making a few tests he informed her that the trouble was caused by an expensive corsage she had been wearing at a radio broadcast. Yes, Jeanette is allergic to orchids!

**Guard those nails!**  
WHEN Bernadine Hayes and Lucille Ball learned that they would have to stage a fancy hair-pulling, biting, and scratching ruse for a scene in "The Second Shot," both girls were a little worried lest they really inflict some damage with their carefully nurtured, inch-long fingernails. It looked as though they'd have to trim the precious nails until a smart make-up man suggested that they wear invisible cellophane thimbles over each finger.

**Mobs scare Ginger**  
THE old reliable theatre back door stood Ginger Rogers in good stead at the preview of "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle." There were amazing scenes. Ginger, who played Irene Castle in the film, evaded the clamorous mob by slipping out the back way.

## Film of Sherlock Deduction

• **SHERLOCK HOLMES** and Dr. Watson come to the screen in "The Hound of the Baskervilles," lavishly-produced Fox thriller, with special atmospheric accompaniment. English Basil Rathbone has the role of the famous sleuth, and Nigel Bruce is his offender and confidant. Sherlock investigates mystery and murder against an eerie background of English manors, moors, and marshes. The mysterious howling of a dog and spiritualistic delving provide further horror elements. Richard Greene is the young master of Baskerville, who falls in love with local beauty Wendy Barrie.

**On sick list**  
RICHARD GREENE, the young English actor, has been suffering from infected tonsils. A few days before he was to have reported to a Hollywood hospital to have them removed Dick trotted off on a hunting trip, stayed out in the sun too long, and returned home with sunburn poisoning. His doctor ordered him into hospital. The tonsillectomy has been postponed.



## Let me show you how to "DAMP-SET" your hair with VELMOL

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Here's . . .

## The new "Umph" girl

ANN SHERIDAN WINS  
VOTE OF TWENTY-  
FIVE MALE JUDGES

From BARBARA BOURCHIER  
in Hollywood

**H**AIL the "Umph" girl—  
Ann Sheridan.

You don't know what it means? Well, you know about "It," and "Sex Appeal," and "Glamour"?

"Umph" is all those together, only more so.

Twenty-seven colleges throughout the U.S.A. nominated their choice for the claimant to "Umph."

The final selection was made at a dinner in Los Angeles by 25 representative American men—film stars, playboys, radio announcers, a footballer, a dress-designer, and a milliner.

They were practically unanimous in their choice of Ann.

Paulette Goddard was runner-up to Ann in the contest. Alice Faye came third, and Dorothy Lamour fourth.

Ann won easily—and to think that a director once refused her a part because she hadn't enough sex appeal!

And now, so we're told, a picture entitled "Umph Girl" will be made. I hear that Ann will be the star, and that she will have TWELVE leading men. It sounds original, and rather difficult.

### "Charm" outmoded

**B**ACK in the early part of this century "charm" was the popular quality for a beautiful actress to own.

Charm was a ladylike characteristic, now rather outmoded and usually applied to the elderly.

Then, very much later, came the "It" girl (Chorus, "Clara Bow!").

Clara, discovered by novelist Elinor Glyn, who invented the term, to have "It," owned red hair and very attractive curves. "It" was the rage for years. All redheads were suspect. Many attempts were made at an analysis and definition.

The beautiful Clara faded away. Now as Mrs. Rex Bell she has settled down to happy domesticity, and is said to have given up all thought of a screen come-back.

Speech grew franker and "It" came to be known baldly as "sex-appeal." With the passing of the outspoken post-war days, "personality" became the sought-after quality by film aspirants and others.

"It doesn't matter if you're plain," said the advisers to the love-lorn and the ambitious. "Personality is the thing to have."

Personality was all right in its way, but it became too common a commodity. Anyone could have personality, if he or she tried hard enough.

"Glamour" saved the day. Garbo, Dietrich, the Bennetts, Crawford, and Shearer have all been rated at various times as the screen's No. 1 Glamour Girl.

Glamour is likely to remain popular for a long time yet, until another name is found for it anyway.

But "Umph" is intended to express even more. Ann, by the way, is redheaded, and her real Christian name is Clara. Way down in Texas, where she comes from, her parents christened her Clara Lou Sheridan.

She is just 24 years old, and has been married and divorced—the husband, Edward Norris. She, by the way, made the third redheaded wife in his collection.

The grounds on which Ann secured her divorce from Ed Norris were that he "made her nervous." Quite a change from mental incompatibility, that!

She became a screen actress by accident. While studying at a teachers' training college she played



● ANN SHERIDAN, Warner Bros. player, acclaimed as U.S.A.'s No. 1 "Umph" girl by 25 leading American men.

in some amateur theatricals, and a Texas dramatic critic persuaded her to enter a beauty contest.

The prize was a Hollywood contract, which, like most of such, did not last very long. Fortunately she had saved a little money, and managed to exist for a few months.

One day, out of the blue, came a request from Warner Bros. to see some of her screen tests. The result was a contract, and since then she has played in "Angels With Dirty Faces," as Jimmie Cagney's

slum girl friend, and in "Letter of Introduction," as the haughty and beautiful fiancée of Adolphe Menjou.

In "Invisible Stripes" she is featured with James Cagney and George Raft.

She is a thoroughgoing playgirl, and as maybe you can guess from her photograph she looks very, very nice indeed in a bathing suit. She likes swimming, horse-riding, and sailing, and is good at all of them.

Ice-skating, too, is one of her favorite sports, and she shares that enthusiasm with one of her constant escorts, Cesar Romero.

David Niven is another who takes her places, and it was he who escorted her home after the dinner at which she was feted.



● DAVID NIVEN, one of the judges, was the lucky man to escort Ann home after the party at which she was announced the winner.

## TAYLOR— wants to meet these women

PRESIDENT'S WIFE,  
ACTRESSES AND TWO  
AUTHORS

**B**OB TAYLOR was asked one day to name the ten women whom he wished most to meet.

Bob took quite a little time compiling that list, and here it is . . . a good, mixed bag.

Three of them he has met often, but evidently liked them so much that he wants to go on meeting them, and one of those is his wife!

Now for the list:

Mrs. Roosevelt, Bette Davis, Maude Adams, Raya Garbousova, Pearl Buck, Claudette Colbert, Myrna Loy, Margaret Mitchell, Jean Arthur, Barbara Stanwyck.

He chose Mrs. Roosevelt, of course, because she is America's first lady. The meeting may not be difficult to arrange, because the President's wife is an indefatigable meet-er-of-people.

Barbara Stanwyck, as the whole world knows, is the lady whom he married last month after three years' courtship.

Myrna Loy recently co-starred with him, and he admires also the acting of Bette, Claudette and Jean.

The two authors whom he chose have both had famous novels bought by MGM. Pearl Buck wrote "The Good Earth."

Margaret Mitchell is the author of "Gone With The Wind," now in production.

The other two you may not know so well. Maude Adams is a great American actress whom Taylor admired in his childhood, and Garbousova is a famous cellist.

And if Bob hadn't turned out to be a screen idol he might have been a cellist because that was his childhood ambition.



NEW ROMANTIC TEAM  
FOR  
MUSICAL DRAMA



★ JEANETTE MACDONALD and Lew Ayres, as singer and pianist, go into their act at the "Gay Nineties Club," in a scene from the M.G.M. musical, "Broadway Serenade." In this film Jeanette parts from Nelson Eddy, but they will be together again in "Lover Come Back to Me."

NOT so many years ago film musicals were largely a matter of how many glamorous-looking extras could be put on the screen at one time, and how much song and dance could be introduced into one film.

Plot and character were subsidiary to music, and music was incidental to story.

The final effect was one long, continuous blare of indiscriminate sound and restless movement — wearing to the nerves.

But the modern movie musical is a different proposition. It's drama or comedy, with a realistic story, and song or dance is used to sustain the theme and sentiment.

No longer does the hero or heroine burst abruptly into song or dance, with no apparent cause. He gets his number in gracefully when the transit to music seems most natural.

You must have noticed this in musicals of recent years.

Mostly the films are dramas or comedies built around stage or radio stars, established or aspiring.

This, of course, is nothing new. Such films as "Forty-Second Street," "Broadway Melody," "One

Night of Love," "New Moon," and others have used this idea. But now it is almost universal.

Deanna Durbin is one case in point. Always in the film she is a young lady of recognised singing talent. Her songs fall naturally into the story.

In her last film, "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," she rendered five numbers.

She sang to entertain guests at her first grown-up party. Then she was shown in the musical academy, performing for her singing teacher. Here she heard an orchestra striking up her song, and joined in.

Then she sang for her father to show how she was progressing—and finally at her sister's wedding.

Not once did the song disturb the even flow of the story.

Alice Paye's films usually have a backstage background. A good

## Song furthers story, and Rhythm has reason in the latest screen musicals

SONG OR DANCE ACTS ARE NO LONGER  
INTRODUCED AT RANDOM IN FILMS, BUT  
ONLY WHEN THE STORY REQUIRES THEM

From JOHN B. DAVIES, in New York.

example was "Alexander's Ragtime Band," in which, as the cabaret entertainer who fell in love with a dance band leader, she was given excellent opportunities to sing without marring the story.

In "Honolulu" Eleanor Powell was a professional dancer on her way from New York to Hawaii. She danced her numbers aboard ship and in the cabaret where she had been engaged to appear.

Always her numbers were introduced unobtrusively.

The point when the film breaks into music, when player stops talking to sing or dance, is the crucial moment in a musical.

Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire,

with their casual, easy approach to rhythm, have done much for film musicals in this respect. far more than many a world-famous opera singer.

Bing Crosby's conversational style of singing carries on the story easily and naturally, without an awkward break.

So does Astaire's casual method of half-strolling, half-dancing into rhythm.

Even in the lavish musical operettas which Hollywood is still producing, though in reduced numbers, glaring absurdities have been toned down.

The quaint conventions of the beloved stage operetta, its rousing male choruses and ecstatic duets, still exist.

But the hero or heroine is not so likely to burst into lyrical song without sufficient cause.

In these operettas, too, there is greater realism in the story.

In "Sweethearts," last Nelson

Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald musical, they are both stars of musical comedy, secretly married, who are persuaded to desert stage for screen. Misunderstanding occurs, and they separate, but are brought together again in a glorious finale of song.

"Broadway Serenade," Jeanette's latest picture, recently completed, gives the singer still more opportunities for dramatic action. She is the wife of Lew Ayres, composer. Her success threatens to disrupt their marriage.

The film throws the emphasis on drama, and the singing fits naturally into the story.

Nelson Eddy's solo film, "Song of the Plains," is a story about ruthless railroad building representatives who rob the settlers of their lands and property. It stresses American democracy and freedom for the masses, and has Eddy as the leader of the revolt against oppression.

Eddy will soon be reunited in song with Jeanette MacDonald in another musical extravaganza in the operatic tradition, "Lover Come Back to Me." This too, however, has strong accent on drama.

So film musicals are rapidly acquiring the dignity of drama. The biographical cycle can claim some credit for this.

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dance with more serious purpose in "The Life of Irene and Vernon Castle," biographical drama, built around the famous dancing team of pre-war days. And RKO have on their lists in readiness a life of Marie Lloyd, who was a famous star of English music halls at the turn of the century.



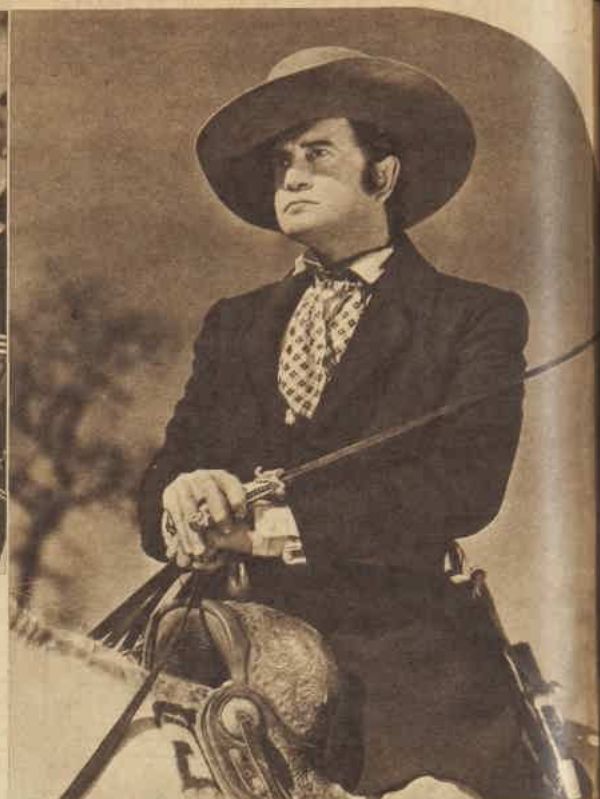




● ABOVE: Richard Dix as Sam Houston, friend of the Indians, in the Republic film, "Man of Conquest." With him is Gail Patrick.



● HOME STUDY of Dix, rugged screen hero, who claims the gentle art of organ-playing as one of his off-screen accomplishments. Hollywood has been his home for the past fourteen years.



● RICHARD DIX as he appears in "Man of Conquest," drama of American pioneering days. This film is cast in the same epic mould as his first talkie success, "Cimarron."

## RICHARD .... the Lionhearted

DOGGED DETERMINATION MARKS SCREEN EFFORTS OF RICHARD DIX, HEART-THROB OF SILENT DAYS, AND NOW STAR OF NEW MOVIE EPIC

By JOAN McLEOD, in Hollywood

### Your Shining Hour

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ADDRESS	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>
	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	
CITY	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	LIPS
	Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
STATE	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
	Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
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Margaret Sullivan and Robert Young together in M.G.M. production, "The Shining Hour."

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WHENEVER a film actor drops from the star ranks and takes on more humble roles, the general belief is that he's doomed.

Doomed, that is, never to savor stardom again, or to get a top role in a major production.

In fact it's only a matter of time when he'll be "all washed up."

That's what most people believe, anyway. But Richard Dix proves them wrong.

Dix, formerly a star of silents, the contemporary of Rudolph Valentino, Colleen Moore, Pola Negri, Vilma Banky, Norma Talmadge and other stars who have long since passed from the Hollywood scene, now gets the part of his career and a fresh start in movies. He is star of Republic's lavish production of a Western epic, "Man of Conquest."

And this after several years playing featured roles in numerous unimportant pictures.

The remarkable thing about Dix is that he hasn't varied his roles in his long movie history.

#### Former successes

FOURTEEN years ago he starred in that famous epic of American pioneering days, "The Vanishing Race," which told of the Red Indian struggle against white man's encroachment.

Six years later he made talkie history with "Cimarron," another story of early days in America.

His latest role as Sam Houston, hero of the War of Independence, in Republic's "Man of Conquest," will recall very vividly his Yankee Cravat in that early film.

The secret of Dix's success lies in the fact that he knows the type of role that suits him, and sticks to it. It's also a tribute to his own dogged determination.

He was born, Ernest Carlton Brimmer, in Minnesota. His first

job was as a clerk in an architect's office.

Thirsting for self-improvement, he attended high school in the evenings, where dramatics were taught. This led to a place in a local stock company, and decided the youth that acting was the only job for him.

So he packed up his trunk and went to New York, where he played in several stock companies.

It was natural that he should go into pictures after his success behind the footlights.

#### Patience rewarded

HE was the answer to Hollywood's prayer for a he-man. His first film was "Not Guilty," and very soon after he became a star for Paramount.

Deeds of heroism were his specialty. His biggest success was "The Vanishing Race." This set the way to his fame. He became as popular a star of silents as Clark Gable is to-day of talkies.

During the change-over to the talkies, that chaotic period of reshuffling when a good speaking voice meant more than years of movie experience, Dix lost ground in the scramble for new faces and talent. "Cimarron" was his first great talkie—and his last for a number of years.

But he clung on with grim determination. He was not too proud to take anything offering, to make the best of the situation.

Now comes the reward for his patience. "Man of Conquest" is one of the year's most important productions.

The film is in the vanguard of that cycle of film epics dealing with American pioneering days, which are Hollywood's most important productions for this year.

Now Dix, star of silents, has a brand-new talkie career ahead of him. Following on the success of this film he is to have the part of a role in Republic's "Life of General Grant," another million-dollar historical epic.







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MR. AND MRS. PETER DAWSON. Mrs. Dawson looks after her famous husband's fan-mail and prepares all his meals before concerts.

## Peter Dawson hopes to stay in Australia

### Twelve million records of famous baritone's voice

Peter Dawson, famous Australian baritone, arrived with his wife last week on his ninth trip home. This time he expects to stay here permanently.

PETER DAWSON has been singing for nearly 40 years, 12,000,000 of his gramophone records have been sold in many countries, and he has set many of his songs to music himself.

He was the first Australian singer to make a gramophone record. It was an "Edison Bell" cylinder record made in 1903, and it was so long ago that Peter has forgotten what the song was.

Though he has made his home in England he is still a typical Australian—friendly, easy-going, with an Australian voice and the same Australian slang in his vocabulary that he used when he was a boy in Adelaide.

He began his singing career in St. Andrew's choir in Adelaide, and worked with his four brothers in his father's iron foundry, making tanks and corrugated iron.

"It was tough work then," he said. "We had to work the machines by hand; they didn't work by pressing a button as so many machines do now."

"There was quite a lot of the village blacksmith touch about it. You know, 'The smith, a mighty man is he.' I expect the heavy work helped to develop my chest and did my voice good."

Unlike most singers he smokes cigarettes.

"I began smoking when I was 14," he said, "on the quiet, of course."

Peter wears many tattoos on his arms, wrists, and broad, strong hands.

On his right hand is a tattooed heart containing the initials "I.M.C."

"I'll tell you about that," said Peter confidentially. "I've worn that since I was sixteen. I had a school-girl sweetheart called Mildred. She had long, fair curls and blue eyes. She's married now, with a family, but we sometimes write to each other."

### Wedding anniversary

MR. AND MRS. DAWSON have been married for thirty-four years.

"We never miss our wedding anniversary," he said. "It is on May 20, and we celebrated it with a dinner party for two and a bottle of champagne on the ship coming to Australia."

"I was still a student when I met her, and we were married shortly after my first concert, when I was 24."

Her name was Annie Noble, and she was born like all real Londoners within sound of Bow Bells.

"She had and still has a beautiful soprano voice. Her stage name was Annette George."

"We were married on a Saturday and our honeymoon was a week-end at Brighton. I had to be back in London on the Monday to play Mephistopheles in 'Faust'."

"Nanny" is a great scout. We've travelled thousands of miles together on concert tours, but she has never wearied of it or got temperamental. She has enjoyed it as much as I have."

"Nanny" looks after Peter's home and his career. She prepares all his meals when he is singing at concerts, files and indexes his records, and answers his enormous fan-mail.

He receives letters from all over the world from people who have heard his records.

"One of my correspondents intrigues us—especially 'Nanny.' She has written me forty letters over a period of years. They all begin 'Darling Pete,' and she claims to be in spirit communication with me. She never signs her name."

### Enjoys singing

THE singer was asked if he could explain his many years of popularity while other singers have come and gone.

"I suppose it's because I sing songs that people can sing themselves," he said. "And also, I'm told, you can hear what I'm singing about."

"My records have also helped to make me known to thousands of people who might not hear me otherwise."

"I still enjoy singing as much as I did when we used to sing round the family piano at home. I'm never nervous, and I love the reaction I get from my audience."

He has written the music for twenty of his most popular songs himself.

Three of the best known are Kipling's "Boots," "Cells," and "The Road to Mandalay."

While he was talking about them, the orchestra in the hotel lounge suddenly started playing "The Road to Mandalay," and the conversation was held up while Peter sang a few lines of it "under his breath."

His most recent compositions are "Route Marchin'," "The Song of the Road," and "The Dreamer."

The lyric of "The Dreamer" was sent to him by a young English commercial traveller who sells cosmetics.

Already since his arrival many songs have been sent to him. One of them, "Captain Cook and His Men," was sent to him by a Sydney nurse.

The Dawsons spent their first evening here visiting Sydney night clubs.

"I love dancing, I'll try anything, even the Lambeth Walk," said Peter. "I like happy faces. I notice there are a lot of them here. In London there were glum faces everywhere, but here everybody seems to be grinning."

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# Three broken marriages....

Here's a lesson in these moving domestic dramas

Should a wife leave a husband she does love, although he loves her devotedly? Should a wife succumb to or resist the panny of her husband's family?

How can a woman cope with the philanderings of a second husband for whom she divorced her first husband?

THESE are the problems confronting three wives in three new books—"Spider's Silk," by Mary Lutyens; "Roses in December," by Elinor Mordaunt, and "Wisdom's Gate," by Margaret Ayer Barnes.

The first of these is the story of a girl who began her life in love which began in childhood.

Gina is not in love with her boyhood friend, but marries him as a refuge from her grief over the death of her adored brother.

Her anguish over her capacity for hurting him and her desire to be free turn her into a rather exasperating person, although unhappy together, they are unhappier apart. Living alone at least makes Gina a more reasonable being.



Caroline did not find happiness until she was middle-aged, as the title of the second book, "Roses in December," suggests.

Her first husband, a parson, made her feel that she was a small girl always in the wrong, a congregation,



"WISDOM'S GATE" presents a moving aspect of divorce—its effect on children. Cicely's children cross-question her about their father, who has invited them to spend a holiday with him. Her youngest child, the son of her second husband, is upset because he cannot go, too.

secretary and housekeeper all in one.

Some years after his sudden death she fell in love with Bertram, charming, delicate, selfish, and weak, who made her feel, when she married him, like a little girl playing at being his mother.

She fights a losing battle for his affection against the jealous hatred of his three sinister sisters.

Diffident and retiring, she is finally driven out by her eldest sister-in-law, who accuses her of murdering her first husband.

Living alone gives her a new capacity for happiness, new hopes and aspirations.

Dr. Allerton knew her as a woman of calm courage and strong character during the war, when she worked in his hospital. When he meets her again she is a miserable, frightened creature incapable of defending herself against her sisters-in-law.

His understanding friendship is her chief support in restoring her confidence and capacity for happiness.

## Shattered romance

CICELY and John's was a boy and girl marriage in war time. She divorced him because, she honestly confessed, she was bored. John had been stolid and indulgent.

Albert Lancaster, her second husband, was handsome, gay, irresistible to women.

Cicely, who staked her own and her children's future on her love for Albert, is confronted with her husband's infidelity.

After months as strangers in their own house, well-meaning interference from relatives, the outside complications of predatory females, and Avery Caldwell's attempt to persuade Cicely into a third marriage, they are reconciled.

Cicely's new attitude to her husband, when she arrives at "Wisdom's Gate," is: "Nothing was simple but the fact that she loved him. To that simplicity she must confide the future."

Cicely's four children, three of them the children of her first marriage, present a poignant picture of one tragic aspect of divorce.

The stories of these three wives and their three different problems suggest a cure for marriages that go wrong.

Translated into general terms, they say:

"Cut yourself off from your marriage mentally, and if possible by distance as well. As an observer of your own marriage you may discover your husband's virtues outweigh his faults, or that the husband who is breaking your heart is not worth bothering about."

"In either case you will also discover a great deal about your own shortcomings, and may be able to rebuild your marriage, a more philo-



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Fill the cap of the tin with 'Steradent' and pour the powder into a glass containing sufficient warm water (not hot) to cover the dentures. Stir well. Put in your dentures and leave them while you dress or overnight. Take them out and rinse thoroughly under the tap. The cleaning is complete.

Stains vanish. The denture gums are made wholesome. Dirty, yellow teeth become 'live', lustrous, natural-looking. 'Steradent' penetrates into the tissue crevices, removing every last particle of decomposed food which a brush could never reach. Your plates are purified, cool, smooth to the tongue, refreshed. 'Steradent' is harmless to dental enamel. Price 2/-, Double Size 3/6. At all chemists.

TRIAL OFFER: Send 2/- in stamps for trial supply to 'Steradent' (Over Sea) Ltd., Box 2115 R.R., G.P.O., Sydney, and mention the name of this paper.

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cleans and sterilises false teeth

**Take It!**



The Wonder Tablet

## And Stop Limping

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

### Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This medicine is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language how the Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a true cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form resistant elastic tissue, and thus enables blood to restore elasticity to the broken-down and degenerated fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation, the real basis of sound health! Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process, Elasto dissolves instantly on the tongue and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biological remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the

### What Users of Elasto say

"No sign of varicose veins now."  
"Completely healed my varicose veins."  
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."  
"Varicose veins quickly healed after 12 years of winter bandaging."  
"Elasto has banished my Eczema."  
"Now walk long distances with ease."  
"I am free from rheumatism and neuritis."  
"My heart is quite sound again now."

### Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1152/E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores every-where. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

**Elasto will save you pounds!**

*By Jove we're still together!"*  
*"The Honorable Archie"*



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## Frank & Archie

are back again!

Their new programme is

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Tues., Thurs., Sat.,  
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SECRET TO HAVING  
GLEAMING WHITE  
TEETH... JUST USE  
**Gibbs Dentifrice**



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## a DELICATE STOMACH

Every child, however well cared for, gets occasional painful windy spasms. Dinneford's Pure Fluid Magnesia has been for over 100 years, and still is, the safest, yet most effective remedy. It soothes, dispels wind and, by its bland corrective action, keeps the bowels regular. A teaspoonful or so of Dinneford's makes Baby happy. Get Dinneford's today. Insist on Dinneford's pure fluid Magnesia.

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pure fluid MAGNESIA

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Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries.  
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# What Women are Doing



MISS EDER LINDSAY, brilliant scientist, at work in her laboratory at Melbourne University.

## Woman scientist is authority on insect pests

BECAUSE Miss Eder Lindsay, a research student at Melbourne University, has just been awarded a scholarship to the University of California, Melbourne silverfish will have a more peaceful time for the next two years!

For three and a half years Miss Lindsay has made an intensive study of silverfish—the bane of all Australian housewives.

Although conditions in California are similar to those in Australia, silverfish are not found there. Miss Lindsay will try to find out why, and will continue research on insect pests generally.

Last year she devised a harmless, colorless and odorless solution which when sprayed on wall-paper and photographs makes them unpalatable to silverfish.

At present she is collecting evidence from users of this spray, and although complete eradication of the pest is not yet possible, the numbers can be kept in check and extensive damage prevented.

Miss Lindsay has written a technical work, "The Life History of the Silverfish."

The average life of the insect, she points out, is from four to five years. When she began her research she collected several thousand specimens, and she still has several hundred of the original insects. They are kept alive on a diet of ground wheat, paper and yeast.

Miss Lindsay is the first Australian student to be awarded a scholarship by an American University for postgraduate work. She will leave Melbourne in July.

## Reports on stars for many observatories

THE only woman in Australia who has so far been elected a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society is Mrs. R. Dafter, of Brisbane. For twenty years she has made the study of the stars her hobby.

She finds that six hours' sleep daily is sufficient, and, when she is studying intensely, she takes her rest at any time of the day, so that she is free for her astronomical work at night.

Sometimes she has worked for months in search of an invariable star.

Mrs. Dafter is an observer for the British Astronomical Association, the Wellington Observatory in New Zealand, and the Harvard Observatory in America, and she also sends reports to Japan and South Africa.

Once a month she sends a report to Miss Annie Cannon, head of the Harvard astronomy school.

Mrs. Dafter is a member of both the Lyceum Club and the Victoria League in Brisbane.

## She makes rugs and pictures from old clothes

MRS. C. M. CARTER, of Rosanna, Melbourne, does not discard old clothes. She fashions them into floor rugs or tapestries.

After reading of the way the early American women pioneers decorated their homes with rugs and tapestries made from discarded clothing and rags, Mrs. Carter decided to try her hand at this type of work.

An ardent reader of Shakespeare, she began with a tapestry of Ann Hathaway's cottage. Sketching the cottage and garden from an old calendar on hemlock 7ft. by 4ft. 8in., she set to work with rag and hooked needle.

After six months' work she produced a beautiful portrait of the cottage.

One of Mrs. Carter's show pieces is a rug of butterfly shape worked in autumn colorings from discarded swimming suits.

The rugs, which are reversible, give long wear and can be cleaned without affecting the design.

## Artist's portrait painted by fellow artist



THIS portrait of Mrs. Grabham (left), which was painted by Mrs. Johnson (right), received warm praise when entered for the 1939 Archibald Prize.

CLOSE friends and fellow artists, Mrs. R. A. H. Grabham ("F. V. Hall") and Mrs. Margaret Johnson, of Perth (W.A.), began exhibiting paintings together seven years ago, and they have done so ever since.

Mrs. Johnson is noted for her portraiture and still life studies, and Mrs. Grabham has found the lovely scenes around the Swan River a

## Important new post for Australian girl

APPOINTED to the science staff of the Royal Woolwich Arsenal (Eng.), Miss Lillian Taylor, a pretty hazel-eyed young West Australian girl, has a unique job.

Her work includes research to ascertain the best grades of fibre for use in the manufacture of certain explosives.

Since her arrival in England last year she has devoted her time to the study of wool fibre under X-ray.

Less than five feet tall, Miss Taylor graduated as a Bachelor of Science at the Perth University in 1936, after outstanding work at the Northam State School and High School.

She excelled also at sport and was a member of the University hockey team.

After graduation, she specialised in the investigation of the composition of materials by X-ray, and last year was awarded a research scholarship founded by the late Sir Winthrop Hackett.

On her arrival in England last September, she entered the University of Leeds, and worked in the department of textile physics until her present appointment.

Nicknamed "Girle" by the other students while she was at the Perth University, because of her smallness, Miss Taylor is known for her shy and retiring manner. Her selection is regarded as a great tribute to her keen, well-trained mind.

Little information has been received about the details of her work, but probably this is due to its highly technical and necessarily secret nature.

Miss L. Taylor

# GERM-LADEN PHLEGM SWEEPED WITH LIGHTNING SPEED FROM YOUR MUCOUS MEMBRANES

The faster you're rid of that germ-laden phlegm the faster you'll be rid of your cold. When that phlegm's gone, your cold's gone, too. Bonnington's Irish Moss clears a cold right out of your system faster than any ordinary remedy because it exclusively contains pectoral oxymel which is prepared from a seaweed called Carrageen found on the North Coast of Ireland. Your very first sip of Bonnington's Irish Moss sends this pectoral oxymel of Carrageen flowing straight over

your mucous membranes. This rapidly loosens the germ-laden phlegm. It quickly comes away. At the same time Bonnington's Irish Moss spreads a soothing antiseptic film over irritated tissues—especially those tissues that feel red raw from a hacking cough. Keep a bottle of Bonnington's Irish Moss beside you at work. Keep on sipping it. The tightest cold will come away with a speed you've never known before! Bonnington's Irish Moss also relieves bronchitis, croup and night coughs.

## AVOID THOSE IMITATIONS

There's only one Bonnington's Irish Moss containing pectoral oxymel of carrageen. Ask your chemist for Bonnington's Irish Moss.

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PER BOTTLE...  
LARGE FAMILY  
SIZE 3/4



## Bonnington's Irish Moss

— THE FASTEST WAY TO BREAK THE HEAVIEST COUGH OR COLD



# Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and  
 LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are determined that  
 ELLEN: Shall collect her legacy from the house from which  
 attempts have been made to frighten her. They catch  
 the curious-looking "old woman,"  
 MRS. WOOD: Who says she has come to collect a box. Mandrake pulls off "her" wig and reveals "her" as a man, who confesses that while caretaker of the house he

found a box in the basement containing a wonderful collection of jewels. Ellen is afraid that  
 DON: Her fiance, will refuse to marry her owing to her being an heiress, but Mandrake tells him he should not let the fortune separate them, so they are reunited.  
 One day as Mandrake and Lothar are out driving a mysterious car nearly forces them into a collision. NOW  
 READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED



## The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs; it should prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Get your house in order. Finalise outstanding matters of importance. Make the most of June 25 (after noon), 12 and 13.

**Taurus** (April 21 to May 22): A week of days for most Taurians. June 14 and 15 just fair.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Don't let your clever brains grow addled or lay at this time. Diligence and consistency can bring good reactions. Make the most of June 16 and 17. Start new enterprises.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Plan for the near future. For your stars are coming nearer. Meanwhile make plans for changes, promotion and new ventures in days to come. Make June 16 and 17 work hard for you. Waste no time.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): June 11 (p.m.), 12 and 13, quite fair.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Don't let your troubles get you down at this time. Be diligent and cautious, but avoid arguments, risks and upsets. Delays and difficulties likely. Beware of June 10, 11 (a.m.), 16 and 17.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): Make the most of the fortunate starry influences coming your way on June 16 and 17, by working hard and trying

to put your plans into operation. Be optimistic, enthusiastic and practical.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Hide a wee, if important changes or ventures are in the wind. Meanwhile perfect your plans and be ready to jump if opportunity comes your way. June 22 just fair.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): Trouble can't last for ever. Even if it seems to come thick and fast at this time, try to be patient and cautious. Be particularly careful on June 16 and 17. Take no risks then and avoid quarrels, partings, opposition and upsets.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Don't waste time on unessentials. Get all outstanding matters stabilised or well started. June 14 and 15 fair.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Make up your mind that you can get at least part of what you want, and then go after it. Your chances are better than usual, especially in matters started on June 16 and 17.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): You'll feel that the world is against you, especially on June 16 and 17. But cheer up; better times are just ahead.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

## WRITTEN IN THE STARS

### ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

**The biggest fault of Geminians is lack of concentration. This failing is responsible for most of their failures in life and should be overcome.**

ALL people born between May 22 and June 22 should get married. The majority of them do, but some of them cannot make up their minds for a good many years, and this earns them a name as flirts that is not always deserved.

Gemini is the sign of "The Twins," which suggest the

dual-natured and changeable element which is the keynote of the Gemini character.

As a rule, people of this sign are very friendly and cheerful, and possess plenty of optimism, enthusiasm, kindness, and generosity. All these things tend to make them "good mixers," who are much

**IF THEY FAIL... HERE'S WHY!**

**HESITANCY about getting married—Indecisiveness—Flirting.**

These are all synonymous with Gemini, the sign of the zodiac which governs all people born at this time of the year.

And they are traits which are often responsible for Geminians making failures of their lives.

in demand by those wanting sociability and good company.

If entertaining, let there be a Gemini in the group, not only to keep conversation and high spirits going, but also for the bridging of awkward moments when someone makes a faux pas. The quick wit and ready understanding of these May-June people help them to say the most appropriate thing at the right moment.

Don't imagine, however, that they do not say the "wrong" thing themselves. On the contrary! Though their brains are quick, their tongues are quicker still, and as a result they often disclose secrets which they believed themselves incapable of mentioning, or say and promise the wrong thing without stopping to reason the matter out.

### Patience required

MOST Geminians are very expressive, and have a fair share of acting ability. They like to read, write, study, and otherwise exercise their splendid intellects.

But all really wise Geminians will see to it that they learn to concentrate and avoid failure by developing a certain degree of patience, forethought and fixity of purpose. They should try to be less changeable and more reliable. They should remember that although far fields look greenest distance always lends enchantment.

This may not only save them from making false moves, but should also stabilise their characters and abilities and set the stage for success and happiness in the future.

These they are quite capable of obtaining without a great deal of trouble. It all depends on themselves.

When it comes to marriage, they would do well to apply similar rules. The restlessness, divided opinions and desires which make most Geminians fear monotony in marriage are the factors behind many delayed weddings and broken engagements.

In the end, however, nearly all Geminians realise that the true "partnership" of married life is more desirable than a host of self-interested friendships.

### Suitable partners

GEMINIANS should choose their partners with care and forethought. They need someone who is steadier than themselves, yet whose general interests in life are of the kind which they can enjoy too. Such interests should be varied, sociable and intellectual.

As a rule it will be found that Librans (born September 23 to October 24) and Aquarians (January 20 to February 19) provide the most harmonious relationships for people born under the "Twin" sign of the zodiac. Arians (born March 21 to April 21) and Leonians (born July 23 to August 24) also prove satisfactory partners.

There is often a strong attraction towards Pisceans (February 19 to March 21), Virgoans (August 24 to September 23), and Sagittarians (November 23 to December 22) but generally the attraction does not develop into marriage.



## That party put me on the front page!

"Hurry!" — the editor barked. "Grab a cab! Jump into your evening clothes! You're covering that Van Dyke party to-night!" It was my big chance... but instead of being thrilled, I could have cried. Why—oh, why—I wailed inwardly, does Avis Van Dyke have to bow to society TO-NIGHT!



I stopped just long enough to phone my room-mate, "Elsie." I begged—"be a lamb and press my green evening dress. I've got to report a debutante party to-night! Wouldn't you know a break like this would come at a time like this? Honestly, I'm so uncomfortable and irritable I could scream!"



"What would you do without me?" — Elsie greeted me gaily, waving a blue box. "Dress pressed... velvet wrap brushed... and a gift that will give you blissful relief! Take it, darling—it's Modess—the greatest boon to womankind ever invented! I just discovered it myself... and it's a marvel."



So — off I went, cheery as a cricket, to stalk debutantes and stags at play. I buzzed around, writing about fabulous jewels, fountains of champagne, and divine dresses... with never a moment's worry... nor a single moment of chafing discomfort. And — wound up the evening with a story that even an old hand could be proud of!



"Whee! Right on the front social page — with your name signed to it!" shrieked Elsie, brandishing the paper the next day. "You owe it all to Little Goody Two-Shoes who told you about Modess! And just think," she added, "Modess with its softness; its safety; costs LESS than other Sanitary Napkins."

Ask for **Modess**

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**16**

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Ask also for **YEMO**

For Personal Hygiene, Soothing, Absorbent, and Mildly Astringent.



## Betty's "racey" narratives

More dashing lady punters who have won big money at the races

By BETTY GEE

My story last week of the dashing Sydney lady punter, Madame X, has awakened memories of other ladies who wagered big money on racecourses in this and other States of the Commonwealth.

Some were luckier than others, and some shrewder, but they were all courageous.

BRISBANE had its mysterious veiled woman who suddenly launched out with big betting transactions which grew to such an extent that temporarily she had the Brisbane bookies scared stiff.

Racing interests were intrigued by her bets of £50 and £100. She waxed and waned, though, as do most other punters of either sex. Her bets grew less and there came a day when the betting ring knew her no more.

A Brisbane newspaperman ferreted out the news of her meteoric rise. She was the wife of a highly-placed official, and her bridge and betting debts prompted him to try the moneylenders.

Finding how easy it seemed to raise a loan, she suggested a substantial sum right above the requirements to settle her debts.

What she did not know was that the moneylender had ascertained her husband's sound position, and had recognised the transaction as a thoroughly safe one.

So she got £100, paid her debts with £50, and took the other £50 to the next race meeting to give it a fling.

In a few weeks she had run it into £500. She paid off her moneylender, and went on punting with ever-increasing bets, and ran her good fortune into £2000.

Unfortunately, the cycle soon ended. They always do, don't they? But out of her harvest she had refurnished her home and refurnished her wardrobe.

When she reached the bottom of the ladder of luck, and could no longer patronise the Turf, she was at least that much to the good.

One of the few women punters who have mastered racecourse betting in a successful way is a Sydney woman who rarely misses a meeting.

She goes racing three times a week, has a faculty for form knowledge which only a small percentage of women (and men) acquire, and above all she grasps the significance of betting trends.

Standing well over six feet in height, she has an advantage in finding out these money leads. She



BETTY TELLS us some more about lady punters who won so much money they scared the bookmakers.

can look over the betting books without tip-toeing.

Then she invests her ten or twenty pounds in a lump.

She bets on credit with several of the leading bookies, and settles by cheque next day.

Her bookies say she makes it pay, because she favors her racing with logic.

If she strikes a bad "trick" of losses she cuts down the size of her bets, or stays away altogether from races.

She comes back periodically and tries her luck. If it is better, she resumes her punting at full blast again.

She has been doing this for ten years now, and is the compleat and successful female punter.

Some women get hunches which, taken at the flood, lead to amazing success.

Take the case of a poor woman living in a Hobart suburb near a trotting course.

She had never been to races before, but the hunch for a certain horse came in some mysterious fashion as only hunches can.

She hadn't a shilling in the house. But she had credit with the local butcher, bought a big joint (7/6), then passed it on to her neighbor at 5/- with the explanation that she was going away and wouldn't need it.

### Won on "hunch" bets

SHE put the five shillings on the hunch-horse and it won, and several other hunch-horses, and they won, and came home with £18 and bought another joint and cooked it for Sunday.

She went on punting at every race meeting of gallopers or trotters, knew nothing of either, but backed her "fancy" and ran her winnings into thousands, crossed to the Mainland where, still winning, she bought a nice villa and set up her family on the prosperous income from her punting.

I've lost track of her. For aught I know she might be still punting her way to continued affluence.

Let's see if we can get a hunch for the A.J.C. meetings at Randwick on Saturday and Monday next.

Word has reached me that Jack Mac has been saved for the Trial Hurdle, and the Ice Man brings Radical for the first Nursery.

The Head Walter says that Masterpiece simply cannot lose the big A.J.C. Hurdle.

The amateurs ride again in the Corinthian Cup, and I'm going to follow up Sir Land, who won Tatt's Corinthian with a young cherub-faced jockey, Ken Weber, in the saddle.

Knight Folly is the syndicate tip which has been saved up for the Ellesmere Handicap.

If you want a double on the June and Ellesmere begin with Grey Derby and finish with Knight Folly. And have a little on Grey Derby in the first leg.

The only tip I have for the second day is to follow up the A.J.C. chairman's horse, Trumpeter, in the Novice, and Hilarious in the Winter Plate.



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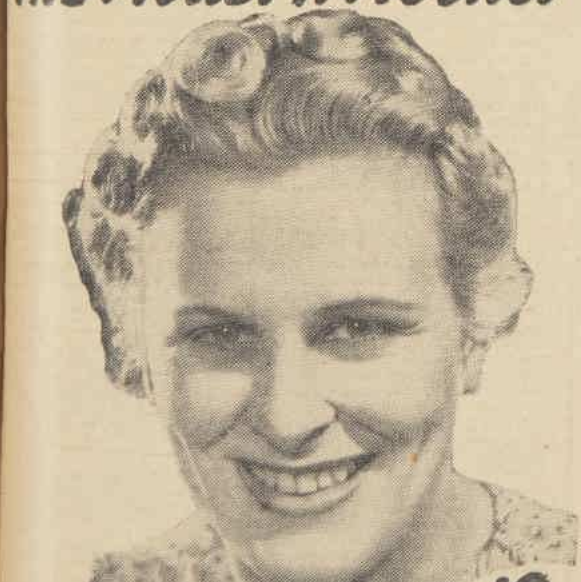
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Worth a Guinea a Box















## Cards on the Table

Continued from Page 52

Rhoda disappeared into the kitchen. Mrs. Oliver said:

"This is quite a coincidence—our all meeting here."

Despard said slowly, "Yes."

"I've been telling Miss Meredith," said Mrs. Oliver, who was thoroughly enjoying herself, "that we ought to have a plan of campaign. About the murder, I mean. Of course, that doctor did it. Don't you agree with me?"

"Couldn't say. Very little to go on."

A certain air of constraint had settled over the three. Mrs. Oliver sensed it quickly enough. When Rhoda brought in tea she rose and said she must be getting back to town. No, it was ever so kind of them, but she wouldn't have any tea.

"I'm going to leave you my card," she said. "Here it is, with my address on it. Come and see me when you come up to town, and we'll talk everything over and see if we can't think of something ingenious to get to the bottom of things."

"I'll come out to the gate with you," said Rhoda.

Just as they were walking down the path to the front gate, Anne Meredith ran out of the house and overtook them.

"I've been thinking things over," she said.

Her pale face looked unusually resolute.

"Yes, my dear?"

"It's extraordinarily kind of you, Mrs. Oliver, to have taken all this trouble. But I'd rather not do anything at all. I mean—it was all so horrible. I just want to forget about it."

"My dear child, the question is will you be allowed to forget about it?"

"Oh, I quite understand that the police won't let it drop. They'll probably come here and ask me a lot more questions. I'm prepared for that. But privately, I mean, I don't want to think about it—or be reminded of it in any way. I dare say I'm a coward, but that's how I feel about it."

"Oh, Anne!" cried Rhoda Dawes. "I can understand your feeling, but I'm not at all sure that you're wise," said Mrs. Oliver. "Left to themselves, the police will probably never find out the truth."

"Does that really matter?"

"Matter?" cried Rhoda. "Of course it matters. It does matter, doesn't it, Mrs. Oliver?"

"I should certainly say so," said Mrs. Oliver dryly.

"I don't agree," said Anne obstinately. "Nobody who knows me would ever think I'd done it. I don't see any reason for interfering. It's the business of the police to get at the truth."

"Oh, Anne, you are spiritless," said Rhoda.

"That's how I feel, anyway," said Anne. She held out her hand. "Thank you very much, Mrs. Oliver. It's very good of you to have bothered."

"Of course, if you feel that way, there's nothing more to be said," said Mrs. Oliver, cheerfully. "I, at any rate, shall not let the grass grow under my feet. Good-bye, my dear. Look me up in London if you change your mind."

She climbed into the car, started it, and drove off, waving a cheerful hand at the two girls.

Rhoda suddenly made a dash after the car and leapt on the running-board.

"What you said—about looking you up in London," she said breathlessly. "Did you only mean Anne, or did you mean me, too?"

Mrs. Oliver applied the brake.

"I meant both of you, of course."

"Oh, thank you. Don't stop. I—perhaps I might come one day. There's something—No, don't stop. I can jump off."

SHE did so and waving a hand, ran back to the gate where Anne was standing.

"What on earth—?" began Anne.

"Isn't she a duck?" asked Rhoda enthusiastically. "I do like her. She had on odd stockings, did you notice? I'm sure she's frightfully clever. She must be—write all those books. What fun if she found out the truth when the police and everyone were baffled."

"Why did she come here?" asked Anne.

Rhoda's eyes opened wide.

"Darling—she told you—"

Anne made an impatient gesture.

"We must go in. I forgot. I've left him all alone."

"Major Despard? Anne, he's frightfully good-looking, isn't he?"

"I suppose he is."

They walked up the path together.

Major Despard was standing by the mantelpiece, teacup in hand.

He cut short Anne's apologies for leaving him.

"Miss Meredith, I want to explain why I've hurried in like this."

"Oh—but—"

"I said that I happened to be passing—that wasn't strictly true. I came here on purpose."

"How did you know my address?" asked Anne slowly.

"I got it from Superintendent Battle."

He saw her shrink slightly at the name.

He went on quickly:

"Battle's on his way here now. I happened to see him at Paddington. I got my car out and came down here. I knew I could beat the train easily."

"But why?"

Despard hesitated just for a minute.

"I may have been presumptuous—but I had the impression that you were, perhaps, what is called 'alone in the world.'"

"She's got me," said Rhoda.

Despard shot a quick glance at her, rather liking the gallant boyish figure that leant against the mantelpiece and was following his words so intently. They were an attractive pair, these two.

"I'm sure she couldn't have a more devoted friend than you, Miss Dawes," he said courteously, "but it occurred to me that, in the peculiar circumstances, the advice of someone with a good dash of worldly wisdom might not be amiss. Frankly, the situation is this: Miss Meredith is under suspicion of having committed murder. The same applies to me and to the two other people who were in the room that night. Such a situation is not agreeable—and it has its own peculiar difficulties and dangers which someone as young and inexperienced as you are, Miss Meredith, might not recognise. In my opinion, you ought to put yourself in the hands of a thoroughly good solicitor. Perhaps you have already done so?"

Anne Meredith shook her head.

"I never thought of it."

"Exactly as I suspected. Have you got a good man—a London man, for choice?"

Again Anne shook her head.

"There's Mr. Bury," said Rhoda. "But he's about a hundred-and-two, and quite foolish."

"If you'll allow me to advise you, Miss Meredith, I recommend your going to Mr. Myherne, my own solicitor, Jacobs, Peel and Jacobs is the actual name of the firm."



MOTLEY'S CLASSIC blue jersey coat for important occasions. The flowing skirt and gathered back are contrasted with a broad triangular yoke which dips at the back to meet the plain waistband.

They're first-class people, and they know all the ropes."

Anne had got paler. She sat down. "Is it really necessary?" she asked in a low voice.

Please turn to Page 54

## KIDNEY TROUBLE

Weakness at night . . .



. . . Strength by morning

IT IS A FACT that many people are victims of Kidney Trouble and do not know it. You complain of backache, rheumatism, stiff and swollen joints. You have dizzy spells, begin to feel "too-old." Perhaps bladder trouble worries you at night. HEED THIS WARNING—weak, sluggish, clogged-up kidneys are the cause of your pain and suffering. You will never stop your trouble until you cleanse and strengthen your kidneys. YOU NEED A SPECIALLY PREPARED KIDNEY REMEDY. With confidence built on 50 years' experience we state there is no finer remedy in the world than De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

For fifty years De Witt's Pills have provided for all classes of people in all countries of the world the FINEST REMEDY for backache, rheumatic troubles, urinary disorders and all the pain and weakness caused by kidney trouble.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills not only banish pain but cleanse and revitalise your kidneys. They have a real tonic effect on the whole system. Get your supply of De Witt's Pills to-day. Take them to-night. Whilst you sleep they will start to cleanse and strengthen your kidneys. In 24 hours you will know they are doing you good. Take this fine remedy regularly for a little while and you will be free from pain, looking and feeling years younger. Remember to ask for and see you get

# DE WITT'S

## KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists and storekeepers, 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.



For beautiful Silver

Nothing can outshine Silver cleaned with 'Silvo.' Quickly and easily it imparts a glittering polish which shows up the full beauty of the metal. It contains no acid or mercury and you can safely use it to keep all your Silver shining and beautiful.



A RECKITT'S PRODUCT  
MADE IN AUSTRALIA

## MAKE BABY'S HAIR CURLY



Mrs. Busch, of Newcastle, tells how she made her little girl's hair grow from straight to wavy and curly with Curlypet. She says—

"Baby's hair was very straight and dry before I started to use Curlypet on her hair. She now has strong, soft curls in place of the lank, stringy hair, and she looks just adorable and pretty. I am telling everybody I know all about Curlypet. Yours sincerely, Mrs. Busch."

Brush Curlypet into your own child's hair to make it grow beautiful, wavy curls. Get a 1/6 tube (month's treatment) from your chemist or store today. Be sure to get GENUINE CURLYPET

## KEEN, BRIGHT EYES are the mirrors of YOUR PERSONALITY . . .

YOUR eyes do more than any other feature to enhance—or mar—your appearance.

Beauty and efficiency call first for clear, bright, keen-sighted eyes. Your eyes tell what you are—they mirror your personality. If your eyes are screwed up with defective sight, if they are bloodshot, lustrous, red, tired-looking, sore, or if you wear glasses, you can recapture eye-beauty and strong, keen sight—quickly—by Eye Culture.

## . . . But Not Behind GLASSES!

There is no eye trouble too severe for Eye Culture to relieve. Eye Culture can help your eyes recapture the fullness, brightness, and strength of health and youth. Eye Culture will let you see clearly without glasses. Decide to discard your glasses permanently by beginning Eye Culture—NOW!

Call, or send 4d. in stamps for our book.

"PERFECT SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES"

describing your eye troubles to EYE CULTURE

No. 1 St. James' Building, 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Personal Consultation Places You Under No Obligation.

## EYE CULTURE



..and remember  
it will keep lovely if you  
wash it only in LUX!

GIVE your  
woollies safe Lux  
care and from wash  
after wash they will  
emerge as lovely as  
ever! Don't ruin  
them with harsh  
cake soap rubbing!  
That only shrinks  
them... mats the  
fine woolly fibres.  
But gentle, luke-  
warm Lux suds keep  
your woollies soft  
and warm...  
shapely... gaily-  
coloured as new!

#### HERE'S THE SAFE, EASY LUX METHOD!

Draw an outline of the garment on paper. Make rich, lukewarm Lux suds—test temperature with back of wrist. Cup garments in hands, and work gently about in the suds. Do not rub. Rinse three times, keeping exactly the same temperature throughout. Roll flat in towel to remove moisture. Do not twist or wring. Place over pencilled outline and gently pull into shape. Dry flat, away from excessive heat.



There's NO soda in LUX  
..won't shrink Woollens!

6,428,25

A LEVER PRODUCT

## STOP CATCHING COLDS

Germs are everywhere! Colds, flu, and worse—you are constantly exposed to infection and your mouth and throat are usually the first points to be attacked. Guard them against disease; make them germ free and germ resistant by gargling Listerine Antiseptic morning and night. Listerine Antiseptic is fatal to germs, yet quite safe to use. Protect yourself this pleasant and effective way. Get a bottle to-day.

Four years of exacting and very costly scientific research on colds and their complications, clearly point out that more of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder ones, and got rid of them faster than non-garglers.

Tests showed that even two hours after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, the number of germs on throat and mouth surfaces were reduced as much as 75.7%.

Gargle  
with

**LISTERINE**  
the SAFE Antiseptic

1/6 3/4  
AND  
5/9



"I SHOULD say emphatically so. There are all sorts of legal pitfalls."

"Are these people very—expensive?"

"That doesn't matter a bit," said Rhoda. "That will be quite all right, Major Despard. I think everything you say is quite true. Anne ought to be protected."

"Their charges will, I think, be quite reasonable," said Despard. He added seriously: "I really do think it's a wise course, Miss Meredith." "Very well," said Anne slowly. "I'll do it if you think so."

"Good."

Rhoda said warmly:

"I think it's awfully nice of you, Major Despard. Really frightfully nice."

Anne said, "Thank you."

She hesitated, and then said:

"Did you say Superintendent Battle was coming here?"

"Yes, you mustn't be alarmed by that. It's inevitable."

"Oh, I know. As a matter of fact, I've been expecting him."

Rhoda said impulsively:

"Poor darling—it's nearly killing her, this business. It's such a shame—so frightfully unfair."

Despard said:

"I agree—it's a pretty beastly business—dragging a young girl into an affair of this kind. If anyone wanted to stick a knife into Shaitana, they ought to have chosen some other place or time."

Rhoda asked squarely:

"Whom do you think did it? Dr. Roberts or that Mrs. Lorrimer?"

A very faint smile stirred Despard's moustache.

"May have done it myself, for all you know."

"Oh, no," cried Rhoda. "Anne and I know you didn't do it."

He looked at them both with kindly eyes.

"Never take anything for granted, Miss Dawes. I don't set as much value on human life as most people do. All this hysterical fuss about road deaths, for instance. Man is always in danger—from traffic, from germs, from a hundred-and-one things. As well be killed one way as another. The moment you begin being careful of yourself—adopting as your motto 'Safety First'—you might as well be dead, in my opinion."

"Oh, I do agree with you," cried Rhoda. "I think one ought to live frightfully dangerously—if one gets the chance, that is. But life, on the whole, is terribly tame."

"It has its moments."

"Yes, for you. You go to out-of-the-way places and get mauled by tigers and shoot things and jiggers bury themselves in your toes and insects sting you, and everything's terribly uncomfortable but frightfully thrilling."

"Well, Miss Meredith has had her thrill, too. I don't suppose it often happens that you've actually been in the room while a murder was committed."

"Oh, don't!" cried Anne.

He said quickly:

"I'm sorry."

But Rhoda said with a sigh:

"Of course it was awful—but it was exciting, too! I don't think Anne appreciates that side of it. You know, I think that Mrs. Oliver is thrilled to the core to have been there that night."

"Mrs. —?" Oh, your fat friend who writes the books about the unpardonable Finn. Is she trying her hand at detection in real life?"

"She wants to."

"Well, let's wish her luck. It would be amusing if she put one over on Battle and Co."

"What is Superintendent Battle like?" asked Rhoda curiously.

Major Despard said gravely:

"He's an extraordinarily astute man. A man of remarkable ability."

"Oh!" said Rhoda. "Anne said he looked rather stupid."

"That, I should imagine, is part of Battle's stock-in-trade. But we mustn't make any mistakes. Battle's no fool."

He rose.

"Well, I must be off. There's just one other thing I'd like to say."

Anne had risen also.

"Yes?" she said as she held out her hand.

"Don't be offended with me," he said. "I just want to say this: It's humanly possible that there may be some feature of your acquaintance with Shaitana that you don't want to come out. If so—don't be angry, please—the felt the instinctive pull of her hand—you are perfectly within your rights in refusing to answer any questions."

## Cards on the Table

Continued from Page 53

Battle may ask unless your solicitor is present."

"There's nothing—nothing... I hardly knew the beastly man."

"Sorry," said Major Despard. "Thought I ought to mention it."

"It's quite true," said Rhoda. "Anne barely knew him. She didn't like him much, but he gave frightfully good parties."

"That," said Major Despard grimly, "seems to have been the only justification for the late Mr. Shaitana's existence."

Anne said in a cold voice:

"Superintendent Battle can ask me anything he likes. I've nothing to hide—nothing."

Despard said very gently, "Please forgive me."

She looked at him. Her anger dwindled. She smiled—it was a very sweet smile.

"It's all right," she said. "You meant it kindly, I know."

It was Anne who went with him to the gate. When she came back Rhoda was staring out of the window and whistling. She turned as her friend entered the room.

"He's frightfully attractive, Anne."

"He's nice, isn't he?"

"A great deal more than nice... I've got an absolute passion for him. Why wasn't I at that wretched dinner instead of you? I'd have enjoyed the excitement—the net closing round me—the shadow of the scaffold—"

"No, you wouldn't. You're talking nonsense, Rhoda."

Anne's voice was sharp. Then it softened as she said:

"It was nice of him to come all this way—for a stranger—a girl he's only met once."

"Oh, he fell for you. Obviously. Men don't do purely disinterested kindnesses. He wouldn't have come toddling down if you'd been cross-eyed and covered with pimples."

"Don't you think so?"

"I do not, my good idiot. Mrs. Oliver's a much more disinterested party."

"I don't like her," said Anne abruptly. "I had a sort of feeling about her... I wonder what she really came for?"

"The usual suspicions of your own sex. I dare say Major Despard had an axe to grind, if it comes to that."

"I'm sure he hadn't," cried Anne hotly.

Then she blushed as Rhoda Dawes laughed.

Superintendent Battle arrived at Wallingford about six o'clock. It was his intention to learn as much as he could from innocent local gossip before interviewing Miss Anne Meredith.

It was not difficult to glean such information as there was. Without committing himself definitely to any statement, the superintendent nevertheless gave several different impressions of his rank and calling in life.

At least two people would have said confidently that he was a London builder come down to see about a new wing to be added to the cottage, from another who would have learned that he was "one of those week-enders wanting to take a furnished cottage," and two more would have said they knew positively, and for a fact, that he was the representative of a hard-court tennis firm.

The information that the superintendent gathered was entirely favorable.

"Wendon Cottage? Yes, that's right—on the Marlbury Road. You can't miss it. Yes, two young ladies, Miss Dawes and Miss Meredith. Very nice young ladies, too. The quiet kind."

"Here for years? Oh, no, not that long. Just over two years. September quarter they come in. Mr. Pickersgill they bought it from. Never used it much, he didn't, after his wife died."

Superintendent Battle's informant had never heard they came from Northumberland. London, he thought they came from. Popular in the neighborhood, though some people were old-fashioned and didn't think two young ladies ought to be living alone. But very quiet. They were. None of this cocktail-drinking week-end lot, Miss Rhoda, she was the dashing one. Miss Meredith was the quietest. Yes, it was Miss Dawes what paid the bills. She was the one had got the money.

The superintendent's researches at last led him inevitably to Mrs. Astwell—who "did" for the ladies at Wendon Cottage.

Mrs. Astwell was a loquacious lady.

To Be Continued

## Your Skin's best Friend



Roughness of the skin, blotchiness, blackheads caused by impurities in the air, can be avoided if you adopt the Cuticura method, advised by skin specialists the world over.

Twice daily cleanse the face with Cuticura Soap. The creamy, gentle lather, with its mildly antiseptic action, washes away all the grime which lodges in the pores and causes blackheads and ugly spots. The pores are purified, the skin softened and soothed. To get rid of pimples, skin eruptions or rashes, apply Cuticura Ointment direct to the affected part. Its antiseptic action kills germs, soothes immediately and heals in a surprisingly short time.

After the bath, use Cuticura Talcum, fortified with balsamic essential oils, fragrant and refreshing.

**Cuticura**  
for  
Clear Healthy Skin





## What shall I do with

## MY CHILD'S HAIR?

If you will take the trouble to study your child's face and adapt hairdressing to it, you can give her hair a really decorative effect.

Child's hairdressing should be unassuming and young, avoiding haircuts, shingling up the hair, artificial-looking curls or any suggestion of a grown-up look should be avoided.

For the very little girl whose hair is still growing babyhood one of the most important hairdressing is to keep the hair out of the face.

Sometimes a ribbon tied around the head with a bow on top is useful.

Sometimes the hair may be tied at one or both temples with a bow.

Sometimes it proves more becoming to cut the front hair in a bang which is especially good if the child's head is high.

For the very small child's hair is soft and wavy and the ends curl a little. The best thing to do usually is to keep it brushed nicely and to arrange the ends to curl up over the forehead.

If the hair is straight you may want to have it evened a bit, but a general little soft irregularity is the very young face better than a straight cut.

By...  
JANETTE



ABOVE: Princess Elizabeth, whose luxuriant, naturally wavy hair is worn parted on one side with just a suggestion of shaping.

LEFT: Shirley Temple, Fox child star, now has her hair tied on one side with a bow as befits her present age.

BELOW: Jane Withers, another Fox star, wears her hair in a cute style which especially suits her. The bang is good with a high forehead. A ribbon tied around keeps the remainder of the hair tidy and from falling over the face.



If your child's hair is stiff and straight you may find it unmanageable without bobbing. Do not let the hairdresser cut the hair too short or shave the back of the neck and shape the hair at the back.

The Princess Elizabeth haircut is a beautiful style for the growing girl with rather luxuriant wavy hair. There is just the suggestion of shaping, and the hair may be held back at the temple with a small barrette, or centre-parted and tied with narrow bows.

Princess Margaret Rose also now wears a more "growing-girl" style in comparison with her baby hair-do of a year or so ago.

### Curly Hair

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S hairdressing offers a lovely way of keeping curly hair up off the neck and out of the eyes. Shirley is nine, but her hair arrangement is also suitable for a little younger.

Straight hair may be tied up but not as long. As a matter of fact, the longest length for a little girl with straight hair is to the shoulders. The shaped cut is not suitable usually until the child begins to grow up.

If your child looks well with long hair hanging down her back, there is nothing more charming. Have it arranged with a side part and a ribbon to keep the hair back from her face.



A centre part is nice, too, with the hair pushed back and held with a band in tortoiseshell effect.

There are obvious disadvantages to long hair, from the standpoint of neatness and discomfort in hot weather—disadvantages to which pig-tails are often an answer.

Pig-tails are suitable from the time there is enough hair to braid, until the time your daughter revolts. I like the hair parted straight

through to the back, with the braids coming front.

In general, hairdressers suggest the centre part for a face with regular features and the side part for irregular features. Centre parts usually make a face look longer and parting the hair farther over to the side increases the apparent width of the head.



PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE, who now wears her hair in a more growing-up style with bow at one side.



Give your hair a  
*Beauty Wash*

EVERYONE'S talking about this "new thrilling way to wash hair"—with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo!—Without any doubt, it quickly brings out the full radiant loveliness of your hair, and awakens alluring highlights which you never previously knew existed.

Immediately you commence "beauty washing" your hair with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo, you FEEL the difference. The rich, luscious "coconut bubbles" begin to foam through your hair, dissolving dust, dandruff and city-film—leaving your hair SILKY-CLEAN and more attractive than you've ever seen it before.

Then when you look at your hair in the glass—what a thrill! A glorious picture of shimmering loveliness. Its very texture richer, silkier, and altogether adorable—Watch how the waves come out deep, crisp, sparkling, and ever so much easier to dress.

*Shampoo*—Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo preserves that true gold colour of your hair.

*Beautifies*—"Beauty washing" with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo finds new gleaming highlights in your hair.

Make your next shampoo a real "beauty wash"—with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo—a 2/6 bottle gives you 14 wonderful Shampoos. Obtainable all Chemists, stores, and hairdressers.

**COLINATED COCOANUT OIL Shampoo**



## MY PATIENTS ASK ME . . . BY A DOCTOR

## How to deal with this Problem of overweight

**I** DON'T know what is wrong with me these days, doctor. I never feel really well, and looking after the house and the children just seems to wear me out.

I'm sorry to hear that, Mrs. Palmer. But haven't you put on rather a lot of weight since I saw you last?

I have, doctor, and that's a fact. But what can I do about it? All my family get fat when they reach the forty mark.

That's not quite correct. Fatness isn't always hereditary, Mrs. Palmer, and you mustn't go on thinking that just because your mother and grandmother were fat you are bound to follow them. That's admitting yourself defeated before you start to fight. You put yourself in my hands and I promise you that in a few months you'll notice a substantial difference in weight. And, what is more, you'll be feeling positively frisky again.

But MONTHS, doctor! Would it take as long as that?

Certainly. If fat has been accumulating for months, and even years, you can't reasonably expect to get rid of it in a couple of weeks.

You see, Mrs. Palmer, there are three main causes of overweight—

under-exercise, over-eating, and—er—in some cases—too much alcohol. And the way to get rid of surplus fat is to attack it at its source.

When people reach the age of forty they do not need so much food as in their younger and more active days. But many of them do not realise that, and go on eating as much as, or even more than, ever, with the result that the scales begin to tell a sorry tale. And as their weight goes up they become less and less inclined for exercise, and the scales tell yet a sorer tale. In fact, a vicious circle is established.

## Wrong foods

**I** SEE. But, doctor, I don't know that this applies to me. I admit I don't take very much exercise, but, on the other hand, I am not a big eater.

Perhaps not, but you are probably eating the wrong kind of foods—the rich, sweet and starchy ones that stand high as heat and fuel foods. Tell me, now, are you fond of white bread, cakes and biscuits and so on?

Well—yes.

And do you have little snacks during the day—just to help you along with your work?

Guiltily again!

There you are, then. Now, Mrs. Palmer, if you are prepared to help

yourself I can show you the way towards regaining your health.

Too much fat is an absolute menace to health, especially in a climate like ours. It not only makes one uncomfortable and disinclined for exercise, but it lowers resistance to disease, especially to colds, bronchitis

and digestive disorders.

For that reason, quite apart from appearance (which I'm sure interests you just as much), it should be worth while exerting your will-power and self-control.

Make no mistake about it, it won't be easy. After the first couple of weeks, when your early enthusiasm has worn off, and there is very little to show for your abstinence, you will feel like throwing in your hand.

## Starvation diets

**NO.** I won't! If, as you say, it will make such a difference to my health—and to my silhouette—I'll stick to what you tell me, no matter how it hurts!

Good for you! Now, first of all I want to give you a thorough examination, to make certain that there is nothing else wrong. And then I will make out a diet for you.

People who start slimming without consulting a doctor take a big risk, because the average slimming diet could be better described as a starvation diet, and often does a great deal of harm.

Of course, I'll have to cut down, to a certain extent, the amount of food you eat, but I will see to it that you have enough of the foods needed for your proper nutrition.

Milk, meat, cheese, eggs, fruit and vegetables are not necessarily fattening, unless eaten to excess, and they supply the protein, minerals and vitamins so necessary for health.

I want you to give up eating between meals, no matter what the temptation. And also, I want you to take more exercise, but not all at once. Increase it gradually and



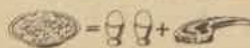
IF OVERWEIGHT is your problem, learn to say "No" to rich cakes at tea time, even if offered by a hostess as charming as June Lang, Fox player, about

## "KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES romp home for Flavour!"

— Another Australian Family makes Kellogg's Great Blindfold Test!



SCIENTIFIC PROOF OF THE GREAT ENERGY GIVING POWER OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES



Recent analysis made at the Sydney University showed that one plateful of Kellogg's Corn Flakes gives you as much energy as two eggs and one pork chop. That's why Kellogg's Corn Flakes keep you going till lunchtime.



This makes 403 people who have now let us blindfold them to make our sensational taste test. Whilst blindfolded they taste four popular breakfast foods including Kellogg's Corn Flakes. (Each cereal is referred to by number only during the test.) It may seem hard to believe, but 403 out of 403 people agreed that Kellogg's Corn Flakes tasted far the best!

Your Grocer sells Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

AT LAST MY WHOLE FAMILY ASKS FOR THE ONE CEREAL AT BREAKFAST TIME — KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES. IT'S THAT EXTRA-RICH FLAVOUR OF CORN THAT DOES THE TRICK!



Heard Kellogg's thrilling new radio serial?

"HOWIE WING" — A Saga of Aviation. "Howie Wing" is sponsored by Kellogg's over a nationwide broadcast every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights. Stations: 2CH and 4BK-AK-IP, 7.30 p.m.; 2GZ, 2TM, 2LM, 3DB-LK, 3SR, 3TR, 5AD-MU-PI-SE, 6IX-WB, 6.45 p.m. 2KO every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.

## For young wives and mothers

## How to check overfeeding and underfeeding

## TRUBY KING SYSTEM

THE mother who is feeding her baby naturally cannot always be sure that baby is getting the correct amount of nourishment. It is as easy to cause troubles by overfeeding as by underfeeding.

How to check the amount of milk baby is getting and other important points to be watched in natural feeding have been dealt with by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau in a special leaflet.

Readers interested may obtain this leaflet, "Points to Watch in Regard to Natural Feeding," free of cost by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope for reply to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. Endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."



## POND'S "GLARE-PROOF" FACE POWDER

AUSTRALIAN sunshine is notoriously hard and glary—that's why Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder is especially good for the Australian climate. Pond's "Glare-Proof" powder shades are blended scientifically to shut out all but the softest rays of light from your face. Never shows up hard and powdery. Always alluring. And Pond's "Glare-Proof" powder has special expensive ingredients to make it cling—for hours! 1/6 or 2/6 a box at all stores and chemists. Change to Pond's to-day!

## POND'S Face Powder

FREE OFFER: Please send me a free sample of each of the 12 shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder. I enclose two 1d. stamps in sealed envelope to cover postage and packing. Pond's Dept. (X01), Box 11117, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



They bring back memories . . .

## Those sweetly-perfumed blossoms . . .

A BREATH of fragrance, wind-borne, will often carry a gardener back to some happy scene, forgotten perhaps, until nature, with her glorious perfume, re-creates the memory.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

It may be a faint wafting of highly-perfumed heliotrope; the lingering, never-forgotten lavender, the sweetness of the lilac, the clovelike aroma of the carnation, or the pleasing bouquet of the rose.

And this brings me back to the fact that all the year round in our mild climate one may have fragrant flowers in bloom in the garden.

The winter-flowering honeysuckles, the glorious lucilla gratissima, with its pale pink masses of fragrant bloom, the violets, wallflowers, daphnes, and English primroses all do well in Australia.

Lilacs, lemon-scented verbenas, wattle, Spanish broom, frangipani, gardenias, jasminums, laburnum, many of the magnolias, philadelphus, samshus, and prostanthera are some of the best scented shrubs.

Even the border plants, like santolina, rosemary, catmint, alyssum, heliotropium, ageratum, and many aromatic herbaceous varieties, supply perfume for months of the year.

Stocks, mignonette, sweet williams,

sweet peas, centaurea imperialis, cornflowers, many irises, lupina, musks, the new nasturtiums, polyanthus, scabious, verbenas, and sweet wivelfields are among the most fragrant border plants.

Not all of these can be sown from seed now, but the gardener who seeks perfume in addition to color should make a note of those mentioned.

### In small gardens

EVEN in the smallest garden it is possible to have one or another of the fragrant flowers in bloom all the year round, for, fortunately, most of them take up little space.

And lastly, to those of you who love orchids, nature has given one of our best native types, the dendrobium falcocrustum, the best scent of all.

All it asks for is a tree stump touched by the morning and early afternoon sun, some moss at the back, and regular watering.

The perfume from the cream racemes of flowers is something to be remembered—and good plants can be obtained for a shilling.



FLOWERS . . . especially the sweetly-perfumed varieties . . . are favorites with Gloria Stuart, Fox star, and find a year-round place in her garden.

## HANDY HINTS SCRAPBOOK

### Repairing linoleum

Here is a good way of repairing damaged spots in your linoleum so neatly that the repair has a good chance of passing unnoticed. With a compass, mark a circle around the damaged portion, then a similar circle around a good left-over piece of the linoleum, matching the pattern exactly. Cut both these circles out with a very sharp knife. Then fit the good one into the place of the damaged one, pushing it firmly down into place until it is not noticeable.

### Light pastry

If, when making pastry, a little lemon juice is added to the water, it will make the pastry lighter and remove all taste of fat or lard.

### Dry flour

It is essential that the flour for cakes and pastry should be dry and sifted. Damp flour causes heavy pastry.

### Blackhead cure

A tablespoonful of lemon-juice mixed with half the quantity of rose-water, and well rubbed into the skin at night, will help to remove blackheads.

### Colored clothes

Do not soak colored things before washing. Soap, wash, rinse, and hang out to dry as quickly as possible. Add a tablespoonful of vinegar to bring up the color, and do not use blue.

### To banish ants

If you are troubled with beetles or ants, try borax sprinkled about freely. Borax is quite cheap, and very effective in getting rid of insects.

### Dressmaking hint

To save you hunting for a tape-measure while using the sewing machine, gum a measure along the front of the machine and then it will always be at hand when wanted.

### Pinching shoes

Shoes that pinch in one special place may sometimes be cured by laying a pad or cloth dipped in hot water on the place, and removing it when cold. This treatment expands and softens the leather.

### To protect hands

It is a good plan to wear an old glove on the right hand when doing any dirty work, such as handling coal or ashes, etc.

### Furniture care

Always wipe furniture with a cloth wrung out of lukewarm water to which a little vinegar has been added, and let it dry before applying polish. The vinegar and water will remove the dirt.

### Plate powder

If you run short of plate powder try this home-made one. Mix together two tablespoonfuls of whitening, one of methylated spirit, one of ammonia, and a pint of boiling water. Rub this well into the silver, rinse in hot water, slightly soapy, and wipe dry with a soft cloth. Polish finally with a chamois leather.

### Care of casseroles

A new casserole should be well rubbed outside with a raw onion. This will prevent the vessel "sweating" and lessen the contraction which so often causes the casserole to crack when heated. After the rubbing fill the casserole with cold water, and very gradually bring it to boiling point, allowing the water to cool in the vessel. A casserole treated thus will, with quite ordinary care, last for years.

## The A. B. C. of cookery

### Pain: Bread (French).

Panard: Basis of forcemeats. A mixture of flour, water and butter, or "Bread Panard," soaked bread cooked with stock or milk.

Paprika: Red pepper used for flavoring and garnishing. Not as strong as cayenne.

Parboil: To boil partly. In case of vegetables to cook until soft on the surface.

Parisienne (a la): In Paris style; or in whipped cream.

Parmentiere: Named after man who introduced potato to France; pertaining to potatoes.

It's creamy . . . it's crunchy . . . it needs no cooking . . .

### Made with COPHA

Nearly everybody likes Coconut Ice. That's why it's just the right sweetmeat to offer your friends—and to eat yourself, too! The best Coconut Ice is smooth, yet firm, free from lumps and sweet without being sickly. You'll vote full marks on every score to the Coconut Ice you make with Copha, the pure white vegetable shortening. Use the recipe below.

There are many more exciting confections you can make with Copha; ask at your usual shop for free copy of recipe leaflet, "Quick Party Specials that need no Cooking."

## COCONUT ICE

COPHA  
COOKLESS  
DAINTIES  
No. 4



### CREAMY COCONUT ICE

Pink, White and Chocolate

1 lb. Pure Copha (melted) 1 lb. Fine Desiccated Coconut  
1 lb. Icing Sugar (sifted) 1 teaspoon Essence of Vanilla  
2 Whites of Egg

Mix together the sugar, coconut, egg and vanilla. Stir in the hot (not boiling) Copha, and mix well. Line a cake tin with greaseproof paper and spread in one-third of the mixture.

Colour half the remainder pink and spread over white layer. Mix a teaspoon of cocoa with the rest and spread over pink. Stand in a cold place to set.

# COPHA

100% PURE WHITE SHORTENING



### It's Free THE NEW COPHA RECIPE BOOK

No more worries about what to cook for the daily menu or for those extra special occasions. Here is a great variety of recipes for every purpose—pastries, puddings, cakes, cookies and savouries. Many of these recipes are quite original and they've all been tested in our own kitchen. Write for free copy to:

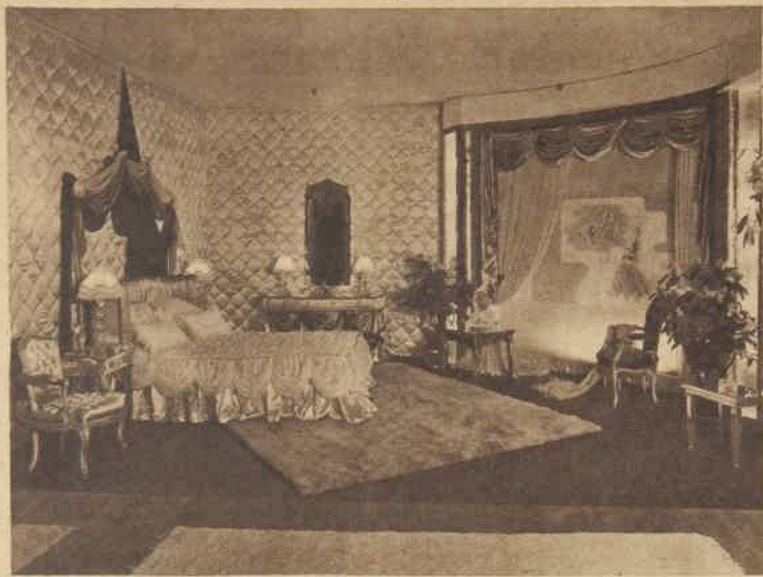
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Lavishness of . . .

## MODERN DECOR

GRANDEUR, luxury, a sense of dignity, and spaciousness are keynotes of to-day's interior decoration even in the confined space of the small rooms in the modern flat or home.

ULTRA-MODERNISTIC lines once regarded as ideal for space-saving are losing their popularity; the beauty and lavishness of

period furnishings are taking their place.

Many of Mayfair's apartments create the illusion of spaciousness by using murals with cleverly-concealed lighting enhancing the wide



TOP LEFT: Murals with cleverly concealed lighting and artistic drapery are used to give an illusion of space and grandeur. In this bedroom the mural is based on a figure symbolising sleep.

ABOVE: The living-room showing the effective use of another mural with furniture grouped around the simple white fireplace.

LEFT: Corner of a room decorated in Empire style with a mural of the "Little Corsican" and a staircase to give an illusion of height. The low table has legs of mirror glass.



In this living-room furniture is grouped effectively round the extremely simple white fireplace, the carpet repeating its modern lines.

Carried out in yellow, white and red, the mural draperies are in white and dull-surfaced furnishing repainted webbing chairs match the lattice pattern of the yellow chairs' settee and armchairs.

The third picture shows a corner of an Empire room, the Napoleonic influence carried further by the mural of the "Little Corsican" and the painted staircase gives an illusion of height, and again the mural is draped in dull red satin and patent gold voile.

aspect, and artistic drapery furthering the suggestion of space beyond.

Portman and Mason are responsible for the period interiors pictured. All three are examples of murals and diffused lighting bringing a touch of grandeur within the limits of four small walls.

The chief feature of the bedroom is the mural, occupying a broad corner, and appropriately based on a figure symbolising sleep.

On either side of this, columns of indirect lighting are thrown out over the room and back on to the mural, giving the effect of a picture some distance away.

The color scheme is carried out in shades of cyclamen, prune and clover, the richness of the furnishing and delicacy of the colorings combining in a scheme which is the last word in luxury.

### Tones of cyclamen

PALEST cyclamen satin is used for the walls, the bed covering and one chair; a deeper cyclamen makes a softly-draped frame for the mural, and this shade combined with prune forms an effective drapery at the back of the bed.

Buckled bedspread and long mural curtains are in voile, while the carpet and chair, in aubergine, tone with the general scheme.

A white lambkin carpet in the centre of the room matches the white chignon lampshades on crystal stands.

All three shades of cyclamen are also used in the dressing-table drapery, above which a long mirror reflects the interior decor, giving an added feeling of space.

As with the period bedroom, a mural depicting a Nash terrace is used to enlarge a modern living-room.

The graceful sweep of the Nash terrace suggests regions beyond the limited floor space.

# DYNAMEL

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Please send me free your enlarged and entirely new book, "The Colorful Home". I enclose 3d. in stamps, to cover postage and handling.

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# Tomato Sauce

Ask for Rosella—the Sauce with the true Tomato flavor. A *real* Tomato Sauce, retaining the natural flavor and goodness of the choice sun-ripened Tomatoes. Rosella Tomato Sauce will improve every meat and savory dish.

Also  
Worcestershire Sauce  
French Mustard  
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**You can be sure of**

# Rosella



# Knit it with long or short sleeves Youthful Pullover

DIAMONDS are trumps on this pretty lacy jumper with its distinct pattern and young-looking turn-down collar.

YOU can knit this attractive jumper with long or short sleeves. Instructions are given below for both.

You'll love the novel diamond pattern and the little turn-down collar. Both features give such a youthful air to the garment.

**Materials:** 6ozs. 3-ply wool, 1 pair each of No. 9 and No. 13 knitting needles, and 1 short needle pointed at both ends.

**Measurements.** — Length from shoulder, 18½ins.; width all round under the arms, 34ins.; length of short sleeve, 6½ins.; length of long sleeve, including cuff, 18½ins.

**Tension:** 13 sts. to 2ins. in width and 9 rows to 1in. in depth.

**Abbreviations.**—K, knit; p, purl; dc, stitches; tog, together; sl, slip; p.s.s.o., pass slipped-st. over; w.r.d., w.r.d. forward and round the needle again; dec, decrease or decreasing; inc, increase or increasing; rep., repeat; ins., inches.

Work into the back of all cast-on sts. to produce firm edges.

## BACK

Begin at the lower edge. Cast on 82 sts. using No. 13 needles and work 2ins. in k 1, p 1 rib.

Next Row: \* Rib 11, k twice into next st.; rep. from \* to end, finishing rib 6 (110). Change to No. 9 needles and pattern, as follows:

1st Row: K 2, \* p 8, k 2 tog., k 2, w.r.d., p 1, w.r.d., k 2, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 8, k 2; rep. from \* to end.

2nd Row: P 2, \* k 8, p 4, k 1, p 4, k 8, p 2; rep. from \* to end.

3rd Row: K 2, \* p 7, k 2 tog., k 2, w.r.d., p 3, w.r.d., k 2, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 7, k 2; rep. from \* to end.

4th Row: P 2, \* k 7, p 4, k 3, p 4, k 7, p 2; rep. from \* to end.

5th Row: K 2, \* p 6, k 2 tog., k 2, w.r.d., p 5, w.r.d., k 2, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 6, k 2; rep. from \* to end.

6th Row: P 2, \* k 6, p 4, k 5, p 4, k 6, p 2; rep. from \* to end.

7th Row: K 2, \* p 5, k 2 tog., k 2, w.r.d., p 7, w.r.d., k 2, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 5, k 2; rep. from \* to end.

8th Row: P 2, \* k 5, p 4, k 7, p 4, k 5, p 2; rep. from \* to end.

9th Row: K 2, \* p 4, k 2 tog., k 2, w.r.d., p 9, w.r.d., k 2, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 4, k 2; rep. from \* to end.

10th Row: P 2, \* k 4, p 4, k 9, p 4, k 4, p 2; rep. from \* to end.

11th Row: K 2, \* p 3, k 2 tog., k 2, w.r.d., p 11, w.r.d., k 2, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 3, k 2; rep. from \* to end.

12th Row: P 2, \* k 3, p 4, k 11, p 4, k 3, p 2; rep. from \* to end.

13th Row: K 2, \* p 2, k 2 tog., k 2, w.r.d., p 13, w.r.d., k 2, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 2, k 2; rep. from \* to end.

14th Row: P 2, \* k 2, p 4, k 13, p 4, k 2, p 2; rep. from \* to end.

15th Row: K 2, \* p 2, w.r.d., k 2, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 13, k 2 tog., k 2, w.r.d., p 2, k 2; rep. from \* to end.

16th Row: P 2, \* k 2, p 4, k 13, p 4, k 2, p 2; rep. from \* to end.

17th Row: K 2, \* p 3, w.r.d., k 2, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 11, k 2 tog., k 2, w.r.d., p 3, k 2; rep. from \* to end.

18th Row: P 2, \* k 3, p 4, k 11, p 4, k 3, p 2; rep. from \* to end.

19th Row: K 2, \* p 4, w.r.d., k 2, sl 1, p.s.s.o., p 9, k 2 tog., k 2, w.r.d., p 4, k 2; rep. from \* to end.

20th Row: P 2, \* k 4, p 4, k 9, p 4, k 4, p 2; rep. from \* to end.

21st Row: K 2, \* p 5, w.r.d., k 2, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 7, k 2 tog., k 2, w.r.d., p 5, k 2; rep. from \* to end.

22nd Row: P 2, \* k 5, p 4, k 7, p 4, k 5, p 2; rep. from \* to end.

23rd Row: K 2, \* p 6, w.r.d., k 2,



CLOSE-UP of the diamond pattern used in knitting the pullover shown on the right.



YOU CAN KNIT this pretty pullover with long or short sleeves. Instructions are given for both. The design is a youthful one and the pattern easy to follow.

## Unsuspected MALNUTRITION

There was loud laughter when a politician, speaking on the Dangers of Malnutrition, was told by a dietician present that he showed signs of Malnutrition himself.

But the laughter ceased when the dietician added that the rest of us were probably in the same condition!

"Malnutrition," he declared, "is increasing. How many of us here," he asked, "are totally free from nerves, digestive troubles, constipation, or debility?" Yet in most cases these ills are due to dietary deficiencies.

"It isn't that we eat too little. It's because our food is devitalised. Thanks to modern food 'refining' its Vitamin B content is only half that of 100 years ago! And on Vitamin B the health of our nervous and digestive systems depends."

"But how," one asked, "can this vitamin shortage be made good?"

"Well," he replied, "I simply add a tablespoonful of Bemax to my porridge or breakfast cereal. Bemax is a Vitamin tonic food very rich in Vitamin B."

Little book "Vitamins and Health," free. Send a card to B. Max (Dept. F15), P.O. Box 3679 S.S., Sydney.

Bemax—From Chemists and Stores. 3.6 a tin—a month's supply for an adult.

"Margaret's pretty nighties used to fade in the wash—but how lovely this one is keeping..."

**SHE PROTECTS DAINY FABRICS WITH**

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THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER



The extra speed of Persil washing means safety for colours because the garment is out of the water so quickly... Persil's active oxygen-charged suds carry away every trace of dirt in a twinkling. No rubbing, very little handling... and Persil can be used in cool or cold water for very delicate shades. It's by washing colours so much cleaner that Persil keeps them so much brighter... always so dainty and fresh. Use Persil alone for the whole family wash.

PERSIL'S GENTLE CLEANSING MAKES THINGS LAST LONGER, TOO!

## LOSE UGLY FAT LIKE SHE DID



"I feel so pleased with YOUTH-O-FORM that I must write and thank you," says Miss D.H.C., in her letter. "My legs and bust were terribly fat and a bulge under my chin made my face look fat and ugly. I was envying the nice rounded figure of a friend of mine, and she laughed and told me how fat she used to be until she took YOUTH-O-FORM. She praised it so much that I determined to try it myself, and it is all she claimed for it—and lots more. The ugly fat has disappeared from my thighs and chest, and people are telling me how much better I look. I am delighted with the change YOUTH-O-FORM has made to me. Don't suffer the discomfort of shyness. Reduce by this simple, pleasant, natural way. A capsule of famous

Full 6 weeks' Treatment 20/- 10-day Carton 5/6

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### YOU CAN DEVELOP A PERFECT BUST

Delightful firm, rounded breasts are quickly developed with famous Mameogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of chapeau flabby busts. Mameogen will give you a lovely figure—graceful lines—charm! You can make your bust perfect by massaging each breast with Mameogen at night time. Delightful, easy, simple to apply. Mameogen requires no special preparation. Ask your chemist for Mameogen, or if you experience any difficulty just send a 10-penny note in British Medical Laboratories, 44 Clarence Street, Sydney, and your supply of Mameogen will reach you by return mail post free.

## Knitted daintiness in a Leaf-green bed-jacket

AN adorable design made in soft 2-ply wool in a combination of lacy and moss stitches. Finished with embroidery in contrasting pastel wools.

HERE is a dainty bed-jacket you must make for yourself. It is knitted in green wool in moss and lacy stitches, and is tied in front with matching ribbon. The embroidery round the neckline is done in contrasting colored wools.

Knitting instructions are given below.

**Materials Required:** 5ozs. "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof 2-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2136 (green); 1 pair No. 9 needles, 1 crochet hook, 1 yard ribbon, colored wools for embroidery.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 22½ inches. Bust, 22-24 inches. Length of sleeve seam, 4 inches.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; m, make; d.c., double crochet.

**Tension:** 6 sts. 1 inch, 8 rows 1 inch.

#### BACK

Using No. 9 needles cast on 145 sts. Work 3 rows moss-st. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Decrease 1 st.

**1st Row:** Moss-st. 6, \* k 2 (k 2, m 1, k 2 tog.) 3 times, p 2, moss-st. 13. Repeat from \*, ending with moss-st. 6 instead of 13.

**2nd Row:** Moss-st. 6, \* p 2 (p 2, m 1, p 2 tog.) 3 times, p 2, moss-st. 13. Repeat from \*, ending with moss-st. 6 instead of 13.

Repeat last 2 rows.

**5th Row:** Moss-st. 6, \* (k 2, m 1, k 2 tog.) 4 times, moss-st. 13. Repeat from \*, ending with moss-st. 6 instead of 13.

**6th Row:** Moss-st. 6, \* (p 2, m 1, p 2 tog.) 4 times, moss-st. 13. Repeat from \*, ending with moss-st. 6 instead of 13.

Repeat last 2 rows.

Repeat last 8 rows until work measures 31 inches.

**Next Row:** Moss-st. 4, k 2 tog., \* work 16 sts. in lace pattern, p 2 tog., moss-st. 9, p 2 tog. Repeat from \*, ending with k 2 tog., moss-st. 4.

**Next Row:** Moss-st. 5, \* work 16 sts. in lace pattern, moss-st. 11. Repeat from \*, ending with moss-st. 5.

Continue in pattern, allowing for decreased sts. until work measures 7 inches.

**Next Row:** Moss-st. 3, p 2 tog., \* work 16 sts. in lace pattern, k 2 tog., moss-st. 7, k 2 tog. Repeat from \*, ending with p 2 tog., moss-st. 3.

Continue in pattern, allowing for decreased sts. until work measures 10½ inches.

**Next Row:** Moss-st. 2, k 2 tog., \* work 16 sts. in lace pattern, p 2 tog., moss-st. 5, p 2 tog. Repeat from \*, ending with k 2 tog., moss-st. 2.

Continue in pattern until work measures 14 inches.

**Next Row:** K 1, p 2 tog., \* work 16 sts. in lace pattern, k 2 tog., moss-st. 3, k 2 tog. Repeat from \*, ending with p 2 tog., k 1.

**Next Row:** K 1, p 1, \* work 16 sts. in lace pattern, moss-st. 3. Repeat from \*, ending with p 1, k 1.

Work across all sts. in moss-st., and when work measures 15 inches shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armholes measure 7½ inches shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

#### LEFT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles cast on 87 sts. Work 3 rows moss-st. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Decrease 1 st.

Work in pattern as for back until decreased to 62 sts. Continue in moss-st. and k 2 tog. at centre-front of the next and then every 2nd row. When work measures 15 inches continue to decrease at centre-front and shape armhole by



SWEET AND LOVELY—a bed-jacket knitted in soft two-ply green wool. The rosebuds round the neck are worked in contrasting colors. Instructions for making on this page.

casting off 5 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. Continue to decrease at centre-front every 3rd row until decreased to 24 sts. When armhole measures 7½ inches shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times.

#### RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front.

#### SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles cast on 115 sts. Work 3 rows moss-st. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Work in pattern as for back for 34 inches.

Decrease in each moss-st. panel. Work 1 row.

**Next Row:** Moss-st. 5, \* p 2 tog. (k 1, p 1) 6 times, k 2 tog., moss-st. 11. Repeat from \*, ending with moss-st. 5 (99 sts.).

Work in moss-st. and k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 33 sts. Cast off.

#### TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Work 1 row of d.c. around neck and down each front. Work rosebuds around neck. Sew on ribbon and tie in bow.



# Warming-TO WIVES!



#### AT THE DOCTOR'S

WHAT CAN I DO DOCTOR? THIS CONTINUAL TIREDNESS TELLS ON MY LOOKS SO MUCH

THAT'S ALWAYS THE CASE WITH NIGHT-STARVATION MRS. BARTON, BECAUSE IN MY OPINION THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE. YOU SEE EVEN AT NIGHT YOU GO ON USING UP ENERGY ON BREATHING, HEARTBEATS, AND OTHER AUTOMATIC ACTIONS. ALL THIS CAUSES YOU TO WAKE TIRED, FEEL AND LOOK RUN DOWN. MY ADVICE IS START DRINKING HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT BEFORE YOU GO TO BED.

#### SIX WEEKS LATER

LISTEN, MARY. (WHISPERS-) YOU'RE THE MOST ATTRACTIVE GIRL HERE!

DARLING, DON'T TICKLE MY EAR

(THINKS-) HE'S IN LOVE WITH ME ALL OVER AGAIN--THANK GOODNESS FOR HORLICKS!

#### DO YOU WAKE TIRED, FEEL AND LOOK WORN OUT?

"Why do I always wake up tired . . ." Every day thousands of women ask themselves that question, and nine times out of ten the answer is "Night-Starvation." You've probably never realised it, but even at night you go on using up energy on breathing, heartbeats and other automatic actions. Unless energy is replaced during sleep, then you're bound to wake tired, feel run down all day and look strained and haggard. Drink a cupful of Horlicks last thing at night before you go to bed and you'll wake full of life. You'll be gloriously free of nerves and you'll tingle with vitality. Horlicks is priced from 1/6 and 2/9. Special pack with Mixer 2/.

**HORLICKS** guards against NIGHT-STARVATION



... that thrill...  
deary-soft, rapturously  
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HAWAIIAN-BLACK MAGIC  
Startling NEW Shade  
**Black Magic**  
Voodoo BLACK in the Stick—  
Pagan RED on your lips!

## WHAT HAPPENS WHEN KIDNEYS STOP WORK?

The kidneys are amongst the most important organs of the human body. The correct function of the kidneys is the removal from the blood stream of surplus water and impurities which come from the natural decay of the tissues. If the kidneys do not carry out this work properly, these impurities are allowed to accumulate in the blood stream and to become distributed throughout the system, setting up disorders which eventually cause diseases such as Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Anaemia, and many other prevalent ailments.

Sufferers from such complaints will not find relief until the kidneys are restored to health. For over sixty years Warner's Safe Cure has been the accepted remedy for all kidney disorders—it is quick, effective and absolutely non-habit forming.

One happy correspondent from Perth writes: "I suffered with kidney and liver trouble for a number of years and tried practically every medicine on the market without result. I then tried Warner's Safe Cure, and after taking a few bottles I began to feel a different man. I continued with the medicine and am now my old self again, thanks to Warner's Safe Cure."

Chemists and Storekeepers sell Warner's Safe Cure in Concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/9, and in the original 3/- bottles.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. R. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.

## Catarrhal Deafness May be Overcome

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are even just a little hard of hearing, get your head noises go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parment (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone losing hearing or who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.

Prepared and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 156-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

## Pyjamas for the tinies



Ready for you to make up from pattern and design traced on winceyette in soft pastel shades.

Needlework Notions

PRACTICAL and dainty winter pyjamas for the tiny boy or girl, obtainable ready for making up from our Needlework Department.

THESE useful pyjama suits, so ideal for cosy winter wear for the little ones, can be obtained from our Needlework Department all ready for you to make up.

They are traced with pattern for cutting out and design for working on cream, pink, or blue winceyette which wears and launders well.

Prices are:

Sizes 1 to 2 years, 2/9.

Sizes 2 to 4 years, 3/3, postage free.

When ordering state whether pyjamas are required for boy or girl.

For addresses of our Needlework Departments see our pattern page in this issue.

## Dainty baby garments

THE practical baby garments pictured here are all obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced with pattern and design on cream, pink or blue winceyette.

All you have to do is to cut out the garment, make up and embroider.

Frock, sizes infants, 6 months, 12 and 18 months, price 2/11, postage free.



ADORABLE little frock for baby, traced for cutting out and working on cream, blue or pink winceyette. All you have to do is to cut out the garment and make it up.

YOUR kiddie would enjoy wearing these useful rompers. Obtainable traced for making up in winceyette.

Romper suit, sizes 6 months, 12 months and 18 months, 2/9, postage free.

Jacket, sizes infants, 6 months and 12 months, price 1/11, postage free.

Work the designs in pastel colors to contrast with color of winceyette. Cottons also obtainable from our Needlework Department for 11d.



DAINTY jacket for baby, obtainable in sizes infants, 6 months and 12 months. Traced for cutting out and making up in winceyette. Order now from our Needlework Department.



BY APPOINTMENT



Your Silver may be hall marked and engraved . . . your napery of the finest Irish linen . . . your glasses of cut crystal, and your cook a genius . . . but unless there is Cerebos Salt, your table is not "correct."

★ At the leading hotels, no salt other than Cerebos is ever served.

**CEREBOS SALT**



As supplied to the Canadian Government and to the Canadian Mounted Police.

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A Single Sip Proves It

BEFORE  
BEDTIME  
START DRIVING  
OUT

**BRONCHITIS**

**SLEEP SOUND ALL NIGHT**

Enjoy a coughless night—sleep sound and awake refreshed—just be wise enough to take 2 or 3 doses of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture (triple acting) before you go to bed—it's safe for the kids, also.

For bronchial coughs—for tough, old, persistent coughs, take a few doses of Buckley's—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardily cold Canada—and feel as good as ever again.

It "acts like a floss"—and it's 2/3 at all chemists and stores.

**Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE**



## These recipes . . .

## WIN CASH PRIZES

ENTRIES in our weekly best recipe competition which have been selected by our cookery expert as the best for the week.

OUR weekly best recipe competition is a fascinating year-round contest open to everybody.

All you have to do to enter is write out your favorite recipe, attach name and address and send it in to us.

First prize of £1 is awarded each week for the best recipe and 2/6 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

Send in your recipe. It may be worth cash to you.

## SPANISH CREAM

(In five different ways)

**PLAIN:** 3 cups milk, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch salt.

Beat egg-yolks, add sugar and milk and stir over slow fire till custard coats spoon; add gelatine (dissolved in a little hot water), take off fire; add salt and flavoring. When slightly cool fold in stiffly-beaten egg-whites, turn into wetted mould and allow to set.

**CHOCOLATE MOULDED CREAM:** Use Spanish cream recipe and add 6 dessertspoons of blended cocoa or chocolate to the milk before heating; add crushed macaroons, if liked.

**COFFEE CREAM:** Make Spanish cream recipe, using 1 cup strong black coffee instead of 1 cup of milk, making 2 cups of milk and 1 of coffee. Add a little more sugar. Serve with cream.

**ORANGE SPANISH CREAM:** Use 1 cup of orange juice and 2 cups of milk, adding orange juice after removing all from fire. Serve with decoration of orange quarters.

**BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM:** Use brown sugar in place of white. Blend 2 tablespoons of butter into heated milk. Garnish with chopped nuts and cream.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Priebe, Greenwood, Oakley, Qld.

## VEGETABLE TARTS

Four ounces shortcrust, 2 cups dried cooked vegetables, 1 cup white sauce, 1 cup grated cheese, squeeze lemon juice, paprika.

Line patty-tins with pastry, prick with fork and bake in hot oven. Make sauce, flavoring milk with a small piece of onion and squeeze lemon juice. Add vegetables. Fill cases with mixture and sprinkle thickly with grated cheese. Sprinkle lightly with paprika. Place in a hot oven to melt and brown cheese. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Brookfield, 40 Beresford Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

## ONE EGG DATE TEA CAKE

Two cups self-raising flour (or plain flour with a teaspoon of baking powder), pinch of salt, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup stoned chopped dates, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Mixture for top: 1 teaspoon melted butter, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon sugar.

Sift flour with salt and rub in butter lightly. Add sugar and



TEA CAKE, always a popular one for afternoon tea. See recipe on this page for date tea cake, economical and quick to make. It is made with one egg.

chopped dates and moisten with the beaten egg and milk. Mix thoroughly and put into a sandwich tin 8in. in diameter. Bake in a moderate oven and then turn on to a cake-cooler and brush surface at once with the teaspoon melted butter and sprinkle with the mixed cinnamon and sugar. Leave till cold and cut and serve with butter. This tea cake is light and will crumble.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Joan Graham, 59 Bland St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

## FRENCH PUDDING

Line a deep plate with short paste by rubbing 2 tablespoons of butter and 1 dessertspoon of sugar into 2 cups of self-raising flour. Cover with cold rhubarb or any other stewed fruit, and then with the following batter:

Beat 2 dessertspoons of butter and 2 dessertspoons of sugar to a cream, add yolks of 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon milk, 2 tablespoons flour, a few drops of essence of lemon, and 1 teaspoon baking powder, mixing well. Pour this mixture over rhubarb and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour or until set. Then pile on top whites of 2 eggs stiffly beaten with sugar, and return to oven until brown and set.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Carson, Hunter St., West Rockhampton, Qld.

## COFFEE SPICE CAKE

Five ounces butter, 2 eggs, 8oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoonful brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 2 teaspoons mixed spice, 1 breakfast cup coffee, 1 breakfast cup mixed fruit, pinch of salt.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs gradually, beat well, add coffee, then fruit, sifted flour and rising. Put into moderate oven for 10 minutes, then lower temperature a little.

Bake 1½ hours. Sprinkle top with sugar and cinnamon.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Gladys Gosden, 10 Sturt Ave., Monreith, S.A.

## CREAMED EGGS

Make a white sauce by blending 1 tablespoon butter and 1 of flour in a pan. Add 2 cups of milk. Cook 1 minute. Beat well with egg-beater to remove lumps. Add 1 teaspoonful Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper. Break eggs into hot sauce carefully. Bake till cooked. Place on toast and pour remainder of sauce round.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to M. Clarke, 26 Oakover St., East Fremantle, W.A.

## PRUNE VELVET CREAM

Half pound sugar, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 2oz. flour, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 1oz. sugar.

Stew prunes in water with one dessertspoon sugar. When tender, remove from stove. Keep few aside for decoration; stone the remainder and mash up. Mix flour to a paste with a little of the milk; put rest on to heat. When nearly at boiling point add flour and stir while it

thickens and cooks. Remove from heat and allow to cool for a few minutes. Beat egg-yolks and add with sugar to thickened milk. Pour into a fireproof dish and cook in dish of water in moderate oven till set. Cover top with prunes. Beat egg-whites to a stiff froth; fold in one dessertspoon sugar and pile on top of pudding. Decorate with prunes and return to oven to brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Scott, 15 Butler Grove, East Coburg, Vic.

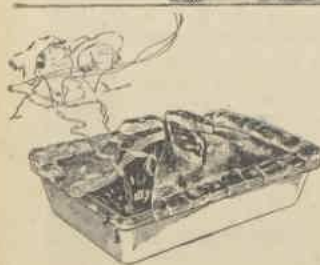
## FISH MIMOSA

Three ounces cold fish, 6oz. cheese, 1½oz. butter, 1 teaspoon made mustard, 1 gill milk, 1 gill water, 1 teaspoon flour, and some tasty sauce, pepper and salt to taste.

Flake fish after removing skin and bone. Slice cheese. Melt butter, add milk, cheese and fish, and place saucepan over low heat. Mix flour, seasoning and water smoothly, and add to cheese mixture. Stir until it boils, and then boil for three minutes. Divide over two squares of hot buttered toast, previously spread with a little tasty sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss G. McCure, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

# Ah! Bisto



Bisto, used with left-over meats, gives them a new, delicious savouriness that satisfies the keenest appetite. Bisto is the breath of life to all meat dishes, stews, gravies, and for browning fish. Always keep Bisto handy—it costs only a few pence and Bisto is sheer magic for economical cooking.

Continued from Fifth Page . . . The Homemaker

## Knit a Youthful Pullover

of every 8th row following until there are 84 sts. Continue without inc. until there are 4 complete patterns and 14 rows of the 5th pattern, then shape the top by dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 14 sts. remain. Cast off.

## COLLAR

Cast on 134 sts, using No. 9

needles, and work 23 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off in the rib.

## MAKING UP

Press the work on the wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join the shoulders, sew in the sleeves and press the seams. Sew up the side and sleeve seams and press them. Sew on the collar, making it meet in the centre-front.

You will never know how refreshing a good night's Sleep can be—until you drink a cup of 'OVALTINE' just before you go to bed

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# Try spaghetti for a change

IT makes most appetising dishes, both sweet and savory. It is economical, gives a zest to luncheons and suppers, and combines well with meat dishes. Keep a packet handy.

By  
Mary Forbes  
Cookery Expert to  
The Australian  
Women's Weekly.

**W**HAT to give the family for a change becomes a most pressing problem at times. De-  
pressing, in fact, to the house-  
wife who has to do all the  
thinking about it.

Why not try spaghetti? You'd be  
amazed at the number of deli-  
cious dishes you can prepare with it.  
Besides being cheap it is also very  
stable, making unusually zesty  
dishes and is, too, nourishing when  
properly prepared.

Spaghetti furnishes protein for  
building muscles, and is especially  
rich in carbohydrates, needed for  
energy.

Spaghetti—  
Combines well with other foods to  
make a variety of satisfying and  
delicious meals.



MACARONI or spaghetti  
Montparnasse, a delicious cas-  
serole dish.



ITALIAN spaghetti made with tomatoes and garnished with mushrooms.



SPAGHETTI SALAD served on a bed of curled lettuce leaves makes  
an excellent luncheon dish.

Can be used as an adjunct to  
meat dishes to make a meal stretch  
further.

Can be used to make staple  
luncheon or supper dishes. Add a  
fruit or simple fruit dessert and  
you have a well-balanced menu, easy  
to digest, and easy on the budget.

Combines well with left-over  
meats to make appetising casserole  
dishes.

May be used to dress up cheaper  
meats.

## TO COOK SPAGHETTI

Break the spaghetti into manage-  
able pieces and put into large quan-  
tity of boiling salted water. Boil  
quickly for 18 minutes. Pour into  
strainer and allow to drain well.

## ITALIAN SPAGHETTI

Half pound cooked spaghetti, 3  
tomatoes, 1 large onion, thyme, 2  
tablespoons, 1 tablespoon plain flour,  
salt, cayenne, fat.

Chop onion and fry in fat, with-  
out browning, then add chopped  
tomatoes, flour and tomato. Cook  
for a few minutes and add water  
to make a creamy mixture, and  
herbs tied in a muslin bag. Cook  
till soft. Remove herbs and rub  
through a sieve. Reheat. Put hot  
spaghetti in deep dish. Pour over  
sauce and garnish with fried mush-  
rooms.

## SPAGHETTI SALAD

Cooked spaghetti, 3 tablespoons  
cream, juice 1 lemon, salt, cayenne,  
chopped parsley, lettuce, cold meat  
or sausage.

Whip the cream, add the  
lemon juice very gradually, salt,  
cayenne, mustard and finely-chopped  
parsley. Put the cooked spaghetti  
in a salad bowl. Pour over the  
dressing. Garnish with small let-  
tuce leaves and serve with cold  
meat.

## SPAGHETTI DELIGHT

Quarter pound cooked spaghetti,  
1 tomato, 1 lb. grated cheese, 1 cup  
milk, 1 cup water, salt, cayenne,  
breadcrumbs.

Grease deep fireproof dish.  
Sprinkle thickly with crumbs. Put  
in layer of spaghetti, tomato, cheese,  
and so on till dish is full. Sprinkle  
thickly with crumbs, then cheese.  
Dot well with butter. Pour over  
the milk and water. Bake in mod-  
erate oven 1 to 1 hour. Serve very  
hot.

## SPAGHETTI CHARLOTTE

Sprinkle greased fireproof dish  
with crumbs. Put in layer of cooked  
spaghetti, sliced hard-boiled eggs,  
tomato, cheese, and so on till full.  
Pour over a little milk. Sprinkle  
thickly with crumbs. Dot with butter  
and cheese. Bake 1 to 2 hour in  
moderate oven. Serve very hot.

## SPAGHETTI CHEESE

Quarter pound cooked spaghetti, 2  
cups white sauce, salt, cayenne,  
breadcrumbs, mustard, 1 lb. grated  
cheese.

Add salt, cayenne, mustard, and  
half the cheese to the sauce, then  
the spaghetti. Pour into greased  
fireproof dish or dishes, sprinkle  
with crumbs and cheese. Dot with  
butter. Put in hot oven till cheese  
and crumbs are brown and  
thoroughly heated. Serve at once.

## SPAGHETTI CUSTARD

Two ounces cooked spaghetti, 1  
pint milk, 3 eggs, sugar to taste,  
nutmeg, vanilla.

Put the spaghetti into greased  
piedish. Beat eggs well, add sugar  
and vanilla, then milk. Pour into  
piedish. Sprinkle with nutmeg.  
Stand piedish in tin of water. Bake  
in a slow oven till set and brown.  
Serve either hot or cold.

## SPAGHETTI SAVORY

Heat large tablespoon butter, when  
melted add chopped onion. Cook 2  
minutes, then put in one cup raw  
minced meat, 1 cup grated cheese,  
salt, cayenne. Cook for 1 hour. Put  
spaghetti into deep serving-dish.  
Pour over the meat. Serve very hot,  
sprinkled with finely-chopped  
parsley, or mint.

## SPAGHETTI CHEESE SALAD

Two cups cooked spaghetti, 1  
cup shredded cheese, 1 cup  
chopped celery, 2 teaspoons grated  
horseradish, gherkins, salt, cayenne,  
lettuce, mayonnaise.

Mix all ingredients, blend with  
mayonnaise. Serve on bed of  
shredded lettuce or in lettuce cups.  
Garnish with mayonnaise and grated  
cheese. Serve very cold.

## AMERICAN SPAGHETTI

Cook 1 lb. spaghetti in usual way,  
drain well, add 3 tablespoons lightly-  
fried onion, 3 tablespoons minced  
cooked ham, 1 cup finely-grated

strong cheese, mustard to taste, and  
tomato or Worcester sauce.

Mix well. Pour into greased deep  
fireproof dish, sprinkle thickly  
with crumbs, dot with butter, bake  
in hot oven till brown. Serve hot.

## MACARONI MONTPARNASSE

Slice 1 large onion and 6  
tomatoes, and cook for 10 minutes.  
Add salt, cayenne, 1 clove garlic, and  
8oz. cooked macaroni. Mix well.

Pour into small fireproof or a  
large dish. Bake 10 minutes. Cover  
top with thin slices cheese. Bake  
10 minutes longer, or till the cheese  
is melted and browned. Serve at  
once.

## HOW GOOD TO EAT

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MEAL-IN-ITSELF!  
★ AS A QUICK SNACK!



# HEINZ SPAGHETTI

For sheer deliciousness, serve a piping hot  
dish of Heinz Spaghetti. A real Italian-style  
Spaghetti made by Heinz for extra smooth-  
ness—steeped in an especially prepared  
tomato sauce for relish—blended with  
grated cheese for piquancy—cooked by  
Heinz for perfection!

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is an economy to use it often for snacks  
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your children.

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and again for lunch

*& later of course...*



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# Marriage Made on Earth



By.....  
Velia  
Ercole



Australian Women's  
Weekly NOVEL  
June 10, 1939

SUPPLEMENT—MUST  
NOT BE SOLD  
SEPARATELY.



# Marriage Made on Earth

## By VELIA ERCOLE



HERE had been rain during the night and a day of unclouded sun followed, mid-summer rain and sun distilling perfume from the grasses and the flowers. Now it was evening, and a little wind had sprung up to scatter the day's yield of fragrance. Beverly felt her happiness to be more exquisite in this minute of realising it against the scented background, felt it sharpened and isolated in the beauty of the garden and the green sweep of hills which she saw as she leaned from the window.

But her mother, sitting far back in the room, said in her cold, remote voice:

"I asked you to draw the curtains, Beverly."

Then the girl reluctantly drew the faded, heavy hangings together and in the half-darkness only the pale, delicate outline of her slim figure was visible. For an instant she stood undecidedly, but her feeling was too ample to contain. It spilled over in pity and love for the silent, dark figure, sitting erect in the corner of the room, and hesitant, a little nervous, she moved towards her mother's chair.

"Mother . . ."

"What is it?"

The girl laughed tremulously.

"It—it's something very important, Mother."

A new quality seemed to enter into the stillness of Charlotte Raine, something almost palpable, which became hard, like granite.

"Is anything important?" she said.

"Yes . . . lots of things," Beverly said quickly. "If you'd let them be." In the new, bright armor of her happiness she felt capable of onslaught as she never had been before, and in a hot little rush of courage she went on:

"But the only thing you'll let be important is what Father did. And because of that you've missed everything, all these years, and made me miss things, too, Mother."

Cold, unmoved, Mrs. Raine's voice seemed to come from some remote distance:

"Beverly, if you want to make a scene, I'll have to ask you to choose some other time for it. My head is bad this evening."

"Mother . . ."

But the yellowish-pale, blur of her mother's face was slowly turned sideways like a door shutting, and after a frenzied, impotent little gesture Beverly turned, too, and left the room. In the hot, narrow hallway she paused, wondering if she should go back. The thing would have to be told. She could go back in there and say calmly, solidly:

"Mother, Tod Firth has asked me to

marry him." She would not say: "Mother, I'm in love. This is the end of my loneliness, of my dreadful loneliness, the end of my being an outsider, knowing nobody, having no friends because of your obstinate shame, no work because of your obstinate pride, no joys because of your obstinate grief. This is the end. Be glad for me, Mother!"

Hastily she turned and hurried out of the house, and as she ran through the garden and took the path which led from the isolated little cottage to the woods bordering the Firth estate, the flame of her delight sprang up once more in its vitalising strength. Radiance lit her lovely eyes again, and her mouth softened. She was almost unaware of the path she took: certainly unaware of the two men who loitered under the trees to watch the evening die in the hills.

"A pretty lady in a hurry," said one, who was young and admiring. "Keeping some fellow waiting by the look of her."

The elder one knocked his pipe on the tree-trunk. "I doubt it," he said. "That poor little devil has rather a thin time. Do you remember the Raine smash? One of those spectacular swindlers. He went dodging about for months looking for a spot where there was no extradition, and blew his brains out when the police caught up with him. That's his daughter. They were the big noise in these parts, and after the smash the wife stayed on here with about tuppence a year. I don't know why she stayed here, because she cut everybody dead. People were willing enough to continue being friendly, but she froze them off and no one keeps on making overtures for ever. The daughter is out of everything, hardly knows a soul to speak to. It's a pity. She looks a decent kid. If I were twenty years younger . . ." He grinned amiably and the conversation died while Beverly went on to meet her sweetheart, her sweet lips parted, her thin, fledgling arms swinging, tumbling about like a child's, as she ran. There was no need to run, because it was early enough; half-past nine, Tod had said, was the earliest he could meet her because of a family dinner-party.

Almost incredible was the thought that before a year passed she would be present at those dinner-parties as Beverly Firth. Of course there would be difficulties, she told herself as she hurried along. But she scarcely believed this herself; loving brought such security and confidence, reduced the business of living to such simplicity. As Tod's wife she would come in contact again with all the people who had forgotten her existence because of her mother's way of life—it would be simple, smooth enough. Tod had told his parents to-day. To-morrow, probably, he would bring her to meet them.

It would be so wonderful to have friendships, to meet people, to be wanted, perhaps

admired, to have the lonely days companioned, to share thoughts and dreams and speech. All these things would be given to her because Tod, so splendidly able to choose any girl he wanted, had chosen to love her. Weeks ago, a lifetime ago, he had stopped his car beside her as she tramped along on one of her solitary walks, and bare-headed, smiling, casual, he had said:

"Wouldn't you rather ride?"

As easily as that he had bridged the gap of the years which separated them from their childhood intimacy, and their loving seemed to have come about as easily as that, too.

Tod was taking her out of prison. She need no longer fear the future. Tod. She said the little name over and over, like a prayer for protection, and when Tod came at last, walking quickly, seeking her in the now gathering dusk, it was not the thrill of ecstasy she got from his dear, striding figure, but safety; a blessed safety. She lay against his heart, and with one free hand because he held the other close to his breast, she caressed his face, his young, untouched face which held no darkness, no strong, violent things to make one afraid.

"I hurried, darling . . ."

"Don't talk . . ." she said. "Not for a minute. I just want to feel you like this, so close. Hold everything away . . . tightly hold me."

Then she sighed and drew away from him and smiled at him tenderly.

"Odd behaviour," she said, but he had not noticed. He had trouble of his own, and seeking words which were difficult to find, had been grateful for her silence.

"And now tell me everything. What did they say? To-day has been weeks long."

Tod hesitated a moment before replying, then said abruptly:

"I didn't tell them. Darling, don't look like that! Come here." He drew her again into his embrace, but he spoke without looking at her.

"It's all rather the devil. Parents—well, parents get ideas into their heads, and after a certain age heads seem made of concrete. It takes a long while for an idea to get in, and longer for it to get out."

"Yes, but . . ." She was perplexed, a little nervous.

"Well, Dad's thought for years that Annette and I would marry. Sort of . . ."

"I know . . . you told me. But . . ."

"Well, it's going to mean endless talking . . . rows . . . infernal conferences. My family's like that. They'll talk round a thing for ever if you let them; and I loathe it. The thought of it makes me simply wilt. But if a thing is actually done—well, then they'll accept it. If you and I were to turn up married, there'd be a shock. But nagging wouldn't undo it—it would be to late to try to get me to see their point of view—so they'd accept the thing gracefully."



... and there we'd be. No fuss beforehand to spoil everything."

Beverly lay in his arms thoughtfully. She knew so little about parents. Perhaps they were like that. It was difficult to judge from her mother. She smiled bleakly.

A phrase drew her from her reflection. She looked at him blankly.

"Did you say to-night?"

"Why not? What's to stop us? We'll drive up to-night, Beverly..." He hesitated, while she regarded him with serious, candid eyes.

"I got the licence when I was in town last week. We can drive up to-night and be married to-morrow."

"You've had all this planned..." She spoke musically.

"More or less. I meant to tell the old man, but when I hinted round the affair he started off..." and it's no use. I couldn't get a word in. Are you angry?"

"No... no... But I'd rather it had been the other way?"

"You mean you will?"

"I love you, and I want to marry you. I want to be with you all the time. I'd rather... But if you hate it so much, fighting with them, and—spoiling it, if it's right, what you say about their not minding really, once the thing's done. You know your parents. My... Mother doesn't..." A sudden unwelcome memory assailed her and she lost all hesitancy, she clung to him and breathlessly decided.

"Yes... to-night, then, and we'll be safe and happy... always. I don't think I want to wait. No, I don't, I don't!"

THE car was drawn under the trees where the shadows were thickest. It was nearly midnight now and the moon was full, but it was black under the trees and Beverly halted indecisively. Her heart was thumping and she clenched the handle of her suitcase tightly. Then she heard Tod's voice calling to her softly and she hurried across the moon-white road.

"You're in a state," he said, and she laughed a little shakily.

"Well, it's rather a happening, isn't it? One doesn't get married every day."

Beverly was silent. Underneath all the excitement and the bitter-sweet thrill of being beside Tod, like this, for the one great purpose, there was a dull hurt because of the way of her going, alone, denied all the normal sweetness of her mother's love and hopes.

"I didn't tell mother. Her door was locked. I knocked, but she didn't answer. I left a note for her," she explained wistfully.

"You mean you wrote that we were going to be married?"

"Yes, of course. What else? You didn't say..."

"No. I didn't think of it. I thought you'd make some excuse."

"What excuse? I've never been away from home in my life. Besides, I couldn't have done that." She was disturbed.

"Oh, don't worry. I suppose it will be all right. She'll save us the trouble of breaking the news to Dad."

"I don't think she will," Beverly said. "You won't understand, but I don't think she'll do anything at all about it. I don't think she'll find it... important." The mournfulness in her voice was lost on her sweetheart.

"All the better," he said cheerfully. "But don't let's think about afterwards. Never meet trouble till it comes."

She was happy again, her whole being suffused with tenderness and love, her doubts dissipated. They drove swiftly through the night.

"Nearly there, darling. Wake up, it's your wedding morning!"

The sky was light, but all the earth was still asleep. She sat up and looked at the morning with sweet, drowsy eyes. Parks and houses of some unknown suburb. The new life beginning in this cool, pale dawn. In a sudden rush of love she bent her tumbled head and pressed her lips to the brown hand tightened round the driving-wheel, and on that gesture Tod turned quickly and looked at her, a strange clouded look.

"I wonder..." he began, then his face cleared.

"It will be all right," he said with a change of tone. "Of course it will. Everything always is."

Later in the several mirrors with which the hotel room was furnished Beverly viewed herself. She tried to be detached, and she said, "It's quite satisfactory; the right kind of suit for a wedding like this." But there was high color in her cheeks and her eyes shone with excitement, and after some minutes of this pretence of being casual she stood and stared at herself in the largest mirror in childish, unashamed delight.

In the new suit-cases on the bed were more clothes—not many, but all perfect as this suit was, and shoes, and underwear, delicate mists of lace and chiffon.

"Just something to start with," Tod had said. "Get what you can in the time, and we'll buy you a trousseau in Paris." Then he had left her to the care of the large, horse-faced, exquisitely gowned woman in the shop, and had pressed an incredible number of banknotes into her shabby bag.

The minutes passed. A quarter past twelve... half-past. She walked about, did several unnecessary things, then sat down again. Her face was no longer quite composed. Sometimes her mouth trembled, and when the telephone bell jangled in the silence of the room she started violently. She was quite pale, she noticed, for a detached, fleeting instant as she passed a mirror in her rush.

But it was Tod's voice, and in her relief she cried his name.

"Did you think I'd abandoned you?"

"No... no... worried a bit. Impatient."

"I'm right down the other end of town, darling. Being busy. I want you to get in a taxi and go to this address. Got a pencil?"

Hastily she scribbled the address, tried not to feel disappointed, and somewhat dismayed.

"It's Geoffrey's flat—Matheson, you know, our best man. He wants us to lunch with him. Half-past two's the fatal hour, darling. I've still some things to do, and it will cut time rather fine if I trail all the way up there. All right?"

"All right," she said reluctantly.

"Good. A bientot, sweetheart. Love me?"

Her reply sighed across the wires.

"And you don't mind going on alone? You'll like old Geoffrey. He's recovered from the shock now and he's putting welcome on the mat. Don't worry, I'll probably be there as soon as you are."

But Tod was not at the flat when she arrived, and the man who rose to greet her when she was shown into the lounge-room showed no enthusiasm of welcome.

"Dr. Matheson?" she said shyly.

"I'm glad you were able to get along, Miss Raine." He took her hand in a brief, hard clasp. "Sorry Tod hasn't turned up yet, but he'll probably be along any moment."

He was so completely unexpected, though she had only had vague expectations of someone like Tod, someone younger, and rather gay, and enjoying all this; being brotherly and calling her Beverly. Certainly not this tall, detached man whose eyes were hard and keen, boring into hers, and whose mouth, a firm, clear-cut mouth, had not softened yet in the least perceptible of smiles.

Politely he was saying something about a cigarette, a cocktail, and she refused both, her shyness becoming agony.

"Why, you're just a child," he said, and as he continued to look down at her, the doubt grew in his face. Suddenly he pulled a chair close to hers and, sitting down, he regarded her intently.

"I'm afraid I've had an entirely wrong conception of you, Miss Raine. All this has been rather a shock to me. You see Tod turned up—as I thought to start off with me on a vacation we'd planned—and told me I'm to be present at his wedding instead. He didn't give many details... and I'm afraid I've made some wrong deductions from those he did give. Will you forgive me?"

Beverly started to smile, but something happened to her face. It was, she felt, doing queer things, and her arm, resting on the chair, began to shake in a little frenzy.

"I suppose you do really intend to be married to-day in this hurried fashion?"

"Oh yes! Tod wants it now... to-day."

"I see... Tod wants it." He paused, seemed to be weighing things, then spoke decisively.

"Miss Raine... don't think me too interfering, but I've known Tod all my life, and his family. I rather look on myself as his elder brother and I'd like to know that you two stand the reasonable, average chance of being happy together. And the way things are... Well, I wonder would you give me a few of the details Tod seems to consider unimportant? Tell me how this has come about and just why you're being married in this hole-and-corner fashion. It's a lot to ask... After all, you don't know me, and what I think probably doesn't matter to you in the least. But—well, let's say I have the habit of interfering in other people's lives. I've seen a number of mistakes made, Miss Raine."

"Oh, it's not a mistake! This isn't a mistake! We're doing it like this because..." Haltingly she told him of Tod's situation and her own, and when she had finished he thought for a while before he said:

"Well, God give you happiness. I'm a cautious spoilsport. Probably you'll be the making of Tod."

She laughed in disdain. "Tod doesn't need any making. I'm the one who will get everything. That's what hurts me in all this. I have so little."

Afterwards she did not remember the events of the following hours in any clear sequence. A few things stood out: Tod's graven profile as he repeated the words of the marriage ceremony; the woman in the bright red coat, commandeered as their second witness; clattering down the front-tipped steps of the bleak offices; the blaze of sunlight in the street, and Matheson saying strangely:



"If you're ever in a very tight corner, will you let me help?"  
An odd thing to say.

AS she returned along the avenue to the hotel, Beverly had to restrain herself from hurrying. She was late for her appointment with Tod—deliberately late—and she wished to be even later. "I'll show him, for once," she thought. "I'll tell him Paris was too enchanting." Then her lips quivered in a smile at her own absurdity and her slim body began to move suddenly as if a high wind drove her, because sun over the Champs-Élysées could not really waylay her and the Arc de Triomphe was no more than a monument to her personal secret glory. After two weeks of marriage, tea with Tod was still more important than all Paris.

But Monsieur had not come in, the desk-clerk informed her, and Beverly, holding her room key for an undecided moment, felt her high elation sink.

As she entered the bedroom she heard movement in the bathroom and she stood still, listening. "Tod?" she called. But it was the chambermaid engaged in her mystic activities.

The telephone beside the bed jangled and she ran to it and grabbed the receiver as if it were a spar in the sea of her distress.

"I'm sorry, sweet. Someone just told me the time."

"Splendid! I thought none of your friends knew about a thing like that."

Tod laughed. He appeared to find that most amusing.

"On my way, darling. I'll just pause to say farewell to the troops."

"Not a long farewell, darling . . . you're taking me to the opera. My first opera. Tod—just the two of us . . ." She paused tentatively. The "troops" had a way of joining parties. After the first two days in Paris, two heavenly days, there had been the "troops."

She put on a negligee of satin and lace and climbed on to the big bed. Then she sat there, manicuring her nails.

When she was bathed and dressed in the new, gleaming gown she was very beautiful. She stood in front of her mirror and regarded her lovely, naked shoulders, twisted to see her back, liked the way her hair rose up from her face, and was most occupied with her appearance. But beneath her surface interest, woe waited crouching to spring on her. She escaped it only by running from the room. She shut the door with a bang and hurried along the corridor, and for a minute of bustle she felt she had shut the unhappy thing away. Downstairs she would wait for Tod, and watch the people. Perhaps he was coming in now. The lift moved so slowly . . .

But Tod did not come in. For half an hour she sat looking at a paper which she did not see and could not have read anyhow, knowing little French.

"Madame. Excusez-moi . . ."

Beverly turned a wide startled gaze on the fat little man with black eyes. Black, uninking eyes, like buttons; secret eyes. She got up hastily. She said nothing. Stiffly, hastily, she walked over to the lift. She was still clutching her key. She had held it all this time, pressed against her palm. The lift shot upwards and soon she was in the silence of her room. The bed was turned down. The light above the bed cast a rosy glow over the satin coverlet, over Tod's pyjamas and her silk nightdress. After a minute's standing looking at the bed she flung herself down on it and began to sob. She was shaken with crying.

She woke suddenly, her heart thumping.

The room was grey with dawn. For a few moments she lay staring at the single square of light in the windowed wall and drowsily remembered that she had drawn the blinds of that one window, and raising it, had sat there in the dark, looking down on to the brilliantly lit Champs-Élysées. Why had she done that? What—?

Realization flooded in, shocking her to complete wakefulness. She sat up, staring with wide, startled eyes into the dimness.

"Tod!" she called sharply, a high, frightened cry like a child's. She was afraid, in the cold, grey room, watching Tod struggling out of his coat, a dark, silent, shapeless blur near the door. At her call he came lurching towards the bed.

"Are you hurt? What's the matter? Why don't you say something?" She wriggled off the bed. Her limbs were stiff and cramped, her satin dress crushed. She was dreadfully prepared for any disaster, but not for what happened, for Tod to sway into her arms and to laugh stupidly.

She helped him to the bed and he sat there, his laughter arrested, staring at her vacuously, blinking in the sudden flood of light from the bedside lamp.

"Tod," she said again, in a half-strangled whisper. "I—I thought you must have had an accident." All her night's terrors were expressed in her whisper, but something in her face, in her voice, offended her husband's fuddled mind. He turned querulous.

"Oh, accident . . . accident . . . you're as bad as Mother! Waiting around if a fellow doesn't go to bed at six o'clock!" He began to undress, slowly, with groping, drunken movements, muttering to himself, while stiff and unbelieving she stared at him.

"Oh, Tod!" she cried again, more strongly now, breaking through his momentary unawareness of her. His mood had changed again and he grinned at her.

"I've been out. We had a party, darling—some of the fellows." But the party was too blurred to talk about, and his genitality died in the effort to take off his shoe. Suddenly Beverly lost her temper.

"You shouldn't! You're abominable," she said, raging. "I've been frightened, I thought—I thought—" But instinctive wisdom swayed her. He was drunk. It was not much use talking.

It was nothing dreadful, nothing to worry about. All men got drunk occasionally. It didn't mean anything. This was Tod, her husband who loved her. And she loved him. They were together for ever, to be happy and safe. She put her hand on his back and felt his hard, muscled shoulders, warm through the silk of his pyjamas. Tod, her husband, whatever he did . . . She fell asleep.

When she woke again the sun was streaming into the room. She felt tired and unrefreshed, and raising herself on an elbow she saw that it was nine o'clock. For a few minutes she lay, reflecting on the night's events.

She took the telephone and managed very creditably, ordering in French, to be answered in discouragingly fluent English. "They are no help to one in learning the language," she was thinking, and hardly realised the import of the message which the clerk was delivering to her.

" . . . that Miss Ingram will not be able to lunch with Mr. Firth as promised, but he may call for her at four o'clock. Miss Ingram's maid has just telephoned."

Beverly put the receiver back slowly. She felt a queer dropping away in her breast and because the feeling was unbearable she leant over and shook and called Tod until he woke. He did this reluctantly, groaning as he sat up.

"Somebody sent a message to you," she said in a small, frozen voice. "A Miss Ingram to say she won't be able to lunch with you."

"Good. Then I can get some sleep."

"But, Tod . . . you must have . . . I don't understand. Who is she?"

"Oh, lord . . . a girl I know! Molly Ingram. She was with the party last night. I must have made a date with her. I don't remember. It's nothing, darling."

"But it's so strange. On our honeymoon, I mean . . . I'm not jealous or anything, but it hurts me. It—I can't understand. You don't seem to act as if we're married at all."

"My dear, you're making a mountain out of this! Molly Ingram is nothing to me. She's an old friend and a good sport. I don't even remember asking her to lunch with me. If I did, it's not grounds for a divorce!"

"But—but on our honeymoon," she faltered, and he took her up, repeating savagely:

"Yes, on our honeymoon! On our honeymoon, which you seem to be doing your best to spoil. The first week was perfect, but for the past few days you've done nothing but nag, or act like a tragedy queen if I'm five minutes late for an appointment. I'm not the kind of man who can be tied to any woman's apron-strings, Beverly. I take a good time where I can find it, and I thought you might feel much the same as I do. You were cooped up there, and you seemed keen on the idea of a good time, and heaven knows I'm willing to give it to you. You're beautiful and you attract me more than any other girl has done. Let's take what we want from each other. But this Stamese Twins idea of marriage you've got is out of date, and gives me the cramps—frankly!" In the horrible silence which followed, something in her face struck him and wrung from him a sulky apology.

"I'm sorry, dear. But you'll have to learn that nine in the morning after a heavy night is not the time for recriminations."

There was a knock at the door and he called furiously:

"Come in!"

It was the waiter with breakfast.

"Bon jour, m'sieur . . . 'dame!"

"Bon jour all right," Tod said crossly. "Well, it seems you're determined the day shall begin at nine o'clock!" As the door closed behind the waiter he got out of bed. For a moment he stood beside it watching Beverly, who lay with her back to him. She was very still, very silent.

"Come on, darling, snap out of it!" He went off to the bathroom, wondering if he had been a fool after all. He should have known better, if anyone should. But there was something about her, you had to admit. She could make you adore her when she wasn't having these dramatic moods. Oh, well . . . She'd get over it. He set the taps rushing.

Beverly got out of bed and put on a dressing-gown. She brushed her hair to silken smoothness and bathed her face with eau-de-Cologne. She was very pale, so she rouged her cheeks faintly. All the time she kept saying to herself in a desperate repetition, "If I knew what to do! . . . If I knew what to do! . . ."

There was a letter for her on the table where the breakfast was served. Not from her mother, but from old Martha, the only servant they had and whom they had always had as long as she remembered. A dour, hard woman, Martha, whose devotion to Mrs. Raine seemed to preclude all other feeling. Well, there would be nothing cheering from Martha.

But she opened the letter eagerly, feel-



ing less abandoned to her present woe by this reminder that she had roots in home soil, however arid. Martha was kinder than she expected. She wrote:

"Dear Miss Beverly—

"As you know, your mother does not write letters. But she has received yours and says I may write to you. We wish you happiness in your new life, though I must say your action was a shock to your mother, though she shows nothing. She has kept to her room a good deal. However, she is much as usual and I look after her. I will continue to do so, as you will know. You will have your own life to live now. That it will be happier than your poor mother's is the wish of yours sincerely,  
MARTHA BATES."

"And so to eat," Tod said a little later. "But fresh coffee, if you love me. Hot and strong." He telephoned down, while she watched him with pride in his physical good looks and his swift, assured voice. "I've had a letter from home," she said quickly, anxious for conversation, and he read the letter over her shoulder. He did not seem particularly pleased.

"I didn't know you'd given your mother our address. When did you write?"

"I've written twice, of course. There's nothing secret about us now, is there?"

"Oh no—good lord, no. Relations are rather a bore, though, don't you think?"

Some restlessness had come upon him suddenly, and the restlessness of his mind was in his body's movements.

"If I hadn't had such possessive parents I might have been a very different kind of chap."

"I wouldn't like you to be different."

"Oh yes, you would," he said, looking at her oddly. "You've already begun to wish that."

She remained silent, and he went on:

"Don't laugh, but I had a week or two of being ambitious, during the first year I was studying law. I was going to be the greatest barrister in the kingdom. But that would have meant living in town, living my own life. I've never been to a public school, you know. Mother couldn't bear me out of her sight. Going to Oxford was a terrific struggle. Then, when, with boyish ardor, I informed the family of my plans—it was during the long vacation—the fat was in the fire. What I was telling them meant that I did not intend to return to the parental home, to settle down to the nice family life, to give my mother and father the company of and jurisdiction over their only son, their heart's delight to marry the dear girl they intended me to marry, to . . . so forth and so on. Yes, implied I, those were the things I had no intention of doing now. I would visit the roof-tree from time to time, of course. My dear, there are three kinds of parents: those who don't love their children enough, those who love them too much, and those who are just right. You got the first, and I got the second. I wasn't as averse to trouble then as I am now, so I agreed." He laughed shortly and regarded Beverly for a minute before he said:

"Dad gave me five thousand pounds for a birthday present. Until then he had never given me more than enough for cigarette money. Result of same is as you see. Want a cigarette?"

"But I don't understand." Some violence of feeling underneath his light words was making Beverly tremble.

"Well, that made me very soft—that's all.

It cost him another three thousand before I was sent down from the University because of my goings-on. And now, my darling, the soft spot has spread. I'm not blaming Dad—probably I'd have been a very bad barrister, anyhow."

"SOMEBODY has sent you 'The Times,'" said Beverly. "And some letters for you."

But he frowned as he regarded the letters. "The family. How did they track us here? Darn all."

"What do you mean—track us here?" Beverly said apprehensively. "I thought you'd told—"

"I gave them the bank address. I always do." He was opening a letter.

"Then you have heard from them . . . and you didn't tell me. I've been afraid to ask. Are they—is it—do they hate it, Tod?"

"Oh, that's all right—don't you worry," Tod said shortly. "They'll like it all right when they see you. Of course, it was a bit of a shock." He seemed embarrassed, and without reading his mail he swept it aside and began to pour coffee.

"Hang the family! What do we do to-day?"

"Whatever you like," Beverly spoke slowly, not wishing to change the subject, but afraid to continue it, afraid to alter his mood. She had paid last night for this peaceful morning and wished to keep her peace.

"You think up something attractive and I'll read 'The Times.' May I, because I have no letters?"

"Sure, darling—you're welcome. What do you say to Trouville for the week-end? Maurice Chase is driving down and suggested we go along."

"It would be nice."

"We should have some fun. I'm sick of this bunch—what's the matter?"

"Listen, Tod, here's something dreadful!" Her tone arrested him. He took the newspaper, which she folded back with shaking fingers, and the inked cross drew his eyes to the paragraph she intended him to read:

"The engagement is announced and the marriage will take place shortly of Theodore (Tod) Beran, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Bevan Firth, of Horsey, and Annette Jean, only daughter of the late Colonel and Mrs. O. J. Macdonald."

Tod put the paper down slowly, and without meeting his wife's eyes he found and lit a cigarette. His hand shook slightly.

"This," he said at last into the silence, "is a mess."

"But I—I don't understand," Beverly stammered. "This is—it's only two days ago. Don't they know? Does it mean—?"

"Oh, just a minute, Beverly!" Tod said shortly. "Wait until I look into it."

He read his letters while she watched him anxiously, but when he had finished he said nothing, threw the opened letters on the table, and got up.

"It's nothing for you to worry about. I'll send a few wires." But he was badly shaken.

"May I see those letters?"

"Good lord, no—what an idea," Tod said, then hesitated, shrugged his shoulders, and amended:

"Oh, you may as well see them."

But the first letter she picked up, a brief, large scrawl on heavily embossed paper, told her all she wanted to know. The letter was from Annette.

"Darling" (she wrote),

"The thing is now official, as you see by

'The Times,' and the family is flatteringly pleased. But you're a nice fance to bolt off after the sealing kiss. Just as well I know you. I'd hate to have to learn about you after marriage. How's Paris? Give it my love, and be home for the party on the fifteenth. If you aren't, I'll slay you. I'm not going through an engagement party without a dance. Very dull here, but your father is making over those mining shares as a wedding settlement. Was I clever? So we can make glided plans!—ANNETTE."

Beverly's voice was hard and toneless when she spoke.

"So you've never told them. You've lied to me, and you've evidently lied to them. This wouldn't have happened without more than your tacit consent to—well, things going on."

In his own discomfort Tod turned on her savagely.

"Oh, don't make such a drama out of it! I didn't know they were going to bung it in all the papers, did I?"

"It's usual," Beverly said. "Then you were definitely engaged to your cousin?"

"Oh, lord, I suppose I was—that night we came away. I was fed-up with all the argument, and wanted to get away in peace. It seemed the best thing at the time. I meant to write to Annette and tell her to call it off, but—"

"But you just never bothered." His selfishness, his complete inability to consider the hurt of others, appalled her. In a sudden intense illumination she saw Tod as he really was, stripped of his charm and physical attraction, and the futility of protest overcame her. But she did protest.

"And it didn't occur to you that I might be hurt by this way of doing things, and that Annette if she is in love with you, might suffer horribly?"

"Oh, don't be silly! You don't know anything about it. Annette isn't in love with me. The arrangement suits her, that's all. She hasn't a bean and—"

"Oh, stop talking like that! I can't bear it. What do you know about loving?" She was on her feet, hands clenched, her eyes blazing.

Her temper died as suddenly as it had risen. She stood very still, head bent, one hand clutching the laces and ribbons at her breast.

"It won't do, Tod," she said, her voice low and firm. "We've begun wrongly. I don't know very much, but I know—I feel we can't make a success of our marriage if we go on like this. We must go back to-day and straighten things out, whatever happens. Nothing really bad can happen if we stick together and if we're honest and try to understand each other. We—"

"Oh, darling, this is no time for one of your curtain lectures! Will you be a good girl and let me handle this? Just forget."

She faced him determinedly, her lips set, her candid eyes dark with pain beneath the childish tumble of her hair.

"It's no good, Tod. We're going back to-day. If you won't come with me, I'll go alone."

THE plane next day bore them swiftly over the sun-spangled waters of the channel. Too engrossed by her problems to be as timid of this means of travel as she might have been, Beverly endured the novelty almost thoughtlessly.

"We'll soon be there, won't we?" she said. Her smile wistfully asked for comfort, but Tod gave none.

"If we didn't get there for a year, it would



be too soon," he growled. He was regretting his submission to her, made in a moment of intense exasperation, and his brain, trained and fertile in schemes to save himself from unpleasantness, was searching for a way out of this tangle. At any rate the meeting with his family could be postponed.

"There's no point in driving down there to-night, is there? We'll get in very late. We may as well put up at a hotel for—"

"No!" she said. Her heart sank. "No, Tod. If you won't come, I'll go down myself, by train."

What a woman! And she looked the softest, sweetest thing . . . This was not turning out at all as he had imagined it. Tod Firth, landed, married, tied up like any husband in the comic strip! Who were you out with last night?

Annette could be mean, he reflected. If she chose, she could make his father ten times worse. Of course, if she helped . . . Well, the sooner the old man had his rage and got over it, the better, and Mother would probably stand by until the storm blew over.

The plane was dipping in its flight to earth when Beverly reached across and clutched her husband's hand.

During their absence the car had been left at a garage in town, and she went with him to fetch it. After those brief minutes of the plane's landing when he had shown some kindly awareness of her distress, he had relapsed into selfishness, and spoke little. But once in their own car he suggested stopping at a hotel.

"Even though you are so impatient to meet the family, perhaps you could spare a few minutes while I have a drink." His tone hurt her unbearably.

"Tod—" she began in anguish, but he cut her short.

"Please! Not in this traffic. I take it I can have ten minutes!"

He drew the car up in the side street by the hotel, and getting out, regarded her resentfully.

"You might as well get out and have some tea or something."

"I might as well." Her eyes besought him, but he was absorbed in his own fribble uneasiness. She went with him into the hotel, the same to which she had gone on the morning of her marriage, and the hurt of this entrance was made infinitely worse by unhappy comparison.

Tod, too, had gathered courage. When they set off again his mood had changed to one of garrulous confidence in himself and in her. He drove recklessly but surely through the late-afternoon traffic which streamed golden in the setting sun, and assured her of a successful passing of the ordeal.

"I'll just tell the truth about Annette. Then Dad'll be so relieved he'll probably welcome you with open arms. He might even commend my taste. How are you looking?" The car swerved as he turned for a sidelong glance at her, at the pale, set face.

"Rather funeral, aren't you? Darling, can't you look a little brighter? Once this is all over we'll be happy again."

"I love you, you know, Tod, in spite of everything," she said wildly, out of the turmoil of her thoughts, because that was a single clear fact, and seemed important. But Tod, bent low over the wheel, did not seem to find her avowal significant.

"A glutton for punishment, aren't you?" he said, somewhat bitterly.

But after a visit to an inn in one of the

villages which they passed, he became more amiable.

"It would brighten things up if you had a drink or two yourself," he said, as he settled himself again behind the wheel. "That's what I mean about you, Beverly." He proceeded again with the theme of her inability to understand the way a man's mind worked, but he ended tolerantly.

"Still you're young enough to learn, and when you do I'll have no complaints. Once we get this business settled I'll take you for a real honeymoon, and we'll see if we can't make more of a success of it. Like to try?"

"Oh, you know, you know!" Eagerly she seized on this. Love didn't die in a few weeks. It was obscured by all this trouble come upon them, this trouble of his making, and perhaps of hers—yes, certainly of hers. She had been silly. She had not known how to handle the situation. Stupid, high-handed. She knew nothing of men, he had said, and he was right.

It was nearly ten o'clock when the lights of Horsely starred the darkness.

"Home," Tod said, and laughed shortly. He had spoken little during the last hour's driving, and now, when he laughed like that, Beverly turned to him quickly, the sharp intake of her breath audible. She had believed that at the last moment he would realize her need, assure her by however slight a tenderness, of his love and support.

"We've arrived," he said, and the car drew quietly to a standstill in front of the big house.

Without speaking, they got out of the car, and, going ahead of her, Tod rang the bell. All in silence, not glancing at each other, they waited until the door opened and the butler, seeing them in the stream of light from the hall, said in surprise:

"Master Tod! We didn't expect you here."

"I didn't expect to be here myself, Bates. The family still up?" Tod strode past him and Beverly followed.

"Yes, sir. In the drawing-room." With a curiously which he did not show, the old man was eyeing Beverly. "Miss Annette's gone out. A party I believe, sir, and she's not expected back until late."

"Don't you bother, Bates. We'll go straight in," Tod said, swiftly stopping the old man's progress towards the drawing-room. "Trot out and get the bags, will you? And tell Peters to run the car into the garage. If he's gone to bed I'll run it in myself later. Come on, Beverly."

Calm, with the brittle calm of strained nerves, Beverly followed her husband down the wide, beautiful hall.

"Would you rather I waited until you've told them?" Beverly asked quickly, but at his look, the look of a small boy about to be whipped, she found some reserve of confidence in herself and before he could reply she said:

"No, perhaps it will be better if we go together." The faintest of shrugs was Tod's only answer, then the door was opened and after a brief silence she heard a woman call:

"Tod, darling! Of all the surprises! We thought you were in Paris."

The woman rising from her chair had Tod's blue eyes, and they were alight now with happiness. Her whole face, which in that light seemed a young face, despite the grey of the exquisitely groomed hair, was radiant with tender welcome, and in a moment of revelation Beverly thought: "She adores him! Adores him! This is going to hurt her dreadfully!" His father's stern-featured, less mobile face showed nothing,

but in his voice was an indulgence, a warmth underlying the gruff casual words.

"Well, Tod! This is unexpected. What was wrong with Paris? Was it too much for Geoffrey? I must say we were surprised at your going over. I thought it was to have been Scotland." Turned in his chair, he was the first to perceive Beverly and rising, with a change of tone, he addressed his wife:

"My dear . . . Tod has a friend with him." He looked towards Beverly, kindly enough, tolerant of young people who paid calls at unorthodox hours. Mrs. Firth was equally gracious in the face of this mild unconventionality. Both her beaming, small hands were on Tod's arms. She was a tiny woman, and she had stood on tiptoe to kiss her tall son. Now, still holding him, she looked beyond him to Beverly. She was short-sighted and this gave her an appealing, rather childish air; gave her, too, an excuse for such situations as this, as she explained, with her winning smile:

"I'm as blind as a bat at the best of times. And in this light—my dear child, please forgive me." She was a little puzzled, of course, though she was used enough to friends of the children's. In and out of the house at all hours. Perhaps she knew this young girl. There were so many. . . .

Into the silence Tod's voice dropped, raggedly, prefaced by a laugh, and the foolish laugh destroyed the girl's hopes.

"I seem to have surprised everyone by turning up," Tod said. "Even Bates goggled. But I can do better than that in the way of surprises! You see . . . well . . . Beverly and I are married."

"Married!" His mother's quick gasp was almost inaudible. After one swift glance at Mrs. Firth's face, alive with consternation and incredulity, Beverly dropped her eyes. She dared not look at Tod, though she knew from the tone of his voice, as he continued with some details, exactly how he appeared then, his face alight at some joke he wished them to share, winning them, charming them into forgiveness of this escapade as he was used to charming them.

Mrs. Firth was stricken. After that one half-whispered word she had said nothing. Her husband, standing stiff and silent, as if the shock had struck him rigid, gave no evidence of the blustering rage which Tod had told Beverly they might expect, that windy rage of an old man, unused to being thwarted, which dies as suddenly as it rises, without much permanent harm being done to anyone.

"But without telling us, without letting us meet her? Tod, I can't believe it!" Mrs. Firth was broken, crumpled up. "It's such a shock," she said pitifully.

Tod ruffled his hair boyishly. "It's a shock to us, too, darling. We still don't know quite how it happened, do we, Beverly?"

Beverly raised her eyes for one brief, tormented instant, then dropped them.

Suddenly the old man cut into the conversation, his voice controlled, but passionate with hurt and outrage:

"You have behaved despicably! You are engaged to one girl, and without the courage to face her you crawl off secretly and marry someone we don't even know. If there is anything you haven't told us, any explanation which will make this all seem less unforgivable, let us hear it! Annette—do you realize what this means for that girl?—leaving your mother and me out of it. Perhaps we deserve your treatment of us. I believe we do. There must be something radically wrong with our training of you if you can do a thing like this. But Annette . . . Surely to goodness no son of mine could be the sneak you appear to be! Why, you—"



"Oh, John, please! We know so little! Give the boy a chance to explain." Mrs. Firth was beside her husband, her unhappy eyes beseeching him.

"Well, I wrote to Annette," Tod lied, his careless pose destroyed by his father's outburst. "I thought she'd tell you. You see it all happened so suddenly. More of a joke than anything else, it seemed at the time. Perhaps Annette didn't get my letter," he finished lamely. "These things do happen. You see . . ." his voice faltered in silence.

"So—so you have no excuse. No explanation." Something in Mr. Firth's voice dragged Beverly's unwilling eyes to his face and what she saw there shocked her. "This was dreadful. So much worse than she had imagined. That old man, straight, erect, with the severe countenance of a strong, honest man, was hurt, cruelly hurt by this evidence that his son was a liar and a weakling. In an instant of perception she read his mind, and the torment of it. Voicelessly she prayed Tod to redeem himself somehow, to say something. . . ."

But he said nothing. All the false stiffening of his pretended jocularity had gone out of him. He was shameful before the two who had had such pride in him. This couldn't be. It couldn't! Her heart was pounding and her voice trembled as she said impulsively:

"It . . . it was my fault in a way. I didn't want Tod to tell you. He wanted to, long ago, when it first began. But I thought you wouldn't like it—his marrying me," she faltered.

As if they were aware of her for the first time, Tod's parents looked at her. She was lovely as she stood there, her eyes darkly shrouded, two flaming spots of color in her clear, pale face, her scarlet lips uncertainly mouthing her whispered words. Lovely enough to make a man forget decency, the old man thought, in his hurt bewilderment.

"I have no doubt," he said almost expressionlessly, "that the two of you contributed to the deceit."

Beverly stared at a faded rose on the Aubusson carpet, summoned words and will.

"He—he told me all along about its being understood that he would marry Annette, and so I felt if he said anything about me, you'd be on her side, of course. And when he told me of his engagement I persuaded him to let us get married at once. He didn't want me to, but I made him. I thought it would be all right. Then if we went off straight away and went travelling there would be no trouble."

"It's a falling of the Raine family, isn't it? The inability to face trouble?" Goaded, the old man hit below the belt, but the only visible effect on Beverly was a deeper darkening of her eyes.

"I suppose it is. But nobody looks for trouble if they can avoid it. But when the engagement was announced in the papers Tod insisted on coming back at once. He didn't know, of course, that that could possibly happen, after having written to Annette. The letter must have gone astray, as he said. So he came back as quickly as he could. We only knew it this morning." She did not look at Tod.

Even when he spoke she did not glance at him, but stood quite still, staring at the carpet. Swift to follow her lead Tod spoke more firmly:

"Beverly had the idea in her head that you wouldn't like me to marry her because of—well, because of her family and all that, and not knowing her. I tried to make her see how absurd it was."

It was Mrs. Firth who broke the brittle

silence and her voice quavered as she addressed Beverly directly:

"And didn't you stop to think that if we weren't supposed to like your marrying Tod in a normal way, we would be much less inclined to like it after all this. Why . . ."

But she was a gentle woman, reserved, and incapable of violence, and her husband brought the bitter little scene to its end.

"What you've said doesn't make Tod's actions any more excusable," he said. "But at least you've made it clear that he didn't deceive you as well as the rest of us. I'm thankful for that." He spoke in a restrained, cutting voice. Well, in condemning her, he was condemning his son a little less. Beverly thought drearily, so something had been gained. "I'd like to talk to Tod alone if you don't mind, and you had better go to bed too, Amy. We know the facts now, and however unpalatable they are, discussion won't help. You come with me, Tod."

Without a glance at the girl he walked from the room, Tod following. But at the doorway Tod turned:

"I'll be along as soon as I can, dear. Mother—I'm sorry things have turned out like this."

His mother said, in a precarious, trembling voice:

"I'll put you in the Blue room. It's already prepared. We expected Alice. Come and see me before you go to bed, Tod."

"All right . . ." He hesitated, but there seemed nothing to say, so he went, and the two women were left in a chill, uncomfortable silence which Mrs. Firth was the first to break.

"I'll show you to your room, Beverly. The servants have gone to bed—but I think you'll find everything you need."

Later she heard doors shutting and the sound of movement in the corridor outside her room, but all these sounds were silenced in time, and still Tod did not come. Her imagination had ceased to play with the scene being enacted downstairs. She was sitting, half drowsy, scarcely thinking, when at last the door opened and Tod burst into the room. Startled by the noise of his entry she gave a little cry. She had half risen awkwardly, when Tod reached her and gathered her into his arms.

"All well, darling," he said blithely, and while her wide, anxious eyes were still searching his face through the mists of drowsiness, he bent and kissed her, a hard, passionate pressure of his lips on hers; the first kiss since the trouble of the morning had descended on them.

"Forgive me, sweetness, for the beastly day." His voice was muffled.

"You mean—they don't really mind now?" she said hesitantly. It seemed hardly possible that Tod could have talked them out of their just anger in this short while.

Tod lifted his head and grimaced like a small boy.

"I wouldn't say they don't mind, exactly, but they aren't throwing us out into the cold, cold snow. And that's what matters."

In silence they began undressing, but as she hung her creased suit in the wardrobe she heard Tod laugh, a chuckle of pure enjoyment.

"You were wonderful, darling. I didn't think you had it in you. Was I relieved when you surged into the picture all full of nobility and said, 'I did it with my little hatchet!' I was stuck just then, I can tell you. My well-known charm wasn't working very well, was it?"

Beverly said nothing and did not move.

"The whole thing depended on what they thought of my share in it, not yours, but I didn't think you'd go all psychological and realise it. Particularly as you were taking the count at the time. But I followed your lead and it worked very well." He leaned nearer to the mirror and said: "What's the matter, darling?"

Beverly was very pale. "I'll undress in the bathroom," she said.

She stood in the little blue-tiled room literally shaking with the violence of her emotions. During those few minutes she hated Tod—really hated him. The knowledge that he simply did not realise how badly he behaved produced a sense of futility which almost choked her. He actually did not know when he hurt and insulted people. What could you do with a man like that? And she was married to him. This was only the beginning. . . .

BEVERLY got up for breakfast. Tod sleepily told her there was no need, but, driven by a vague desire to make a good impression, she insisted on getting up. A little self-conscious about her clothes, which had all been paid for by the Firths' money, she chose the least expensive of her garments, a plain linen skirt and a short-sleeved jumper, and used make-up sparingly. "At least I don't look like a sophisticated adventuress," she thought.

"Will I do?" she said, turning in some uncertainty from the mirror, but Tod was sound asleep again and in some trepidation she went downstairs, wandering about hesitantly until she found the dining-room. But the large room with its heavily-carved furniture was deserted, and she was standing there desolately when the butler found her and informed her that Mr. Firth was breakfasting on the terrace.

"Madame and Miss Annette usually breakfast in their rooms," he said in some reproach. The servants knew everything by this time and did not approve of anything.

Her father-in-law, after a grunted "Good morning," also informed her that the women of the family never appeared for breakfast, and as a defence against her intrusion he concealed himself even more completely behind the newspaper propped against his coffee-pot.

In dead silence Beverly took her seat and blinked at the sunlight. The summer morning made a glory of the garden. Green, perfect lawns swept down to massive trees in thick leaf, and all this beauty would in other circumstances have delighted her; but she was too uncomfortable to appreciate any of it, and was grateful for the appearance of Bates, who laid silver-covered dishes before her. In spite of her healthy hunger the meal was an agony of embarrassment. Every sound she made was magnified to her ears, and the occasional crackle of the old man's paper was like his resentment made audible. When he broke the silence, she jumped.

"Care to see a paper?" he said, and thrust a bundle towards her. As she opened one with fingers she could not prevent trembling he regarded her, his eyes shrewd beneath their bushy brows.

"Not that you young people ever really read a newspaper. Only the muck. It's all the new generation wants. If there's ever any real information, you skip it, or miss the significance if you do read it."

"I don't know what most young people do," Beverly said, her impulsiveness overcoming her nervousness. "I've never known any. But I usually read everything there is in a newspaper because it's been about my only source of general information."



I've often wished I had someone to ask about things."

The old man looked at her suspiciously. She was not only pretty, but cunning. Mere prettiness wouldn't have made a fool out of Tod. It was all a tragedy. But if the boy's infatuation became something deeper . . . After all she was only a child. Taken at this age a new environment might do a great deal to counteract her wrong heredity and training.

"Well, now you've got Tod to supply you with information," he said grimly. "But you will be more fortunate than the rest of us if you succeed in getting information from him—about anything that matters."

His heart was heavy. He took a sudden resolution, brewed out of the wakeful night he had spent in seeking in himself the source of his son's shortcomings.

"Will you tell him to come to my office as soon as he's dressed? He has played about long enough and it's high time he began to do something useful. I pay an agent five hundred a year to do the work on the estate that Tod was supposed to handle when he came of age, but his mother's idea of when he came of age didn't agree with mine. Still, I think she will admit that if a man's old enough to marry he's old enough to work."

He had finished his breakfast and got up.

"My wife is going to rest this morning. She had a bad night. I'll want Tod most of the morning, so perhaps you could amuse yourself looking over your future home." He was unable to keep the bite out of his voice, and Beverly was chilled.

"I'd thought of going over to see my mother," she said. "She doesn't know I'm back yet."

But Mr. Firth had no interest in that. He had not given a thought to that crazy woman immured in her cottage, and was not inclined to lay any responsibility upon her.

"Please yourself," he said shortly. "You can take one of the cars."

But she could not drive a car, Beverly told him. She intended walking. It was only a few miles through the fields, and she was a good walker. She offered this shyly, and grudgingly the old man succumbed for an instant to the charm and loveliness of her sweet youth.

"I'm glad to hear that," he said. "Most of you young people have forgotten that you have legs. Tearing about in motor cars all day. Don't forget to tell Tod I want him. It's high time he was up. There'll have to be an end to this loafing in bed until midday."

He went off, and with a feeling that the awkward meeting had ended rather better, on the whole, than she had expected. Beverly ran upstairs and lightheartedly embraced Tod, who was half-dressed and having coffee and toast on a table by the window. When she told him what had happened he said in mock reproach:

"Deserting me already for the old man. When I married you the idea was to have something nice to look at while I breakfasted. And here you are clearing out the first morning home."

"I needn't have, either. You were right. Nobody gets up. At home Mother used to say I wasn't showing consideration for Martha if I stayed in bed, and Martha used to growl her head off."

"Your life must have been pretty grim, being poor," he said vaguely. "Well, things are different here. Off my knee, young one. I want to dress. I'm going to whack some balls about. The trouble with Paris is a man gets no exercise—Come and I'll teach you squash."

"But your father wants you."

"Oh, lord . . . he doesn't mean to be taken seriously. He'd never let Canadell go."

"Tod, I think you should go, darling. He did mean it."

Tod bent and kissed the tip of her nose. "You're looking very stunning in that blue thing. Have I seen it before?"

"Please go and see your father, as he asked, Tod."

She was swishing hangers in the wardrobe and finally decided on one of the few suits which her single case had contained.

"When my trunks come, I'll go over once a day and dazzle them," she said over her shoulder. But the suit of natural linen with its black blouse, the black and natural-linen brogues and the small sports hat were striking enough, and when she was dressed, she said a childish pleasure obvious enough under her doubtfulness:

"Too grand?"

"Very Paris," Tod said, and laughed down at her. "You love dressing up, don't you?"

She answered energetically. "So would any woman who'd never had a decent dress and then had heaps of marvellous ones, all together."

But she regretted this impulse to "dress up" when she met her father-in-law near the stables which she was skirting as she made for the fields she intended to cross. She would have avoided him if she could, but he stood directly in her path, having just dismissed the groom to whom he had been giving some instructions.

She halted, because he had been observing her as she approached, and at a loss, said shyly:

"Tod told me the quickest way to the fields was through this yard."

The old man's shrewd eyes took in all the details of her elaborately simple toilette. "The money had a lot to do with it, of course," he thought, and all his disgust for the whole business of this marriage voiced itself in a petty condemnation:

"We'll have to find you something more useful to do than changing your clothes a dozen times a day," he said harshly, then, with a curt nod of his head, he said:

"Over there, by the spinney, if you want to strike the town." He strode away, a lean, erect figure, hating himself and her for his lapse into pettiness.

For half a mile Beverly trudged on blindly, her brittle happiness shattered, but gradually the beauty of the morning impressed itself upon her.

The visit to her mother did nothing to depress her regarding her present state. If anything it re-created her optimism. Though Martha and her mother both received her kindly enough in their remote way, they seemed so utterly detached from ordinary human emotions and activities as to be inhabitants of another planet, a cold, dead planet. They had nothing to tell. Their lives in this interval had been eventless, purposeless, as all the weeks and years before, when her living, adventurous flesh had been subject to them. And her own story elicited only a polite, perfunctory interest. She was glad to escape, hurrying from the gloom of the small cottage.

One violent crisis of pity for her mother shook her, and she babbled concern and promises, while she cried in a childish heartbroken way. But her mother was unaffected and silent through that.

"There's nothing I want you could give me. But I'm glad you're settled, and I hope you will be happy."

When the conversation plainly wearied her mother she got up to go, with promises to return frequently. They would always be glad to see her, they said. But she felt when she left the house, as if her coming had been like a stone flung into a dead pool. Now it had sunk out of sight and the waters were unruffled, stagnant as before . . .

It was after midday when she came to the back fields, through the stable yard, and across the lawns of Fairholme. There was a side-entrance there, french doors partly opened, and, hurrying because she feared to be late for luncheon, she thrust them wide, but only to stand rooted at the threshold. Facing her, seated together on a jade velvet settee, were her mother-in-law and a tall young girl of adieu fairness, whose hand Mrs. Firth was holding. Beverly received a confused impression of light walls and colorful hangings, the dainty French furniture of a boudoir, and a profusion of flowers; but the two women caught and riveted her eyes.

"I'm sorry," she stammered to the uncomfortable silence. "I didn't know when this door led. I wanted to go to my room."

Mrs. Firth's voice was uneven as she said:

"This is my sitting-room, but of course you couldn't be expected to know that. I don't usually choose for it to be used as a passage-way, but come in, now. Beverly—" She paused, and her face plainly showed her distress at this painful introduction.

"Beverly, this is Annette." Beverly was agonisingly embarrassed. She could not speak. Her wits were wildly astray. But Annette's face was grave and composed. She wore her ash-blond hair unwaved and parted in the middle, and this above her pure, beautiful brow gave her a demure angelic air. For the first instant of recognition a turgid emotion had shown in her wide, blue eyes, but now they were unreadable. Thinking unimportantly as one sometimes does in moments of crisis Beverly could go no farther, coherently, than: "She's so utterly unlike her letter! So utterly unlike . . ." Then searched for words to meet this impossible situation and of course found none. But, mercifully, Mrs. Firth spoke, though there was little mercy to Beverly in her speech.

"Annette knows everything, of course. And because you are Tod's wife I've asked her to forgive you, if she can." Her small, white hand tightened convulsively on the other's. "I wouldn't ask it or expect it of anyone with less character than she has."

Beverly was staring at the carpet and did not see the anger which for an uncontrollable instant made the eyes of the girl like twin blue flames. When Annette's low voice dragged her gaze upwards she found again that grave, unreadable expression.

"You think too much of me, Maman," she was saying. "I'm afraid I feel much the same as anybody would in the circumstances." She stood up, gently disengaging herself from Mrs. Firth's clasp, then looked straight at Beverly.

"But you're Tod's choice, and if you make him happy, it's all right about me. That's all I wanted, anyway."

Beverly stammered, overcome and helpless. "I—I'm sorry things happened in this way."



"Naturally, I'm sorry, too. But I suppose least said soonest mended." Annette turned and went swiftly across and kissed Mrs. Firth, who was trembling on her sofa. "Don't you worry, darling. It's Tod's happiness, remember. We both feel that's what counts."

Then she almost ran from the room and Beverly wanted desperately to follow her, but she lacked the will to move.

"I think she's wonderful," Beverly said in a low voice, unable to look at the tearful face of her mother-in-law. She added guilelessly: "I couldn't be like that if anyone had taken Tod from me."

Mrs. Firth quite believed that and ignored it. "She's a wonderful girl," she said. "She has been like a daughter to me and I had always hoped that she would become my real daughter." Her voice was so full of reproach that Beverly was once more reduced to helpless confusion. She could find nothing to say, and Mrs. Firth continued:

"She is absolutely devoted to Tod. Ever since they were children she has had more influence over him than anyone else." In this strain she went on, with not wholly unconscious cruelty, until the mellow boom of the luncheon gong released Beverly from the torment of hearing that quivering voice which articulated no definite abuse or injury, but which was implicit with both.

Of the three women Annette seemed to suffer least from the ordeal of the luncheon which followed. Beverly, flying to her room, failed to find Tod there, but she met him at the entrance to the dining-room, and, isolated for a few, feverish seconds she clutched at him and begged him to save her from having lunch with the family. She was overwrought, but his own morning had been none too pleasant.

"Don't be a silly kid," he said, and she pleaded, in an excited whisper, that she had seen Annette, that it had been dreadful...

"I've seen her myself and it's been equally dreadful," Tod said curtly. "But I don't intend to miss my meals because of that. Pull yourself together." And he thrust her gently but inescapably into the room. The others were at table, and Mr. Firth stood up for a second, but did not cease his discussion with Annette over the relative merits of two horses which he intended to purchase. The two slipped into their places and were served, and Beverly, incapable of anything except sheer muscular control, made no attempt to join in the few banal exchanges which passed between Tod and his mother.

After dinner that evening Tod indulged in a desultory conversation with his father, while Mrs. Firth wrote busily at a side-table and Beverly, curled up in a chair, listened to the two men in an apprehension which was her constant state when making one of the family group. "But some day," she reassured herself, "all this dreadful business of our getting married will have happened so long ago that I need never fear anyone's being about to mention it."

But that time was not yet. Suddenly Mrs. Firth put down her pen, and with a little groan of "Oh, dear!" she turned round.

"Tod, you could help me with these notes. I have sixteen to write, and they must go by the morning post. I should have done them this afternoon."

Tod lounged towards her and something in the arrogant carriage of his head, the ease of his body, gave Beverly pride and

assurance, and, drawing on her courage, she sprang up too and said:

"Could I help as well, Mrs. Firth? I'm not really reading this book."

"Tod's help will be sufficient, thank you," Mrs. Firth said coldly. "Tod, I'm writing to our friends to cancel the engagement-party which I was giving for you and Annette."

"Oh, I say, mother..." Tod began an uncomfortable protest, but his father broke in curtly:

"I'll help your mother, Tod," and as he raised his lean length from his chair Tod caught Beverly's arm and hurried her from the room.

"We'll have a game of billiards," he suggested, cycling her askance.

"She hates me—she'll always hate me, Tod!" Blindly she suffered him to lead her to the billiard-room.

"Of course she doesn't." He soothed her with his arm round her shaking shoulders. "Mother couldn't really hate anyone. She's just a bit peeved. You must expect it for a few days. She'll calm down. Here, darling, let's have a game and forget it." Blinking back the tears she tried to smile, childishly.

"This is another of the things I can't do." But she took the cue which he handed her and tried to interest herself in the game, in the red and white balls, in the green which shone in the circumscribed light, to banish to the outer gloom, which lay shadowy around them, all her tormenting thoughts.

But her efforts were not successful. After ten minutes she said:

"It's no good. I'm hopeless, aren't I?"

"It takes strong men years to learn this. Don't despair. Give me that chalk, will you?"

He was happy enough. He had completely forgotten the little incident which persisted, tormenting in her mind. Suddenly she resented his easy lack of concern. The brunt of all this was falling on her—no getting away from that—and it was unfair. He could have saved her a lot of it if he had tried. Without hurting himself more he could have said things, done things to make her position in the house less unbearable.

"Annette plays a crackerjack game," he said idly, squinting down his cue.

"Does she?" she said sullenly.

"Uh-huh! We'll show you a game one evening."

She was angry and bitter with him, with Annette, who did everything so well, with Mrs. Firth, with herself.

The next day when it was proposed that they should go to a cocktail-party given by some neighbors she did not demur, though her heart sank. She was not ready yet to meet all these new people. Her old eagerness was dead. She was shrinking now. The rebuff from the family had made her unsure of everyone.

It was Annette's suggestion. She had joined them on the lawn before luncheon, friendly, matter-of-fact, perfect, after two days' schooling, in the attitude she had adopted.

"Tod, Hugo's home on leave and he and Jane are having a cocktail-party to-night. Invitations came out a week ago and they didn't include you because everyone knew you were away. But I saw Jane at the Maitlands' yesterday and she said for you to come along—Beverly too, of course."

Tod looked at her suspiciously. "Well, how do you feel about it?"

"Please yourself. It won't make the slightest difference to my enjoyment. The news has gone from Land's End to John o' Groat's by now. The only people who don't seem to know are the newspaper reporters."

"Which is a bit of luck," Tod said. He was chewing a blade of grass. "What's Mother doing about things? Anything or nothing?"

"She's just told me she's giving a formal dinner-party to the aunts and personages on the twenty-fifth, but she says you can break your own ice with the younger crowd," Annette replied.

Tod said, "Jane's an especial pal of yours. It's odd that she should be the first to make overtures to us."

Annette regarded him obliquely. "I don't think it's odd. It's natural, isn't it?"

"Well," Tod said after a while, "it's decent of her. And you," he added, "I suppose it's your doing, really."

"Don't mention it," Annette said, flicking dried grass from her skirt as she got up. With the smallest of smiles in Beverly's direction she went off, and Tod said:

"Perhaps she finds it hard to break the habit of being on my side."

"She's being far nicer to us than we deserve. Tod, do you want to go to this place to-night?"

"We may as well. We can't stay caged up here for ever, doing nothing and seeing nobody. A few more evenings of undiluted family atmosphere and I'll be a crazy man. Either we start mixing with people, or we buzz right off somewhere, and the state of the bank balance makes the last inadvisable. I'm waiting for Dad to produce a wedding-present." He rolled over on his face and seemed inclined to go to sleep.

"Well, it will be a bit of an ordeal for me," Beverly said. "I'd like to have waited a while before we started meeting strangers."

"Oh, they won't be strangers for long. They're an easy-going crowd around here."

She said no more on the subject, but all through the afternoon her nervousness increased, until it was with very much the sensation of a person who cannot swim jumping into deep water that she went with Tod and Annette into the Seymour's big living-room which was already full and noisy with guests. During the ten-mile drive which separated the two houses she had left the conversation wholly to the other two. They had talked across her, scrappily sharing interests and information to which she had nothing to contribute. The only remark Annette had addressed to her was as they were getting out of the car. "You'll like Jane," she said.

And Beverly felt, as soon as she saw her, that she would like very much this not particularly pretty but attractive girl, who was straight as a young tree, and had widely-spaced eyes, green as sea-water. But that instinctive liking sprang in the minute before she was introduced to her young hostess; while she stood a little behind the several people who had joined them in entering, and listening to Jane's careless, happy greeting of her friends. In the next minute she knew that liking Jane would depend on her liking you in return. Otherwise you would never get near her, her sea-green eyes would be frozen, her wide, generous mouth would say meaningless things, or nothing at all—if she did not like you.

"Tod's wife," Annette said. And Jane said:

"How do you do? I'm glad you were able to come." It was so polite, it was the worst kind of snub, falling as it did, so smooth and carefully placed, in what had been a



hall of happy welcomes. It made a moment's awful silence, in which Beverly stood, as in a magic circle; black, dark magic. Then the little group was noisy again, but Jane had drawn Annette away, far to the other corner of the room, but not so far that Beverly, watching, could not see how angry she was. She was speaking quickly and angrily, then suddenly she bent and kissed Annette's cheek, and turned her about and led her over to some people near the cocktail buffet. She was still angry, though not with Annette.

Tod and Beverly stood alone—the other newcomers had been absorbed in the crowd—and Beverly said tensely:

"We shouldn't have come. We shouldn't have come, Tod."

"Why shouldn't we? It looks a good party." But Tod was frowning slightly, not understanding yet. "Hello, Barney, how are things?" he said to a man who drew near them. Barney said, "Hello, Pirth," and passed on. He had not smiled or looked at them; and the next man whom Tod accosted went even further than that—he did not speak, merely nodded, and continued on his way, holding his two glasses of sherry, as if not spilling a drop were a matter of the utmost importance.

"You see?" Beverly's voice was a cracked whisper. "We shouldn't have come." Her heart was hammering, her hands were hot. "Oh, let's go home, Tod. Please!"

"Go home? What do you mean?" Tod said angrily. "You do make mountains out of molehills, don't you? Because my friends don't fall on my neck and weep with joy when they see me? It's not a habit of ours to kiss when we meet. Well, I think I'll have a drink. What about you?"

With the hammering of her heart, and the constriction of her throat, she had little breath, and this attack took it away. She was strangling, staring at him dumbly.

"Beverly, for heaven's sake!" His voice was low and furious. "If you're going to look like that . . . Haven't you any control at all?" He lunged away, and she did not dare look after him. But after a minute the wild pounding of her heart ceased, and she smiled, a stupid, small, pathetic smile, for the benefit of anyone who might be looking at her, as if she had grabbed up a lipstick and painted a smile on her face with clumsy, trembling fingers. Then she looked at Tod, drinking at the buffet, and she saw the scowl wiped from his face by two men and a woman, who didn't know, or didn't care, and had joined him jovially. There was some back-slapping and Tod swept with demaying eagerness into overdone hilarity.

"He's doing it again, he's doing it again." The words dashed about in front of Beverly and she looked at them, her silly smile on her face. "I've got to fight for myself, and I can't. I can't fight them. I can't, I can't . . ."

Annette came up and said, "Tod's the worst kind of cavalier. He always thinks one knows people. Jane's busy. Come and I'll introduce you round."

Keeping that smile on her face, moving her limbs, was all the effort she could make. She had no strength to resist Annette and run out of the room. Only her mind did that.

Annette's hand was on her arm. "Like a warder," she thought. Gently on your arm, while the judge pronounces sentence. Gently, but it would be strong as steel, if you tried to get away.

" . . . Miss St. Vincent, Captain Fleming, Miss Mackay . . ."

They did not move away, did not disturb their firmly planted or lounging

limbs; the girl, Mtra St. Vincent, did not interrupt the idle swing of her foot; nothing so crude as moving away was needed to isolate Beverly, to leave her, sitting rigid and a little pale now, in a corner of the wide lounge, in outer darkness. No one spoke to her. During the next ten minutes people came and went. Annette had gone off, after a glance around, a little smile, which had transfixed Beverly to her seat. "There you are," the smile had said, and she was pinned inescapably.

Some man brought her a drink, but the men did as their women indicated they should do. Anyway, they were all decent fellows. On that day in that place decency's fashion was to feel hot under the collar because of Pirth's jilting of Annette for this little outsider whose father had been to gaol or something, hadn't he?

Poor old Annette. It was a darned shame. She was a good sport, taking it like this. Annette was game all right. Wouldn't hear a word against Pirth. "When Tod's drunk he doesn't know one woman from another. Just woke up and found it wasn't me." Of course! He'd been drunk as an owl. Rollo had met them in Paris and he hadn't sobered up then. All the same, if a chap let's himself in for that sort of thing he has to pay the penalty. You can't go around letting down ripping girls like Annette . . .

Now and again the man, Captain George Fleming, who had given her a drink, looked at Beverly and smiled. It might have been at her; at about this stage of his drinking the vague and whirling world which Podgy Fleming inhabited cohered, if he was fortunate in his circumstances, into a woman's face. Nobody was violently attached to Podgy, but nobody minded him. He always had been there, he probably always would be there, this old-young man of forty, whose harmless, drunken blue eyes were matched by his weak, good-humored mouth. However drunk he was, nobody minded Podgy. He would get sentimental, he would get amorous, he would sometimes cry. But always the little gentleman, though the only proofs he gave of that nowadays were to refrain from fighting and to be sick in private. Seeing the life he lived, those were the only proofs demanded of him.

He lurched into a vacated seat beside Beverly and said:

"I've been watching you, beautiful. You aren't drinking." He peered at the bottom of his own emptied glass and said with foolish gravity, "I like seeing the glass empty, because I can go then and fill it up again. The next best thing to a full glass is an empty one. Half empty . . ." He grimaced, and waved a soft, well-shaped hand. "Don't like it. You wait here." He took her glass from her unresisting fingers and went unsteadily across the room. En route he stopped to kiss a girl who good-temperately submitted her cheek, then thrust him forward, lurching, on his way.

Every particle of her shattered mind was bent on calling Tod to her. In the blur about her she discerned dimly that these were not the faces she had been introduced to. Different faces wearing the same enviable, happy aloofness. "I'll have to get out of here, somehow. I'll have to find the will to get out . . ."

"She's got nerve, anyhow! For sheer, blatant nerve . . ." It came high and clear, in one of those unfortunate, inexplicable silences; but nobody appeared to notice it except Beverly. The buzz of sound which rose again was not intentional. It

had all been natural, the accidental fall and rise which is the tide of any gathering, however large, however noisy.

Beverly was almost blind. She had to peer to see Podgy, unsteadily standing in front of her.

"Here's yours—the little one. Here's mine, the big one," he said amiably.

Time passed. Captain Fleming, except for occasional sorties, was faithful to her, and once when she saw him returning she realised dully that she should be grateful, even for him. But perhaps she was entertaining him. Then for a time he disappeared, and she knew that she was grateful to him because alone the little panics began their shattering explosions in her breast. She tried to think of things outside that room, outside that world; Paris, Robinson Crusoe, on his island . . .

A man came up and said, "Mind if I sit here?" He smiled and offered her a cigarette and said, "Can I get you anything?" She was affected and stupid, while her small hands were pressing hard against the cushions of the couch. Someone had gone to fetch her a drink, she said.

"And in a crowd like this people are apt to get lost."

"That's right," she said, and put back her smile, writing on her face climactically: "I'm having a good time."

"I think I will have a cigarette." She shot out her hand. "I've just got back from Paris, you know."

The man didn't know. How was Paris? Just too marvellous. It always was, wasn't it?

He supposed so. He didn't care much for it. He thought one could have just as good a time in London.

"Oh, I adore London, of course. There's no city in the world like it." She felt the smile being smudged all over her face. The awful beginnings of crying were burning her throat, but she choked that down.

"Well, I mustn't monopolise you." The man got up and stood for a moment looking about, then, smiling down at her pleasantly, he moved away. She wondered if he knew who she was. But it didn't matter. Nothing mattered except the fact that she must sit here, quiet and controlled, and not show any of the things she was feeling.

Podgy Fleming came back and said, "Happy days. This party looks like going on forever."

It would go on for ever. For ever she would sit there, calling voicelessly to Tod, whom she could not even see now. For ever . . .

"Is there anywhere else we could go?" Her voice was hoarse, her throat dry. She had drunk a good deal herself. "My head's aching," she said truthfully. Perhaps if she got out of here she could find Tod and he would take her away.

"Yes, there are places. If you don't like this place we'll find another." Podgy said kindly. "Jane's house is simply full of places. I know 'em all. I'm a friend of Jane's." He took her arm, and she got unsteadily to her feet. "Whoops, darling," he said. "Mustn't fall down." She was stiff. Her whole body ached and she felt dizzy. People saw them go, of course.

"Not in here," Podgy said, opening one door and peeping in. "Dining-room. You aren't hungry, are you?" She began to laugh hysterically, and her escort laughed, too. "Happy days," he said again. "I know a place. In the library. Always make love in the library. All the best people do. Or the conservatory."

"It's still afternoon. The sun is shining," she said wonderingly. A great shaft of



smilelight speared the sombre gloom of the library. Here it was so quiet. This was a heaven of aloneness . . .

"Do you like books?" Podgy said. "Lots of books here. Jane reads 'em. Do you read books?"

"Oh yes. Yes, I read books," she said. She wished he would go away now. If she were here for a little while alone she could recover, then she would find Tod and they would go away.

"Well, you shouldn't. A pretty girl like you should have better things to do." Through the happy fog which surrounded him Podgy saw that he had a pretty girl with him. The outlines were blurred, but defensible; there was a darkness round a girl's white face. Podgy, if one had to choose, liked dark girls. There was a shuddering sweet something about a pale girl's face framed in darkness.

Podgy found and held the moving, tantalising, red lips of the girl, felt the soft, straining body in his arms, and held it tight, tighter as it strained. He giggled, and moved through the fog to find the elusive, red mouth again and in that minute of the struggle Tod came in, his hands in his pockets, his face white and ugly with the drink he had taken, with the slights of the evening.

"Nice girl," Podgy said. "You must meet her, old chap." He was looking round at the inevitable glass when Tod began to shout at him, shouting so that people came to the door and looked in.

"You little rat, sneaking in here, kissing her . . ." The rage of his evening was sending thrills of strength through his arm. All the faces of the men whom he had wanted to hit during the last hour became poor Podgy's weak, vacuous, surprised face, and he smashed his fist into it. It was a good thing to hit out, to smash into this darn fool party where everyone was riding the high horse. Even Crane, who was always trying to borrow money from him . . . Crane, darn it! Crane! He'd like to smash them all . . .

Swaying, he glared at Beverly. She was shrunken, small, and still. All the faces at the door were a blur. Only Tod's handsome face, twisted in its ugly anger, stood out.

"I wouldn't mind if I'd caught you kissing somebody worth while!"

Jane's voice dropped on the startled air: "I must say you're making yourselves at home," she said. "Tod, could you manage your domestic brawl more quietly? Barney, take Podgy to the bathroom and put him under the tap. His nose is bleeding."

"I-I only . . ." Podgy stammered foggly.

"We know, Podgy. But you'll have to learn there are people one kisses and people one doesn't. Next time you feel amorous come to one of your friends."

"Tod. I think you'd better take your wife home. This has probably spoiled her enjoyment."

"I'll take her home all right. That was the idea, Jane." Tod's voice was savage. "It's been a rotten party, anyway, thank you very much."

Jane's little, amused laugh was like a silver whip.

"Tod, you seem in losing other things to have lost your manners. However, the party wasn't exactly given for your benefit. I invited you, certainly, because Annette insisted—why, goodness knows. She's more

forgiving than I would be in the circumstances, but I did think you'd have the sense to keep out of our way for a while."

"Oh, I'll keep out of your way. Yours and all the others like you." He brushed past her and in dead silence Beverly followed, her head high, her eyes contracted until they seemed all light, with pin-points of pupils. She could hardly see. But somehow she got out of the house and into the car beside Tod. Muttering incoherencies, he averted the car madly round and down the drive.

It was all Annette's doing, he said. Annette knew perfectly well what he would be up against if he went to the Seymours' and she had deliberately got him there, manoeuvring him into the position of a target for her friends. She had known darn well what would happen; she had stirred it up.

Beverly's torpor had passed. Her disgust became articulate.

"You've been drinking and you don't know what you're saying. Annette didn't make trouble for us. I don't believe it. We made it for ourselves. We shouldn't have gone there. You ought to know your friends better—how much they'll stand. Anybody would be on Annette's side in this. Even if she knew how people would act, you can't blame her altogether. She just let things take their course. She might have done that. I don't know. Even if she did, you can't blame her for wanting to let you know how badly you behaved to her."

"I'm blaming her for deceit, for pretending to be such a good sport, pretending to love like a gentleman, when she's lost like a woman and a cat!"

"Tod, don't show me this side of yourself. It's drink, it isn't you!" But in drink one was supposed to be honestly revealing.

"Whatever a person does when they've been hurt by someone they love—"

"Love, my foot! She's in love with Oliver Brody. She's been crazy about him for years. But he won't marry her—and she wouldn't marry him either, if it came to that. They want money as much as they want each other, and that's where I came in. Do you think I didn't know what would happen as soon as we were married and she'd got a settlement? She and Oliver would carry on as usual and I'd pay the bills."

"Well, if you knew and you were prepared for it, you're as beastly as she is!"

"Well, I wasn't prepared for it, was I? I married you, didn't I?"

That was true. But for him to tell her these things—about any woman . . . Her head was throbbing so that it seemed to be receiving hammer-blows. The pain above her eyes was blinding.

"And look what I get for it!" He was off on a new track, with herself as the focus of his abuse this time, but she hardly heard his words; they were joined to the hammer-blows of pain.

"We're nearly there," she said. "Try to pull yourself together, Tod. You don't want your parents to know what has happened."

But Mr. and Mrs. Firth were on the lawn in the front of the house.

"I'm not coming in," Tod said. He leant across, turned the door-handle and let it swing on its hinges, and stiffly, jerkily, Beverly stepped down from the car.

"What's happened?" Mrs. Firth said

anxiously, looking from the girl's white face to Tod, loitering over the wheel.

"Nothing," Tod said aggressively. "I'm not coming in to dinner, that's all. Got to see a friend."

His father's keener eyes deduced the state of affairs.

"You've been drinking too much," he said sternly. "Put the car up and get inside. You're not in a fit state to drive."

The shocked incredulity on his mother's face made Beverly wonder if she had ever seen him drunk before. That was grotesque.

"Well, what do you go to a cocktail-party for, if not to drink?" Tod said rudely, and before his father could speak again he had put the car in gear and with a roar and a jerk which scattered them out of his way he was off down the drive.

"I don't understand," Mrs. Firth said pitifully.

Her husband said trenchantly: "Perhaps Beverly will explain," but his words released the brake which held the girl's limbs, and without a word she hurried away, up the steps, stumbling in her flight, towards the widely opened front door.

TOD did not come back that night.

Towards dawn Beverly fell asleep, and when the maid came in in the morning she was able to say with truth that she felt ill and would remain in her room.

She did not know what time it was when she woke and found Tod looking down at her.

"Hello!" he said. "They told me you weren't feeling well."

At least he was not going to pretend that nothing had happened. She stared at him, her eyes dark with misery. He was unshaven. His clothes looked as if he had slept in them and his linen was soiled. This morning, at all events, had not brought the usual recrudescence of his satisfaction with life. His eyes were bloodshot and his face heavy with gloom. He yawned, showing his strong, beautiful white teeth, then snapped his jaws shut in a sulky line.

"This is a nice mess."

"What happened to you? Where have you been?"

"I slept in a pub in the village. What happened here? There was a bit of a scene when I brought you back, wasn't there?"

"I thought you said drinking was an old family custom." This bitterness was corroding, like acid. You could feel the bite in your flesh.

"One says lots of things! But the fact is that I've blotted my copy-book badly. I wish you'd had the sense to keep me away from home until I sobered up. You should get some tips from Annette—she's an expert at it. Lord, I've got a head!" He sat down on the edge of the bed and regarded her.

"And what about the Seymours? Don't tell me you've forgotten that! It's a convenient memory that can forget that kind of thing. But all those people who were at the party, they won't let you forget it!"

"No, I remember that. I know everyone was dashed unpleasant. I sacked old Podgy, didn't I?" He brooded. "Well, nothing that happened was fatal. It was a mistake to go. I might have known Annette's special crowd would be vindictive. But the Seymours aren't the only people in the country. Anyhow, Jane will get over it. We've fought before."

"Marriage with me hasn't made you much happier so far, has it?" she said. Despite the fact that he had made no efforts to



charm her into forgiveness his presence was tugging at her heart, tugging at the frigid little knot at the centre of her being. He was unhappy and ashamed, and she wanted his head against her breast, wanted her arms tightly round him.

"Well, there are no dividends up to date," he said with thoughtless cruelty.

She sat as he had left her, her arms resting on her hunched knees.

She never knew what story Tod told his father, or the form of his apology, but by evening when she met the family again the incident seemed to have been forgotten. "Let's close it, and forget it," Tod had said when she questioned him. "And I think you'd better come down to dinner. You needn't be afraid. No one is going to mention it."

There was no noticeable increase in the strain of family relations. Those had been so strained before that an additional twitch on the strings would hardly be perceptible. Annette had remained at the Seymours'; she often absented herself like this. They went to bed early that night, in a silence and restraint which Beverly found harder to endure than anything that had gone before. Tod was asleep almost instantly, but she lay awake for a long time.

The next day Tod was more friendly, but he was away for the afternoon on some business for his father, and on the next he found a pretext for absenting himself, and Beverly filled in her lonely hours as best she could.

Meeting her wandering aimlessly about the grounds, Mr. Firth suggested that she might find something to interest her in the library. He was a thoughtful reader. He offered his suggestion with a brusqueness which did not entirely hide kind intention.

"You might find some of that information you've said you wanted."

She had stammered out her thanks, taken unawares by this first sign of graciousness.

Mr. Firth explained his action to himself by explaining to his wife:

"I'm not at all sure that we have been right in laying so much blame on this girl. She's a mere child, after all. I doubt if she has either the developed intelligence or the will power to carry through what you call a 'scheme' like this. Certainly she's not enjoying herself. If she had got what she wanted she would be a bit happier about it."

But, like all weak women of limited vision, Mrs. Firth was obstinate.

"She hasn't got all she wanted. Poor Tod is recovering from his debauch." She wept a great deal these days in the privacy of her room. She was obsessed by the tragedy. "He realises what a dreadful mistake he's made. Do you think I don't know my own son? He doesn't really love this girl. His whole life is ruined because of this one foolish impulse."

But Mr. Firth, though equally obsessed by his son's problem, was subjecting it to an analysis of which his wife was incapable.

"I believe it is not this one impulse which will ruin his life—it's the succession of impulses to which he has yielded always. We've spoiled that boy, Amy. We've given him everything except the one vital thing a man needs—self-discipline. I don't know—this whole thing has upset me as much as it upsets you. I'm still in the dark. But I'm not sure that his marriage to this girl is worse than any marriage he might have made, even with our approbation."

Tod came back to dinner that night. He was in a bad temper and was silent all through the meal. As they were leaving the dining-room Beverly said:

"Would you try to teach me billiards again? I'd really like to learn."

Her pathetic effort had an irritating effect on him.

"I'm not going to sit around in this mausoleum . . . with Mother looking all the time as if she's going to burst into tears."

"Well, you've got me, darling." She tried to say it jokingly, but her nervous hands were twisting at a lace handkerchief and her eyes were like a sick animal's.

He lit a cigarette and looked at her searchingly, sulkily.

"I haven't got the 'you' that you were. You used to be grand fun, the kind of person who would get a laugh out of anything, I thought. And now in a few weeks you've turned gloomy. I begin to feel I don't know anything about you or anybody. Everything's a muddle."

"Perhaps it's a mistake, all of it." She offered this so quietly that he did not notice that her whole body was rigid with apprehension.

"It looks like it. We'd certainly have avoided a lot of trouble if we'd waited until we knew each other better, and if we'd been able to look ahead and see all the fuss that would be made."

"Yes," she said.

"Well"—he took a last deep puff at his cigarette and dumped it in an ash-tray—"I'm going to look up some of my less unpleasant friends. I met them in the town to-day. Quite chummy folks, and they don't interfere with other people's business. Care to come along? They'll be quite decent. They know all about everything."

"Oh no!" she said. "Oh no!"

"Well, just as you like." He was somewhat relieved at her refusal. "I'll just have a game of bridge. I won't be late."

He bent and kissed her, squeezing her shoulders as he did so.

"Buck up—nothing lasts forever. Things will adjust themselves."

When he had gone she went up to her room, careless of what the two old people might think. As she hurried by the half-opened door of the drawing-room she caught a glimpse of Mrs. Firth's averted head. The light beside her turned her hair to bright silver. Bates, carrying in coffee, came from the pantry under the stairway. Majestically moving, he did not see her, nor hear the sound of her swiftly ascending feet.

In her room she flung herself on the bed. "I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do," she whimpered. She pulled a pillow over her face and that made a blackness over her eyes and shattered her thoughts.

When Tod came home she was undressed and in bed but still awake, though it was very late. He was in a cheerful mood; he had enjoyed his evening and he was blind to her state. But in the darkness, her eyes were widely opened and fixed. Her unhappiness was greater than before.

Annette returned the next afternoon in time for tea, which was being served on the terrace.

"Hello, everybody," she said, and Mrs. Firth's welcome was warm.

"We've missed you," she said. "Did you enjoy yourself at Jane's?"

"So-so," she said. "Jane's always a dear."

"I hadn't noticed it," Tod said, and Annette, pouring tea for herself, made no reply to that.

"Mrs. Seymour gave me those cuttings you

wanted, Maman. The conversation became impersonal and soon, making a vague excuse, Beverly slipped away. Tod did not follow her.

"I must go away. I must go now. Before he hurts me too much."

Those words formed for the first time, and the shock of them left her shivering as if she were very cold, although the sun streamed down, slanting into the clearing where she sat.

That evening after dinner Mrs. Firth said, "I'd like to talk to you for a minute, Beverly, in my sitting-room. No, Tod. I want to talk to Beverly alone."

Small but very dignified she preceded Beverly from the dining-room, and Beverly followed her. She did not glance at Tod, who viewed this exit somewhat uneasily. When they reached the sitting-room the girl stood until Mrs. Firth waved her to a chair.

"It is about what happened at the Seymours'."

Numbed as she was, Beverly was nevertheless faintly surprised. The gossip had travelled quickly. And then she realised—Annette, of course.

She endured what followed without offering any defence. Mute and stolid, she heard Mrs. Firth's recriminations as if they were being addressed to someone else.

Suddenly, unable to endure more, Beverly turned and went from the room; but outside the door the little gust of energy spent itself and she relapsed into her former apathy. She heard the sound of a piano; the music soared, in a delicate, rippling crescendo of treble notes. Perhaps that was Annette, who had brought home this sordid little tale; and yet she might not have told the tale. Perhaps even this was not beyond Tod. Perhaps his wife's delinquency had been the excuse for getting drunk, for behaving as he had on that wretched night.

Almost involuntarily she turned and went towards the music-room. Annette was alone there, and she stopped playing instantly.

"Did you want me?"

Expressionless of face and of voice Beverly said:

"Did you tell Mrs. Firth about what happened at the Seymours'?"

Annette selected a cigarette from a little case which had rested on the piano edge. She was cool and remote, her pure brow untroubled.

"Yes, I told her. If I hadn't someone else would have sooner or later. She asked me if anything particular had happened. There was no reason for me to keep quiet."

"Can I have a cigarette?" Beverly said. She was frowning slightly. A little pain shot up between her eyes.

"Help yourself."

When her cigarette was alight Beverly said, "No, there was no reason why you shouldn't have told her. But her knowing doesn't make things easier for me. You hate me, too, don't you?"

"Why shouldn't I? Why should I make things easier for you? You didn't make them easy for me, did you?"

"No. I never thought about you. I didn't know much about you."

"You knew enough to know I was engaged to Tod." Abruptly the quiet tempo of the conversation changed. Annette's breast rose and fell tumultuously. "Taking him the way you did was bad enough, but you could have given me the chance to save my face. You'd got what you wanted. There was no reason to let the engagement get into the papers and make a fool of me through the whole county. Not posting



that letter Ted gave you was the meanest thing you did."

"Did he tell you he gave me the letter to post?"

"Why shouldn't he tell me? He thinks you posted it, and that it went astray. But letters don't go astray. You never sent it, did you?"

"No," she said. "No. I never sent it."

"Well, we're here," the man in the check coat said—not that he expected any reply from the girl in the corner of the carriage, but he felt that he was really giving her information. She was huddled there, staring at nothing; didn't seem to know they had arrived. He took her case down from the rack, but even that kindly act got no response. Oh, well...

The check coat disappeared from the carriage and, too late, Beverly murmured her thanks. Then, stiffly, as if it hurt her to walk, she got out of the train and joined the rapidly dispersing crowd on the platform.

She had no clear plans. Dimly she knew that it was very late. It seemed a lifetime ago since she had left Horsely, but it had been on the bright afternoon of this day. The sun had been so hot and bright. Now it was dark night; the little interval of peace when the moving train fulfilled her purpose for her was over, and she must again direct her activities.

On the covered station roadway taxis were drawn up, and a driver leaned forward inquiringly:

"Taxi, miss?"

Beverly stared at him and made a vague demand:

"I want an hotel. Any hotel."

The driver's knowledgeable eye appraised her travelling-suit, the smart little suit from the rue de la Paix, the pigskin case.

"Hop in, miss."

More peace, for a little while, in accomplishing her flight without effort; then she was in the foyer of a big, unknown hotel, then after an interval of noise and movement, she was alone in the solitude, which is like no other solitude, of the impersonal hotel bedroom. From the street below there came the dull, interrupted roar of late traffic. The electric light was harsh and bright; the bed was hard white, the walls white. Nothing of all that room had seen survived that hard, antiseptic whiteness and brightness. For a little while her own personality, her own life, was also extinguished, and she busied herself unpacking her case. But when she was undressed and had turned out the light she became again a living being, with memory and associations. She stood beside the bed.

Ted would be in their room now. What would he be thinking?

He would be glad. Of course he would be glad. This separation would mean no pain. She had never become a part of him. It took more than a marriage service to unite a man and woman.

"I wish we never had married!" he had said that morning. "That's what you're trying to make me say, isn't it? Well, there you are. It would have been better for both of us." And then he had flung out of the room. Quite quietly, without much hurt, she had packed her case and gone out of the house, down to the railway station. No one had seen her go. No one had passed her on that long walk, but the letter which she had posted in the village would have been delivered by the night post. They would know now that she had gone, and they would be glad of the end of something which should never have had a beginning.

It was the thought of money which had aroused Beverly from her torpor; the realisation that the few pounds she had with her would be exhausted by her hotel bill. She had risen from her bed in a flurry of activity which amounted to panic, and it was after a hopeless scanning of the "Situations Vacant" columns of a daily paper that she thought of Geoffrey Matheson. But he was just another of Ted's friends. The hard new crust of suspicion which lay like an evil growth over her mind prevented any real belief in him. He had said, "If ever you want help, please come to me." But probably that meant nothing. He would doubtless be embarrassed by her coming, perhaps really annoyed. Still, there was no one else.

The manservant who opened the door to her said that Dr. Matheson was not at home.

"Dr. Matheson doesn't see patients here," he said. "This is his private residence." This girl with the white face, who seemed all eyes, was a stranger to him.

A stranger to herself, she thought, when she saw herself in a mirror of the lounge-room to which she was finally admitted, on explaining that she did not wish to pay a professional call. If she would not mind waiting, then...

The doctor arrived before very long, and showed instant delight at seeing her, taking both her hands in his.

"Well, this is a pleasant surprise! I thought you were still honeymooning. Why didn't your rascal of a husband let me know?—I'd have prepared a celebration. Is he coming here?"

"No," she said. Now that she was actually involved she knew that the issue of this meeting was vital. If he refused to help her she would be afraid. Terribly afraid.

"No? What are the plans, then? I suppose you two are ready to welcome your friends now. Are we to have an evening together, or are you still lost to the world? Anyhow, let's have a drink. You've learned to take the old cocktail by now, I'm sure." He was smiling. She couldn't let him go on like this, it was making it all so hard. His words, his friendliness, his taking her happiness for granted, made everything so much more difficult.

"Yes, I'd like a drink," she said.

Then he saw what had happened, saw her face, the hurt trembling mouth.

"Is anything wrong?" he said dubiously.

"I've left Ted." It came out hard and straight, like the lunge of a sword in offence.

"Left him? Matheson repeated incredulously.

"You knew it would happen, didn't you? You almost told me. You said if ever I needed help to come to you. That's why I've come. I have no money, and I thought you might help me to get work. I don't know anyone else here, or I wouldn't have bothered you."

Matheson's lean, handsome face was stern with surprise.

"But I don't quite understand. Let me get this straight. You've rather fired it off at me, you know."

"I didn't want to waste your time. I didn't want to stay here under false pretences. You're Ted's friend, after all; there's no reason why you should take my side—no one else has," she added bitterly. She had spoken quite calmly, but her breast was disturbed.

"What do you mean? Have you met his people?"

"We've been at Horsely for two weeks."

"I think I begin to see. His family were annoyed, were they?" Matheson said slowly.

"That isn't why I've come away."

"Do you think you might start at the beginning and tell me what's happened?"

When she had brought her sketchy, difficult story to the point of leaving her hotel and coming to him, she said, "That's all." Then the expression of his face made her add quickly, defiantly: "It doesn't seem enough to you. You don't understand, I knew you wouldn't."

"Just a minute. You don't give a person much time to think, do you? Shall we have that drink?"

He handed her the small glass of amber liquid, drew up his chair and recited, almost humorously:

"Now, let's see what's in our kettle of fish. After the announcement of the engagement in the papers you went to Horsely, his parents hated you, you went to a cocktail-party, and his friends hated you equally. There was an episode..."

A great sobbing gasp from her halted him and he crossed to her in concern, put his arm round her shuddering body and said in deep contrition:

"Oh, my dear, my dear, is it as bad as that? Forgive me, I thought you were just being temporarily foolish... just another young wife running home to Mother."

"How can I tell you how bad it is?" Her question was a broken little moan. "I can't tell you. I can't tell anybody. It isn't even clear to me. I know I can't go on, that's all. I can't go on being hurt by him."

"I don't think you need tell me," he said. He put his hand under her chin and raised it gently. "Poor child!" he said. "I'd have given anything to have prevented this. I should have prevented it." The soft and shining creature who had waited here for her sweetheart a few weeks ago—and now this!

"I think I do understand," he repeated.

"I can't explain to you," she said hopelessly. "He just turned out to be someone entirely strange. Someone dishonest and selfish and cruel. He hurts me all the time."

"Probably you imagine most of it. The first months of marriage are difficult—getting used to each other. Aren't you being rather cowardly to run away at the first hint of trouble?"

"Why do you bother to say all this?" she said with a deep and mature mournfulness which, oddly, horrified him. "You can't alter what I feel by words. There's only one way you can help me, if you want to help me."

"Of course, of course, I want to help you," he said brusquely. "And I think the best way to help you at the moment is to give you dinner. You probably haven't eaten a decent meal since all the trouble started, have you?"

She brushed that away impatiently. She was not hungry, she said, but he was insistent in a calm way which took things for granted, and in the end she was bent to an irritable submission. In the car, as they drove to a restaurant, she was silent. "I think," he had said, "we will dine out somewhere. You are less likely to lose your temper with me if there are people looking at you." And you will doubtless be angry when I tell you what I have in mind. That was as they waited for the elevator, and she said with a polite attempt to meet his mood:



"You solve problems quickly, if you have mine solved already."

Her small smile was the saddest thing he had ever seen, and he cursed the trouble men made for women and women made for men.

The restaurant was quiet enough. In their corner they might almost have been alone. The service was deft, the food exceedingly good, and though Beverly protested that she had no appetite, the needs of her healthy young body became insistent when the food he had ordered was placed before her. "We'll leave discussion until coffee," he said. "I want you to tell me something about yourself before you meet Tod."

She was willing, though it took clever questions from him to elicit facts about the life which appeared, looking back, blank as a desert to her.

"What work do you think you are able to do—work that someone will pay you for?" he said then, without further preamble, and for a few silent moments she regarded him, her childish mouth slightly opened.

"I thought as much," he said. "You aren't trained for anything, are you?"

"No . . . no . . . I'm afraid I'm not." The beginnings of apprehension stirred her mobile face. "But I'd be willing to learn anything."

"And what will you live on while you're learning?"

Again she was silent.

"You have nothing. Can your mother help you?"

"She has very little. We are quite poor. She would not be able to keep me unless I lived with her."

"Well, are you prepared to return to your house?"

"Oh, no! Oh, no, never that. I'd rather anything—I couldn't go back, don't you see? . . ."

"I see. Now, I want you to understand this thoroughly. There are thousands of girls, fully trained, completely equipped for the struggle, who are unable to earn a living in this city. You would have no chance. I suppose you can do a little housework, a little cooking, a few woman's jobs, and from what you've told me I doubt if you can do them very well. You have absolutely nothing to offer which anyone would be willing to pay for. On the other hand you have a job waiting for you, the job of marriage, and in your case it is being particularly well paid. How about taking it? Making a success of it?"

"But, how absurd!" she said in piteous resentment. "How absurd of you! You don't understand. You haven't even understood that Tod doesn't want me. He doesn't love me, he doesn't want me!"

"How do you know that?" He leaned towards her, grimly serious. "You married a man you hardly knew, and you thought him a Sir Galahad. He turns out, as husbands have a habit of turning out, to be an ordinary human being with plenty of faults, and the moment you perceive them, you throw in your hand, like a child who finds out there is no Santa Claus and goes off and commits suicide. Grow up. You've taken your man. If you don't like what you've got, make a better man of him. In the doing of it you'll make a woman of yourself instead of the ignorant, impulsive child you are now!" "The adorable, beautiful, stupid child," he thought, and his breast was shaken with uneasiness. "She's a raw wound. I'll do no good. I'll send her back to him, and perhaps the wounded spirit will be killed outright. I can send

her back. She's a baby. She knows nothing. She has nothing to sustain her. She has only feeling."

"No," she said, "he doesn't want me."

"If I can prove to you that he wants you, will you go back?"

"Go back to what?" she said, all the passion of her resentment gone. Her voice was infinitely dreary. "You can't go back to something which never existed. I had an illusion. Tod didn't even have that. My love was a stupid, silly, little fire which blazed for a bit, and I couldn't keep stoking it and it went out. Tod didn't bring any fuel to the fire. He just watched me sitting there with the silly thing while the flames burned down and I got colder and colder. It's out now."

"But couldn't you start again?"

"Oh, no," she said in tired surprise. "He doesn't want me. He must be glad I am gone. It's been nothing but trouble."

The crowd in the dining-room was thinning. After a glance round he said with more gentleness than he had displayed for some time:

"I think we had better go. I will take you to an hotel. You are very tired, aren't you? To-morrow, perhaps you will see things more clearly. I will telephone Tod to-night and tell him what has happened . . ." At her exclamation of dismay he nodded his head.

"Yes. Because you must realise the situation is melodramatic and absurd. Things can't be done like this. You can't just disappear out of Tod's life, you know. You are married to him. You've made a legal contract with him. The thing which you undertook so lightly is not a light thing. If you want to leave Tod and divorce him—"

"Divorce?" she said with a little frown. But the word had not shocked her. "Yes, I suppose it would have to be that. But it all seems so big and unnecessary for the little marriage, the little thing that turned out to be nothing. I don't feel as if I have ever been married."

"That's natural enough, after only four weeks."

She pursued her own thoughts and they brought a darkening to her eyes.

"Just four weeks of a stranger kissing you and hurting you. It seems silly that something so big as the law should have to bother about that."

"Beverly, look at me, answer me truly. Do you love Tod? Surely what you felt for him that day you were married was something bigger than you are making me think it is?"

Something afraid came to life in her eyes.

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know. What's love? There was something that made me feel the whole of life would be different if I could be with him. That something might be still there if he can call it up, but it doesn't make me feel any longer that life will be wonderful and different. I hate it because it trapped me. It made me see Tod as a different person from what he is. The real Tod, who is selfish and dishonest and cowardly—yes, cowardly. I think I hate him—I despise him, anyway. He only wants to hurt me. I love what I thought he was, that's who I'm grieving for, that's whom I've lost. But the man Tod really is . . ."

She fell silent.

"My dear," he said after a time. "Don't you think that in most marriages that's what it comes to? Failing in love with the man you think he is and learning to love the man he really is?"

She had hardened and faced him obstinately. "I don't want to love anyone. I don't want to feel. I want to stay like this,

not caring what he does, just watching him do it, and not caring, like a stranger."

"I see." But he knew, as he had often known before, that he did not see, that one can never see into the churned, muddy waters of a troubled soul, and all advice was dangerous. He felt helpless, and his helplessness was increased by the fact that as a woman she was personally disturbing to him.

She was looking at him with such an impersonal gaze. Remote in her deep unhappiness she was a broken child, who had wandered out to meet life without a single weapon to arm herself. A bad history and a rotten education . . . That impersonal gaze pulled him together.

"Well, we'll go along. I'm taking you to an hotel, and we'll leave everything until the morning."

Outside a small private hotel he stopped the car, and as she went to get out, he said, "Wait a minute." He put his hand into an inner pocket and drew out his wallet.

"You'll want money, you know," he said casually, but for all his casualness she turned in dismay.

"I don't want money from you."

"No?" he said, and knew that this was an opportunity. "You will have to sleep in the street, then, unless you're clever enough to get out in the morning without being caught."

He began to hammer home his point and made it an argument in the larger issue.

"So you see you'll have to take money from someone, or return to your mother. Tod, whatever else he has been, has not been ungenerous to you in that way, as whatever else you reject you shouldn't reject an offer to provide for you—an offer he will certainly make."

Her breath was released on a deep sigh. After a long silence she said, "I'm not such a fool that I can't see the difficulty I'd have finding work. You've made that plain. If Tod offers to keep me until I'm able to work—well, I don't suppose I'd refuse that. He has a lot of money. I wouldn't be taking anything of any importance from him."

"Well, then, you'll see him?"

"I don't want to."

"If you're so sure he doesn't love you, doesn't want you back, what are you afraid of?"

"I'm not afraid," she said defiantly. "I'll see him, if he comes up. I suppose it's necessary to settle things. I didn't think that I was being melodramatic. I just wanted to get away from him and all of them, and never see any of them again. But don't think I'm afraid of meeting him. I know what he is, how worthless he is, and I know that our kind of love, even if I feel it again when I see him, is nothing worth feeling, just something that rises up and dies down and leaves you worse off than before. I've got all my ideas out of books, that's what was wrong with me. Imagining things and being romantic. . . ." She looked knowing, and the frightened, bewildered child, wearing that knowing air, hurt him inexplicably.

"Well, you go off and have a good sleep, and leave everything to me. I'll get in touch with Tod, and I'll telephone you here and let you know what is to happen."

He brought her into the hotel and arranged for a room, and stood watching as the elevator bore her upwards. She smiled a faint good-bye through the grills, but the ironwork cut across her face, leaving the smile detached from the frightened eyes above it. He was grateful, on his return to his apartment, to be called to a case which occupied him half the night, and obliterated the vision of those wide, frightened eyes.

At eleven the next morning he telephoned her to say that Tod had taken an early



train and would be in town in the afternoon. Without giving her time to reply to that, he asked:

"Where do you wish to meet him? He's coming straight to my apartment."

"I'd like you to be—I mean, at your apartment. If it wouldn't be too much trouble." Across the wires her voice was indistinct and devoid of personality. She would be as impersonal if she were standing in front of him. He knew that, and the implied trust in him held no sweetness, but a bitter flavor. "I'm just a sort of Dutch uncle," he was thinking, while he arranged the details of the meeting explicitly. "I wouldn't mind betting she couldn't tell anyone what I looked like. Well, what of that?" What did he want of Tod Firth's absurd, beautiful, little wife?

"Did he mind coming?" Beverly asked, and he answered drily:

"It didn't appear so. You can ask him when you see him. Did you sleep well?"

"No, not very well, but I feel all right."

"Well, go into the park and get some fresh air. I'm sorry I can't take you to luncheon, but I have a busy morning. If you come along to the flat about three, I'll be there."

"You're very kind," she said. These same words were added to her greeting when she met him at his apartment. After a quick look, which did not disclose Tod, the strain under which she had been laboring was eased.

She was sitting very straightly, her face almost expressionless, when Tod came in. For an electrical moment, nobody spoke. Tod's eyes, curiously bright when hurt, were on his wife. He looked ill, unlike himself, she thought, with faint surprise. She had never seen him look like that, and was not expecting it. He seemed older, haggard, as if he had been without sleep for a long time. For a moment her senses swam, and she had one aching desire to go to him, to clutch at him, force him somehow into being the man who was to have made all life wonderful and end her loneliness. But instantly her head was clear, and she looked, with hard eyes, at the stranger who had been born in Paris, the stranger who did not make life wonderful at all, but made it something worse than anything one could have imagined.

Tod said: "I don't have to tell you how glad I am that you've found her, Geoffrey. Thanks for all you've done." But though he spoke to Geoffrey, his eyes were on Beverly.

"I've done nothing," Geoffrey said. "And I'll have to clear off now. I've a patient to see. I'll be back in about an hour. Just ring for anything you want."

Tod came across and, sitting down beside her, put his hand over hers. "Why did you go away, Beverly?" he said seriously, intently.

At the first touch of his hand she had drawn hers away. She moved into the corner of the settee, crouching there, her eyes wide and defensive.

"Don't touch me," she said sharply. "If you touch me, I'll go. I won't stay here."

"Why did you leave me, like that?" he repeated.

"As if you don't know!" she flared. "Of course you never do know or care what other people feel. You can't imagine other people's thoughts! You're too concerned with yourself. But even you ought to know that if you tell your wife you're sorry you married her, and prove it by your actions, she's likely to go away from you."

"So it was that quarrel the other morning." He thought for a while. "But you must have realised I did not mean those things I said. You know I say things in temper, then forget all about them."

"I don't know that at all. How should I?"

"No," he said, his mind fumbling, surprised. "How should you? We're married, but we don't know anything about each other. We don't know each other at all. Your doing this—running away. It was a shock: it—floored me. I didn't expect anything like that from you. It made me realise I don't know anything about you." He spoke as if he were informing himself, and, unprepared for this quiet reasonableness, she was deeply suspicious.

"Well, I wouldn't be surprised at anything you did, anything hurtful and mean," she said defensively.

"How can you say that?" he said, in the same quiet, wondering tone. "How can you say you wouldn't be surprised at anything? Aren't you surprised now? Because I am myself, at my sitting here like this, talking. When I heard from Geoffrey I felt such relief I wanted to get to you quickly, to have you in my arms, to laugh you out of your nonsense. These two days, not knowing where you were, have been ghastly. But when I came in the door and looked at you I suddenly wanted to know why you did it, to know you, what you thought and felt to drive you to this. It seemed more important than having you in my arms."

"Oh, it's no good, it's no good!" she said passionately. "I don't want to hear any of this! I just want to get away. You're not anything I thought you were. I fell in love with someone imaginary, and the person you are I couldn't love!"

"You don't mean that," he said very softly. His bright, steady eyes seemed to burn her. His arms moved. "If I took you in my arms now, if I kissed you, if I made love to you, it would be the end of all this, and you know it. You're feeling it already, aren't you? It's in your face, in your eyes, in your mouth. You want me to kiss you."

"If you do," she said unsteadily—"if you do..."

They were both utterly still, like people in an enchanted rigidity. Then Tod's arms fell to his sides and he turned away. With shaking fingers he selected and lit a cigarette. There was a long silence.

"So you feel like that," he said, at last in a matter-of-fact voice. "You really mean you couldn't bear me to touch you. It's a fact I don't know anything about you. I wouldn't have thought that part of your love could die so quickly. But that's the reason why you went away, not because you found out I was a rotter, because I let you down, though I'll admit I've let you down badly. I didn't realise it at the time. I carried on being myself, acting as I always have, avoiding unpleasantness if possible, and disliking it intensely if it were forced on me. I hadn't got the hang of the new relationship. I hadn't realised that what wouldn't hurt anyone else would hurt a wife. However, it seems superfluous to go over all that."

She was breathing heavily as if she had escaped some danger, but the thing in her eyes which had repulsed him was still there.

Turning to her, he saw it, and said jerkily:

"I never thought a woman I had once made love to would find me repulsive. I suppose no man is prepared for that. It gives one a jolt."

He read it like that. He couldn't perceive that the spirit had defended the body's weakness. Dully she was grateful for what he thought, for the sudden something which had given her immunity. But his laugh, harsh and coming with the suddenness of an accident, shocked her.

"And I'd come up here all noble. I was heavy with a sense of sin, I was going to beg forgiveness and be a good boy. Doesn't that surprise you? It did me. In my blundering way I began to tell you about my surprising myself. I've felt so sick about everything during these last two days that I was sure it must be love."

"I wouldn't believe anything you said to me," she said harshly. "You're clever. You've spent your whole life learning how to get round people. But you can't get round me now. You won't have the chance to hurt me by lying to me and letting me down again. I've finished. You've seen that, haven't you?"

"Yes," he said. "I've seen it. Our little affair, as a love episode, seems to be over. But..." He paused, then said, "We're still married."

"We can get unmarried."

"I'm afraid we can't," he said calmly. "At least, not at the moment, without a good deal of inconvenience to ourselves. If you'll wait while I pour myself a drink, I'll tell you exactly why."

When he returned with his drink he did not again seat himself near her, but took a chair with his back to the window, so that through all which subsequently followed his face was shadowed and gave her no clue as to his feelings. His voice was calm and matter-of-fact as before, indicating nothing which might be hidden.

"Our marriage, as you've found out, involved a great many more people than just us two. It appeared to concern the whole darn county. My parents took it as a personal insult, and the couple of weeks we spent with them didn't wipe out the insult. I'm not blaming you for that."

"It's a novelty for you not to blame me," she said in a hard, bitter little voice.

"Probably. But the marriage didn't cause such an upheaval as your running away from it. I won't bore you with the family's point of view, but the upshot is that one scandal after another has put their backs up in a very thorough way. The net result is that if you don't return to me, I'm being kicked out with the traditional shilling, and even if you do return we're not to have much more than the shilling. Would you like details?"

"So that was it! That's why you came up so quickly with all your talk of wanting me to forgive you."

"You do hate me, don't you?" he said in the same expressionless, matter-of-fact voice. For a minute there was silence, stirring with unspoken things, then Tod spoke and dissipated these thought-voices.

"Think of it like that if you want to. But I hope you'll see that for the time being we'll have to remain together. You can't support yourself, and I can't support you. You know the Paris trip used all my allowance. I've got about twenty pounds left in the bank. When you and I have made up our quarrel—my father's words—there will be fifty pounds placed to my credit. This magnificent sum will be paid at intervals of two months. The parental idea is that with £300 a year, supplemented by my anticipated earnings, we are to try to lead a happy married life. If you don't come back to me I remain with £20, a car, and anticipated earnings, before-mentioned. Don't say anything. I've said all there is to say on the subject of this criminal lunacy. But my father's got his toes dug in for the time being, so what about it? Do you feel any stirrings of wifely duty?"

She was silent, trying to assimilate these startling facts, to make the transition from the emotional to the unemotional discussion



which he had with such apparent ease embarked upon.

"I wasn't prepared for anything like this," she faltered. "I don't know what to say or do now. I didn't think at all about the material side of things, not until Dr. Matheson pointed out how impossible it would be for me to earn a living."

"Exactly. If not impossible, improbable anyhow. As improbable as it is that I will find a job—or keep a job—worth having. In the employment market as it is to-day our value is just about minus zero."

"Yes, it will be hard for you." She looked at him a little less inimically. "I'm sorry things have taken this turn. I suppose you feel as muddled by it as I do."

"Well, it seems to me that unless you can go back to your mother . . ." He paused.

"Would that make it easier for you?"

"I've asked you to come back to me." He did not look at her. He dumped his cigarette carefully. Something in the familiar bend of his shoulders disturbed her. Why, this was absurd! Grotesque as a nightmare. She pressed the palm of her hand against her head. That was Tod—Tod sitting there, his face in shadow. If he came out of the shadow it would be Tod, bending over her, close to her. That day in Fontainebleau, with the sun-dappled leaves and the spring flowers . . .

"It would be considerably worse for me if you returned to your mother. I thought I'd made that clear."

The words drew her out of the hazy pit of dreams. "Of course," she said coldly, "I'd forgotten. If I don't go back to you, you get nothing at all."

He was silent.

"Well, I don't want you to starve, you know," she said after a pause.

Tod leaned forward. "Beverly, you can please yourself if you want to return to your mother, do so by all means. But as far as I can see you'd be worse off than with me. I gather she's been no kinder than I have been. Let's carry on for a while, anyhow, until my father comes to his senses. All this happening at once has been too much for him. But that idea of three hundred a year—of course that's grotesque. He won't keep that up. But he will definitely do nothing unless we demonstrate that we are living together, trying, as he put it, to make a success of our marriage. Heaven knows why he should think having no money will help us to succeed, but there it is. Are you prepared to live with me for, say, the next six months at any rate? I'll make it as painless as possible."

"Do we have to return to Horsely?"

"Far from it. I gather we are to keep as far away from Horsely as possible. I don't think you quite appreciate the ructions there have been."

"It's odd," she said, with intense bitterness, "that you weren't able to talk yourself out of this happening. For once I was really to blame. It was I who left you, not you me. How did you come to misuse such a fine opportunity?"

"I don't see much point in answering that," he said in a queer tone. "The reason was one of the surprises I tell you I've been having about myself. But we won't go into it."

Silence fell and lengthened unbearably, and at last Beverly broke in.

"I haven't much choice. I'll live with you for six months, until I can learn something which will help me to support my-

self. If we have an apartment, as I suppose we will, I'll run it for you. I'll earn my living that way—"

"Oh, don't!" he said, and for the first time his voice was hoarse with feeling. "I must have hurt you a lot to make you able to talk this way."

But his outbreak did not destroy her frozen, bitter calm. She was suspicious, wary as an animal which had been once trapped. "Nothing he says means anything," she told herself. "His voice, his face, they mean nothing. His soul is shabby, his heart a little stone. He doesn't love. He couldn't love anyone. He fulfils his own purpose, as he always has."

Her tone was hard and antagonistic.

"But I go back to you like that, because it's the only job I can get. You can live your life and I'll live mine. I'll be a housekeeper, because housekeepers can't be hurt."

"I see. Well—whatever you like. I'll let my father know. Our things are being sent on."

"You took it for granted I'd go back to you," she stated in a flat, dead voice, a little surprised at herself for bothering to say that.

"I'm afraid I did. Though I'd not thought you would be returning in quite the same way. Well, shall we go? We might as well go to your hotel. I haven't fixed up anywhere?"

Go? Go out of this room together! Mr. and Mrs. Firth, the happy, united couple! She began to laugh hysterically. She laughed until Tod's face moved out of the shadows, and his movement turned her laughter off like a tap.

"It's all so absurd," she said. "But I suppose funnier things have happened to people."

"I suppose so." He was near her, but made no attempt to touch her. His face looked rather grim; so much older than the face of the man with whom she had gone forth a month ago. Well, it didn't matter how he looked. He had nothing to do really with that lover, who had never lived, but always would exist in her imagination.

"Well, come on," she said.

He opened the door and she passed out in front of him.

THE hotel which Geoffrey had chosen was quiet, used mainly by provincial visitors. After an inspection of his own quarters, Tod went along to his wife's room, and the strain which the peculiarity of their position imposed on them was evident in their carefully casual voices, in their schooled expression.

"I have to go down-town for a while," Tod said. "I'm calling at Uncle Henry's office. He'll probably invite us to dine with him quite soon. For obvious reasons it would be well if we went."

"As you like. I didn't know you had an Uncle Henry."

"No? He's my mother's brother—Brinley and Snowden the international solicitors. He's the Brinley and he's been told to give me a job. He probably won't. The last time we met we parted with mutual expressions of ill-will. I loathe the old bird, as a matter of fact, but part of my instructions were that I was to see him immediately. Will you be all right?"

"Quite, thank you. I'll dine here, and go to bed early."

"Oh, you can't do that, not in this place! It's like a morgue. Geoff's idea of an

hotel, I'm afraid. We'll move out in the morning to somewhere a little less ghastly. To-night we'll dine somewhere cheerful."

"Tod"—Beverly faced him resolutely—"In the back of your mind you still don't admit that anything has changed, do you? You still think, though you acted very well this afternoon, that I am just having a mood, that—"

"Oh, I admit the change," he said with an ironical lift of his eyebrows. "I have to take the elevator and travel two floors when I want to go from my bedroom to yours. That's a change all right."

A brilliant red dyed her cheeks for a moment, then faded, leaving her paler than before.

"Oh, can't you see?" she cried violently. "It's finished! Utterly. You can't understand that you mightn't be able to make people change their minds and do what you want. You don't believe in your father's resolution, either, do you? Oh no! You think he won't be able to resist your charming ways, either. Well, I think he will. I'm almost certain of it. And I hope he will."

Tod shrugged his shoulders. He was staring at her sombrely. "Well, you'll suffer from it, too, if he doesn't change his mind."

"I won't suffer. I'm perfectly willing to live on a small income, work for you, and earn my keep. If it were a large income I couldn't take it, and because it is little I need only give what I'm ready to give. I needn't give . . ." Her voice trailed into silence.

"Life," said Tod rather drearily, "is grand, isn't it?"

They met at luncheon the next day. She was already seated at her table when Tod entered the dining-room, and she watched him, with the head-waiter preceding him, come towards her.

"Hello!" she said. "I've been out. I got up quite early and went for a walk in the park." Confused, she sent her information out in a rush.

Tod said: "You got up too early. You look as if you haven't had enough sleep."

"You aren't so bright yourself." "No? I'll improve." He was moving his knives and forks with a preoccupied air. "I'm glad you permit at least a table for two. That's something." But his mind was not really on his teasing of her, and when the waiter had taken their order and gone, he exploded:

"I saw Uncle Henry yesterday, and we had a row. I knew we would. I can't stand the old cuss, with his 'Life is real. Life is earnest' stuff. He's always been like that—he started on me when I was about two. Still, I thought he might have improved. I haven't seen him for years."

"Won't he give you a job?" "Oh, he'll give me one—delight in doing it as a sort of unglorified office-boy at two pounds a week. Nine until five-thirty for two pounds a week! I'd sooner starve restfully."

"It doesn't seem very much," she said.

"Still . . ."

"And that's not all. I'm to study in my spare time and take the rest of my exams, and study German. And then, if I'm a very good little boy, and when years have passed, I'll be given a twopenny-halfpenny job in the Berlin branch. They expect to need a man there in about 1950, and this is a cautious firm. They breed them from pups and have nice sound men whom they know all about ready to fill any vacancy which might occur in a hundred-year stretch." He broke a bread-roll with vicious fingers.

"But that doesn't sound too bad. It would be a wonderful opportunity for most people." She regarded him doubtfully.



"You think so? Well, I'm not interested in careers for boys."

He leaned forward, forking at the dishes placed in front of him, while she stared out of the window. There were birds hopping about on the parapet of the narrow, uncovered balcony which ran round the face of the hotel level with the dining-room, but suddenly, as if a signal had been given, they soared in concerted flight towards the green refuge of the trees in the park. She still stared into the harsh, empty sunlight, and there were dreams in her eyes when she turned again to say to Tod:

"I think many men and women would be content with that—a small, assured income and the opportunity for the man to make a real career for himself."

"A lot of work, a little play, a good bed at the end of the day," Tod said. "The idea is as weak as the rhythm. I can't say I fancy it. Anyhow, my dear, the opportunity no longer exists. I let Uncle Henry say his little piece—he enjoyed it tremendously. So your father has come to his senses at last—that sort of thing. Then when he had finished I said a few well-chosen words, and the fight began. I'm not going to sweet away from dawn till dark to help Uncle Henry's self-satisfaction grow larger than it is."

"Well, what will you do?"

Tod was eating heartily, and the food seemed to soothe his temper.

"I don't think there'll be need for anything. There is probably a fat cheque going into the bank at this moment. But if the worst comes to the worst—oh, I have lots of pals here. One of them will find me something painless. Don't you worry."

"I'm not worrying." The tone of her voice dragged his eyes to her, and he laughed shortly.

"No, of course," he said. "I didn't suppose you were. Sorry I've bored you."

"That's a silly thing to say. You haven't bored me. I'm interested, naturally, but I am not concerned. Your Uncle Henry's idea seemed all right to me, that's all. But if you don't care about it, it's your affair. I've hardly the right to advise you about a future which I shan't be sharing."

He apparently decided not to take offence. He said quite amiably:

"No, of course. That's reasonable enough. Advantage 'a' of our peculiar position is that my lack of ambition cannot disturb you; and I believe the average wife is frightfully disturbed if her husband lacks ambition."

"I believe so," she said, and seized a spoon with shaking fingers.

"Anyhow," Tod said, "further search for work can wait until we move ourselves into a decent hotel. I've taken a suite at the Marchmont."

She looked up swiftly. "That place you took me to before we were married?"

"Yes. You've no objection, have you? It's a good hotel."

"But it's absurd," she said warmly. "On your present income we can't afford to stay at the Marchmont a week. Even this place is too expensive. I thought you said we'd get a flat, and, by the way, Dr. Matheson gave me five pounds for my hotel bill here. I didn't want to take it, of course, but I had to. I had no money at all."

Tod's eyes were startled. "You came here with nothing? Oh, you little fool! Heaven knows what would have happened to you if you hadn't gone to Geoffrey."

She said, very low: "Sometimes one is past thinking of what might happen, when everything that has happened has been so bad that nothing could be worse."

Tod said nothing; and she added, more firmly: "You will pay him back?"

"Of course. I'm not in the habit of borrowing money I don't return. As to taking a flat, we will if you prefer it. But it won't come much less expensive, and then there are maids and all sorts of trouble, even if we take a small place."

"It will be quite an experience, your being poor, won't it?" she said wonderingly.

"An unpleasant experience. I wish you weren't so insistent. I tell you it won't come to that."

But the next morning he was less sanguine. He had left her, saying he was going to the bank; and after a desultory walk around the precincts of the hotel she had returned and waited in the lounge. She was scanning the "Apartments-to-let" column of the morning newspapers when he came in. Her leg was curled under her, and papers were scattered round her chair. She was quite at home in the deserted lounge, and searching the newspapers gave her a comforting illusion of doing something.

"He's done it!" Tod said, with a grimace. "Fifty pounds, no more no less, and that's all until the twenty-eighth of August, so the bank manager informed me. He's an old friend of the dad's, and he as much as told me he was exceedingly pleased about the whole arrangement. I'll take a run down to Fairholme in a day or two and try a little persuasion. Well, I suppose we'd better stay on here for a while. The Marchmont is out."

"This is out, too," she said firmly. "Why don't you stop wriggling? It's a most unpleasant spectacle. Tod—" she leaned forward, and said without any enmity—"let's try it. I'm perfectly willing to stick to my side of the bargain. It won't be hardship to me, of course; I've been poor all my life. But why don't you try and do what your father wishes?"

"Are you crazy?" he said, in genuine bewilderment. "I can't live on that! Why, twenty of it went last night. I got in a poker game, and gave a post-dated cheque to Bunny Freeland."

"Oh, you didn't, you couldn't!" She was dismayed.

And he said guiltily, "Well, if you had gone to dinner and the theatre as I suggested it wouldn't have happened."

"I understand," she said contemptuously. "That's to be part of my job, too, is it? Keeping you from squandering your money. Haven't you any backbone?"

"What's it matter? Who cares?" he said, eyeing her bitterly. "Do you?"

"I care because, until I can earn my living, I've got to depend on what your father allows us, and it affects me if you spend stupidly."

"I see. For a moment I thought you were taking an interest in me."

"It's sheer ulterior motive," she flashed; but her mouth trembled, because for an unbearable moment she had felt a return of the old painful impotency. A hurt voice in her had been crying: "He must not be like this!"

She said, more calmly:

"I'm sorry I was rude. It's all rather sordid, isn't it?"

"Dreadfully. Have a cigarette?"

She took one, and said hesitantly: "Tod, I wish you'd transfer some of that money to me."

"Good lord, yes!" he said, with instant generosity. "I'm a careless devil. I thought you still had the five pounds you got from Geoffrey."

"No, I've got it for you to return to him."

But that's not what I mean—not spending money. I'd like half of what's left in the bank in my name, to keep in case of accidents. In case your father really means to give you no more."

He grinned. "That's the right wifely spirit, of course. Wouldn't you rather keep it in a stocking?"

"The bank will do. Will you give it to me?"

"Of course."

She was a little overwhelmed by this immediate consent, his complete trust in her. Many men wouldn't—but of course he had no belief that his shortage of money would be permanent. He didn't value money enough to deny it to anyone. But she said fairly:

"Thank you. It's nice of you to trust me."

"Trust you?"

"Well . . ." She looked away, and said uncertainly, "Well, you might have thought, knowing the way I feel about you, that I'd just take the money and use it to get away."

Tod leaned down and gathered up some sheets of the scattered newspaper, then, carelessly, as if the thing were too negligible to require any emphasis, he said:

"It takes a crook to know an honest person. You couldn't do a mean thing like that if you tried."

"Oh, I could do mean things," she said in a small, stifled voice; then, with unnecessary flurry, began helping him collect the papers. "I've been looking for flats," she said. "They're all very expensive, the furnished ones."

"You're keen on the idea of the flat?"

"Very. It's the cheapest, and it would give me something to do. I was speaking to Dr. Matheson. He telephoned this morning and he's going to find me some estate agents. He wants us to have dinner with him to-night."

But Tod had made other plans—an engagement with some friends of his for the evening; people (he offered this with an unaccustomed diffidence) whom he thought she would really like. This rigid retirement must be very dull for her, he thought, and for his part he was beginning to realise that in forcing her to return to him he was forcing her to something more unpleasant than he had imagined, in spite of her having made it plain in words.

"I didn't understand your reaction to the situation, of course," he said with a slightly rueful smile.

Later she was explaining something of this to Geoffrey, as they sat at dinner. She had preferred to keep the engagement, and Tod had not demurred.

And as the dinner progressed she became animated and even talkative. Her radiant nature sprang to meet Geoffrey's sympathy.

"Every man within sight of you is looking at you," he said once, brusquely, and she flushed and said, "I'm sorry. I'm laughing too loudly. I haven't had much practice at laughing, or at being in public places. I'd have been a trial to Tod's mother. She told me I had no social graces."

"I love your laugh. And I think it's terrible that it hasn't had much practice. Beverly, do you mean what you say? That you intend to live a life quite separate from your husband's?"

"Of course." She lifted her eyes and surveyed him gravely.

"Then I take nothing from him if I claim your society sometimes? There is



so much you could see and know and learn, and I'd love to show it to you and teach it to you."

"I want those things," she said, with complete self-absorption. "I've got to make a life for myself, of things and people. I thought I could make it of one person, but I've learned I can't. If you don't feel it would be wasting your time, if it gave you any pleasure at all."

"It would give me pleasure." But even as he said that, he knew that it would be ultimate pain. Unless . . . Out of the soil of his disturbance a treacherous growth had sprung, a hopeful shoot of desire.

"Well, I'll form myself into a committee of one, to show you the town. But I'm a busy man, and it will have to be odd hours sandwiched in."

"Of course! I know that. I'm only too grateful for your bothering about me at all when you have so many demands on your time." Incredible though it seemed, she was utterly unconscious of her power of attraction. He had to admit that. And even more unconscious of his attraction, he thought wryly.

It was like the first insidious effect of a drug. Already he wanted more. Perhaps the day would come when he would crave it, have to have it. He was too wise not to know where this beginning would lead. But he had lived an entire life in the service of others. He was as nearly unselfish as a human being can be. "If the thing comes and she needs it," he thought, "it will be there for her. If it doesn't—well, I have never considered happiness as the right of man."

He took her home quite early, but Tod was in the hotel before them. He came out of the smoking-room as they entered the foyer, and the three stood chatting for a while without obvious strain. Then Geoffrey went.

THE next morning she left early to call on the house agent whom Geoffrey had recommended. "A woman," he had said, "but don't hold that against her. She knows her business and she is a friend of mine. She will look after you, and the district in which she operates should suit you."

"Geoffrey told me I was to find you the perfect flat," Sandra Lee said smilingly. "and perfection can be found. But it's expensive, as you probably know." She knew enough about clothes to gauge the probable price of the suit Beverly was wearing, and hat, handbag, shoes, and gloves had indubitably cost as much as would rent a decent apartment for a month. Assuming from her new client's appearance that expense would be a minor consideration, she said as much.

"However, I suppose that won't worry you," she announced briskly, and drew some folders towards her.

"But it will, it will, I'm afraid," Beverly interposed hastily. "I don't think Dr. Matheson can have explained fully. The cheapest you have—if you have anything cheap."

The colored plans on the office walls were not encouraging. Impressive fronts and depressing figures quoted, with an invariable "from" before the rental price to make it more alarming.

"I see," Sandra pursed her lips and did not see at all. She wondered if Geoffrey knew this part of it. "A most unhappy lass," he had said. "Marriage not turning out too well, and she wants a home of her

own. Something soothing to counteract the effect of living with her in-laws."

"Well, this district is expensive," she repeated. "You have to pay for the neighborhood, you know. Fashionable neighborhood is everything to some people, particularly those who entertain at all."

"Well, we aren't likely to be doing any entertaining."

"I suppose you must have a furnished place. There are fewer of them. Now if you would take a place and furnish it yourself it would cut the rent enormously, and you'd have a wider choice."

On the point of saying that this could not be considered, Beverly was struck by the suggestion.

"I don't think so," she said, after reflection. But dubiously. "We had only thought of taking an apartment for six months . . ."

"Well, in that case, it would hardly be worth your while." All this while, glancing through her lists, Sandra had made a selection.

"Nothing much under three guineas," she said, looking up, and Beverly was dismayed.

"As much as that?"

"And those are probably not what you had in mind. We might get some of them down to two and a half. Bedroom, living-room, kitchen, and bath—"

"Oh, we'd want two bedrooms."

Sandra calculated. "Well, if you can look at some now I'll have those on our list shown to you." She pressed a bell and to the young man who entered she gave instructions. "Mr. Arnold will show you what we have," she said, turning to Beverly. "In the meantime, I'll look out for something more suitable."

Mr. Arnold, too, had learned to assess the probable income of women clients from their clothes, and he was as astonished as a permanently bored and tired young man could be at the list of apartments handed him by his employer.

"I don't think you'll care for any of these," he said, as the car purred off. "What was it you had in mind?"

Certainly none of the depressing places which he subsequently showed her. Hallways like a dark closet, small rooms with hair-sord carpets and fumed oak . . . and curtains of a uniform beige which, Mr. Arnold said vaguely, were "serviceable." Pictures of "Wedded" and "The Stag at Bay."

"Oh, dear me," Beverly said, and sank into one of the chairs of one of the inevitable "three-piece" suites which were the backbone of a lounge room, apparently in her mother's cottage the furnishings had been simple but very good relics of the family's days of affluence. Her taste had been developed to a point which made these makeshifts of the furnished flat intolerable.

"I don't think I'd be very happy here," she sighed, and viewed with distaste a rickety writing desk which was almost denuded of its varnish and stained by the carelessness of tenants.

"I don't think you would be either," Mr. Arnold said, and his eyes were a little less sleepy, his voice a little less bored than usual. He wondered what was behind all this. She looked like ten guineas a week at least, if you asked him.

In that dingy room she looked so beautiful that Mr. Arnold was suddenly shocked into complete wakefulness, and said:

"I know of one which might suit you. It's not in our area, but Hodgson and

Brown have it. A friend of mine would have snapped it up only it was too large for him."

But as he led her through the apartment which he had once thought desirable, Mr. Arnold, not at all bored now, lost his enthusiasm for the place. "She won't fit in anything like these kennels," he thought, and said defensively:

"They're asking three and a half. It's cheap, when you consider. All newly decorated."

"It's a little less dreadful than the others," Beverly said, looking through a window on to a dreary backyard which was littered with garbage-cans and permanently shadowed by the buildings which enclosed it. "I'm afraid it's hopeless. And three—even two guineas is more than I thought of paying."

"Of course, if you had some furniture . . . Mr. Arnold said speculatively. "There's a cheap unfurnished flat at the top of this building. Five flights up, but dirt cheap. I think it's vacant."

"I haven't any furniture."

"But don't you think it's always a wise investment?"

To rid herself, as well as Mr. Arnold, of the possibility at the back of her mind she said sharply: "We have no capital. We couldn't afford to buy furniture."

But it needed so little. Hadn't she heard of the Payway system. Mr. Arnold didn't know the exact details. They were always being advertised. Young couples who couldn't marry, then discovered Binks and Jinks, paid down practically nothing, then wedding bells and a houseful of furniture and they gave you years to pay or something . . .

"Truly?" Beverly's great, eager eyes completed the waking up of Mr. Arnold.

"Fact." Friend of his had started housekeeping that way. Would she like to go upstairs and see the flat? The owner of the buildings lived on the premises.

"A climb, all right," Mr. Arnold said, but the light, undisturbed breathing of the lovely creature beside him proved that here was one of the good-winded tenants so desirable.

"But I like it," Beverly said, a little uncertainly, as she stood in the first of the large, empty rooms. Her eyes appealed to Mr. Arnold to confirm this impression, and he did it obligingly.

"A coat of paint. You can do wonders with these old places. And I believe there is a flat roof for the use of the tenant. This used to be the caretaker's quarters before the owner moved in."

"Could we go on the roof? It's light here. I like it. Oh," she said, on a sudden gasp of delight as she looked out of a window. "Why, that's beautiful!" A spire from a hidden church reached out of some narrow street and went pointing into the blue of the morning. "So much sky," she said. "I feel as if I could breathe here." Mr. Arnold did not think much of climbing all those flights of stairs for the pleasure of breathing, and he said, as if it were quite unimportant: "I believe you get a view of the river from the roof. You aren't far from the river."

"Oh, let's go," Beverly said eagerly, and hurrying after him through the small kitchen, which was grimy and discolored as to walls and ceilings, but not hopeless, she emerged through it on to the small segment of flat roof.

"But this," she began breathlessly. "This is . . ." But it was so obviously little to Mr.



Arnold, that sweep of river shining in the morning sunlight, stained by moving barges, and dotted with small boats, backed with the mellow brick of the warehouses.

"I must have it somehow," she turned her delighted eyes on Mr. Arnold. "Tell me more about the furniture place."

Of course he would, but hadn't she better talk things over with her husband first? This sort of place was not everyone's choice.

No. That would be quite all right. The stirring of the creative spirit in her was too strong to be stilled by the reminder that she had no one to create for, that the home her mind saw and her hands longed to create would never be a home in the real sense.

"My husband will like it," she said stiffly, and that made a wound in her consciousness. If only that were true, if there were a husband to please, and be pleased!

The owner, disturbed again, said that would be all right. Twelve months and rent monthly, payable in advance.

Well, twelve months, then. When Tod left her she would keep the flat for herself. She would have to live somewhere.

Tod was amused. "Well, if furniture is all that is worrying you, you can get plenty of that. The attics at home are full of junk. Anyway, I'm sure mother would let us have whatever we want. It would make a good impression too—show we are really settling down."

She considered, not entirely approving. "I hadn't thought of that. I don't know if it would be a good idea," she said slowly. But her scruples were not putting up much of a fight against her new, exciting desire. "And it could always go back afterwards," she said, with apparent irrelevance.

"Afterwards?"

She became confused. "Well—when we decide to separate."

"Of course," Tod said briefly. "Have a cigarette?"

She shook her head impatiently, her mind already ranging through the delightful possibilities which this new aspect of things presented.

"I suppose anything your mother gave you would be lovely, wouldn't it?" she said hopefully, her face eager like a child waiting to be shown a Christmas tree.

"You're excited about this, aren't you?"

Tod said, eyeing her keenly. "I'm surprised that you could be enthusiastic about anything so temporary. Now, if we were one of your salesman's happy young couples—"

She became angry, to deny the hurt which his words had caused her. "Is there any need to make things worse than they are for me? It does not worry you, surely, that I'm able to pretend and make a little happiness for myself, even if the happiness has no foundation?"

"Of course it doesn't worry me. I'm glad. There's no need to bite my head off. I was just surprised, that's all. I suppose women like messing about with a house. I don't know. The girls I know just call in a firm of interior decorators when they take themselves a home and a husband—or I suppose they do. I've never given it a thought."

"Well, I'll enjoy messing around, as you call it," she said defiantly.

"Good. As long as you don't expect me to help. I'm afraid I'm quite useless."

"I certainly didn't expect your help," she said coldly. "I expect you'll find it skimpy and awful after what you've been used to, but it will be a place for us to live, and we'll be able to afford it on your allowance."

And afterwards I'll probably keep it on. I like it. There's a flat roof, and you can see the river."

"Splendid. I shall enjoy seeing the river."

"You think the whole thing's a stupid joke," she said sulkily, and was turning away, but his tone arrested her.

"I don't think anything's much of a joke lately—do you?"

"No, not much." She was deflated; sunk again to the flat level of her life. All this was purposeless and futile, of course. She had managed to forget that during the morning. But his reaction to the thing was the right one. Her own was exaggerated—a fuss and a fictitious delight in finding a temporary dwelling-place for two strangers. Strangers couldn't make a home. Love was the soil in which the roots of a home must be bedded, and there was no love here.

"All the same," she said bravely. "I'm going on with this, if it's all right with you. I need something to do." Her wistful face affected him.

"I wish I'd been a different sort of fellow," he said abruptly. "The kind who could give you what you want and make you happy."

Her heart's beating was queerly painful. She felt sad and despairing, and wanted to cry. But she said coldly:

"Do you. It's a bit too late to wish that, isn't it?"

"You say it is. I suppose one is what one is."

Across the incomprehensible seas which divided them they regarded each other's remoteness.

"I'd thought of going out of town for the week-end," Tod said. "The invitation includes you if you wish to come, but I suppose you don't."

"No, thank you. Later on, perhaps. I suppose we'll have to meet people and go together to places to make it all convincing for your parents."

"It would be as well."

"Well, later, then," she said lamely.

"I'll go down to Fairholme on Monday and see Dad. The Freeland's place is only about sixty miles from home."

Her eyes were lighted by a faint contempt. "I thought you'd do that, though I'd hoped you wouldn't; that you'd stick it out without whining."

"Your insults are getting rather monotonous, Beverly. As a matter of fact what I hoped to achieve was your release from an intolerable situation."

"I don't believe that, and I don't want to be released. When I make a bargain I'm prepared to stand by it. Whatever you do, you do for yourself. I shall go ahead with the flat and you please yourself. Did you mean what you said about the furniture?"

"Of course I meant it." He was angry now, tight-lipped and cold. "If you'll just write out what you think you'll need, I'll send it to my mother."

Sandra Lee commended her when Beverly called to say that she would take the flat in Egerton Mansions.

"It's by far the most economical way of doing things, and so nice to have one's own belongings around one. There's one snag: you'll find that flat very cold in winter. There's no heating on the top floor. I don't suppose you noticed that."

"I didn't. I'm afraid," Beverly smiled ruefully. "I didn't notice anything much, except that the rooms were large and light, and that you could see the river."

"Well, those should be enough compensations. Can I tell Geoffrey we've

found you what you were looking for? He and your husband are old friends, aren't they?"

"I believe it goes back years. Lucky for me. I don't know anybody and Dr. Matheson has been so kind."

"I'd have thought a young person like you would have heaps of friends. But if it's true that you don't know anybody here . . . Her really beautiful smile was turned without sting on the girl. "Supposing we try knowing each other. I've got a little place where I have occasional parties, and I'd love you to come along some time. And if I can help with the flat at all . . . I know all the places one should go to and how to buy. While my husband was alive I invented a side-line for myself—furnishing flats for letting. I used to live in them for a week to see that they were fit to be lived in."

"I envy you," Beverly said. "I wish I had some talent, or some training in a profession. But," she ended, more hopefully, "in a couple of weeks, when we've settled in the new flat, I'm going to learn shorthand and typewriting. Dr. Matheson's finding a school for me."

"What on earth for?" Sandra asked, in surprise. "I'd have thought a school of domestic science, if anything, for a young wife setting up house."

Beverly was embarrassed. "Well, you never know when it might come in useful," she said lamely. "Marriage doesn't always turn out to be the security one imagines."

"You're very young to be so cynical," Sandra contented herself with saying. "And now you'd better run along and let this working-girl get to work. What about going to the flat and having a good inspection, take your floor and window measurements, then, if you like. I'll help you plan what you have to buy? To-morrow I'll be free, if you'd like to come to see me, and we can have tea and talk."

The owner of the block of flats, Mrs. Bonati, if unlikely to inspire a great love, proved that, at any rate, she would be one of the kind people who can fulfil the lesser needs of the human heart. "You always come when I'm in the middle of my bridge game," she said, as a greeting to Beverly. But she added, fairly enough, "Still, I'm always in the middle of bridge games, so you can hardly help interrupting me. Do you play? I've formed a club."

Beverly said she didn't, and for a moment Mrs. Bonati, who looked very much like the White Queen in "Alice in Wonderland," looked also as if she were about to say "Off with her head!" But her alarming expression prefaced nothing more than a mild, "Well, we'll have to teach you."

Upon being told what her new tenant wished to do, Mrs. Bonati stood eyeing her ruminatively for a minute or so. "Where are you now?" she barked, and on being told said, rightly enough, that it was very expensive there.

Mrs. Bonati's life, unlike Mr. Arnold's, had not taught her to judge by appearances. She had been in the hotel business herself, and she knew that you couldn't tell much from the way a woman was dressed. Especially a young and beautiful woman. So while taking pleasure in the slim, green, exquisitely cut frock of her prospective tenant, she was not deceived by it. It might have been a model reduced at a sale.

In a surge of benevolence which periodically disturbed her ample breast, Mrs. Bonati said:



"My second-floor furnished is let in two weeks' time. It's empty till then. If you'd like to move in while you're fixing up the top you can have it for the same rent. You'll be on the spot. Not having people bothering me all day wanting to lay the lino and what not."

Beverly was overcome. "Oh, thank you, Mrs. Bonati. That would be wonderful."

"Not at all," Mrs. Bonati said bitterly. "Stupid really. I'm always doing things like that. That's why the place doesn't pay." The place did pay, and handsomely, but it was a harmless fiction of Mrs. Bonati's that if it was not for her winnings at bridge she would be in the poorhouse. "And, mind, you pay for the gas and electric-light and any breakages, and leave the place clean as you find it for the incoming tenants. Got a machine?"

"Machine?" Beverly was bewildered by this fusillade.

"Machine, machine! Sewing-machine! I suppose you aren't going to let those robbers in the shops make your curtains for you. Make them yourself. Save pounds. I'll show you. I'll have the machine moved up there for you. And I'll tell you what—I'll be in the bankruptcy court, of course, but may as well go soon as later—I'll re-paper the front room. The others aren't too bad. You get the paint-work done yourself. It's the nicest flat in the building, that. If I had my breath I'd live there myself. But it's my heart. I hope you won't go having a baby and then say you can't manage the steps. I lost my last like that. And six months of the lease left. But what can you do? They had no money."

Crimson, Beverly said that she was not likely to leave the flat on that account.

"Well, that's all right. It's up to you," Mrs. Bonati said.

It was stupid to be so hurt and angered by the old woman, who, after all, was being so kind, Beverly told herself, as she walked up the stairs, which became narrower and more cheaply carpeted as they ascended. But she was angry. Her breast was rising tumultuously, and her eyes were stormy. "Babies!" she thought furiously. But her fury died to a desolate stillness as she stood on the little square of roof and looked at the shining river. A small, soft, golden-haired love of a baby with his father's blue eyes. And Tod proudly poking him with experimental fingers the way fathers did in books.

She cried a little and blew her nose and then went into the large empty room, swinging the measuring-tape which Mrs. Bonati had kindly lent her.

"Don't you think you'd better wait until I return to move out there?" Tod said. "You might be nervous. It will be rather lonely for you."

She was used to being lonely, she said, and she was not a nervous person.

But the first night in the flat was an ordeal. She made a business of preparing her dinner from the supplies she had bought during the afternoon, and prolonged the eating of it as long as she could. At about nine o'clock she went and knocked on Mrs. Bonati's door, but received no answer. Then, though there was nothing she could do there, she began to ascend to the top flat, but became afraid of the silence and descended. Then in a flurry of activity she made up the bed in the room Tod was to occupy, and for a little while achieved the illusion of being companioned. She was annoyed at herself for wishing Tod were in that room, and she came out hastily and closed the door on emptiness. She went to bed far too early and lay long awake.

The rest of the week-end passed less painfully. She went to dine with Sandra, and came away with the feeling that she was on the way to making a friend. Buoyed up by the other's obvious ability to live happily in solitariness, she foresaw the day when she, too, would have a life filled with people and interests, sufficient to make living alone a graceful and even desirable state. On Sunday, Geoffrey was able to take her into the country, and they lunched in a quaint old inn, a survival of more gracious days. He talked of things which few had ever discussed with her: painting and music, poetry and the ways of nature.

"No one has ever talked to me like that," she said, in shy gratitude, and with a sudden, angry loyalty Geoffrey said:

"Your young husband knows a great deal more than one would ever credit from his slipshod talk. The trouble with him is that he only bothers to say what he thinks is necessary to get what he wants. He's lazy-minded. But you'll be surprised if you manage to stir him up. Did you know that he can play the piano as very few unprofessional pianists can play it? And that he was dripping with honors in the few exams he condescended to sit for? I've tried for years to make him take the law seriously. He could be brilliant. Perhaps you'll be more successful."

"I doubt it," Beverly said coldly. "I think it's been proved that I have no influence over him at all. And now I've lost the desire to have any. Please let's talk of something else."

But on Tuesday afternoon she got a shock. Mrs. Bonati's bland, large face came round the door of the empty room, where she sat busily machining the curtain fabrics, bought with Sandra's help the previous day.

"Hard at it?" Mrs. Bonati said, and Beverly, happily engrossed, ceased her whirling.

"I have one lot nearly finished, Mrs. Bonati. I'm dying to put them up and see how they look. But they've forgotten to send the rods. Do you think you could hold them up for me, just until I get an idea?"

"Too busy to look at the afternoon papers, I suppose."

Then Beverly saw the newspaper clutched in the fat, be-ringed hand, and her heart missed a beat.

"What is it? Anything—anything that concerns me?" She knew, with apprehension, from the expression in her visitor's eyes, that she had not walked up here for nothing.

"Well . . . that's your husband, isn't it? Theodore Firth."

Beverly went white. She grabbed the paper, and as she read, the color came back slowly into her cheeks. "Is that all?" she said in her relief.

"All?" Mrs. Bonati said sharply. "Isn't that enough? What's that husband of yours been up to? A father doesn't put in the newspaper that he won't be responsible for his son's debts unless there's been some funny business. Now you're my tenants and I have a right to know all about this."

Beverly stared at her, and as the import of what she had read sank in, she realized that it was dreadful. It would be a shock to Tod. Her lip quivered, and Mrs. Bonati said angrily:

"Not that it matters to me. I don't often let this flat, anyway. If you're hard up, I'll cut the rent. I know a decent girl when I see one. You pay what you can. How'd you get yourself mixed up with this husband of yours?"

In an agony of embarrassment Beverly stared at the woman.

"It will be all right, Mrs. Bonati. Truly it will. We'll be able to pay the rent. . . ."

"Oh, leave the rent. I know it'll be all right. You get on with your sewing. I've got other things to see to. You don't have to tell me anything. If you don't want to. Why should you want to? I'll be glad to have a sight of that young man of yours. Don't you take this to heart. Probably do him the world of good."

"Well, I expect him back to-morrow evening, or the following day," Beverly said, staring at a discolored patch on the wall. "Quite soon, anyway," said she confusedly, and with a grunt which might have meant anything Mrs. Bonati went. She put her head in again to say:

"I've some cans of varnish you can have to do these floor surrounds. Do it yourself. Easy as winking. These men charge what they like. No point in it."

But Beverly could not return to her work with any enthusiasm, and after a few minutes of uneven hemming she stopped machining, and picked up the newspaper which had slipped on to the bare floor. She read the disturbing paragraph again and again. There was a photograph of Tod above the insertion. The Firths were important enough to be featured by the newspapers. The photograph was very like him, she thought dully: like him at his most charming. He was smiling, his eyes were crinkled at some joke. Rather cruelly ironical, to put it above such an announcement. Yet Tod might laugh at the whole thing. Probably he would. He laughed at everything, didn't he? But her breast hurt her oddly, and for the rest of the afternoon she could do little.

She knew the words by heart now, and the photograph was holding her attention when the door-bell rang, a long, single pressure which startled her. She hurried to the door, expecting Mrs. Bonati, and a little irritated by the thought of that acute and overwhelming presence; but it was Tod, and for a few moments they stared at each other.

Tod moved forward, his hands coming up as if he were going to take her in his arms, but he did not achieve the embrace. He straightened, and said:

"Hello, dear. So this is the place?"

She closed the door quietly, and stood watching him as he glanced round the room. For those few minutes of surprise at seeing him her heart had raced, but she was calm enough now.

"What brought you back so soon? I didn't expect you until to-morrow."

"I know. I meant to wire you. But I—well, I've had things on my mind." He turned to face her, while he thrust at his pocket for his cigarette-case. He was frowning, and his lips were tightly compressed. So he knew, Beverly realised. Moved to a painful, wholly maternal pity which she could not repress, she approached him and said impulsively:

"I'm terribly sorry, Tod. I know this must seem awful to you."

"Then you knew they'd gone? Was everyone informed except me?" His hand was unsteady as he struck a match.

"Gone?" she said blankly. "Who has gone?"

"The family—Mother and Father and Annette. They sailed to-day on a round-the-world trip. Aunt Lillian's at Fairholme and told me the news. What did you mean, then, if it wasn't that? What are you sorry about?"

"It wasn't that. I knew nothing of it. I didn't know you'd been to Fairholme. I thought, when you came in . . ." But she did not complete her sentence. For a moment she had thought that he had aban-



doned the idea of going whining to his father, that he had discovered some pride and was going to take his punishment, because it was a punishment, and a deserved one. Annoyed by her mistake and the gush of pitying tenderness she had felt towards him, she said, almost brutally:

"I was referring to that." She pointed to the newspaper, folded so that the photograph was the first thing which struck the eye. "Evidently you haven't seen it."

"No," he said, picking it up. "I haven't seen a paper all day. I've been—" he broke off short and, in deadly silence, he read while she watched him. The silence lengthened unbearably, and something in the droop of his shoulders, in the bowed, averted head filled Beverly with apprehension so that she found herself longing for the laughter which did not come and which, had it come as she had expected, would have filled her with contempt.

Suddenly Tod was released from the immobility which had gripped him, and he crushed and twisted the paper and flung it from him. Then he turned to Beverly and his face shocked her. He had gone quite white, and his eyes were those of a little boy hurt to death by a bewildering cruelty. In a harsh, unfamiliar voice he said:

"I didn't think he'd do that to me. Not Dad. Why, he . . ." He could not go on, and stared at her dumbly.

"Don't take it like that, Tod. He's only done it because he thinks it's best for you. It's been done before, over and over again. Why, nobody thinks anything of it." But her tripping, stammering words scarcely seemed to reach him. He said, in that same harsh, broken whisper:

"He must hate me, to have done that."  
"Of course he doesn't hate you. You're his only son. He loves you. Probably he means this, all that has happened, really to affect me. He thinks I'm to blame, that I married you for your money, or something—"

"Love?" Tod interrupted. "People who love you don't turn on you like that. Evidently I'm not the kind of fellow people can go on loving." He laughed, an unpleasant, tormented sound. "Odd, isn't it? I'd always thought rather well of myself. But apparently the kind of feeling I arouse isn't the kind that stays the distance."

"We can only take what we give to people, you know," Beverly's voice was low, imbued with the spirit of crisis.

"I don't know. I don't know anything. It seems. A fellow goes along for years being what he is and everyone seems satisfied, then they all turn on you. I think I'll go for a walk, if you don't mind. I've got to find a garage. I've brought the car up."

Before she could say anything he had gone, and for a minute she stood rigid, looking at the closed door, then, all her body feeling suddenly weak, she sank limply into a chair.

She left the key in the outside of the door because he had forgotten to ask for it, and he might be out very late. He might not even come home at all. Because, under all her resolution, she was not thinking too highly of herself, she tried to believe that he would go somewhere and get drunk, and meet this as he met everything—by evading it.

She scribbled a little note, which she left conspicuously on the table:

Dear Tod,—

Yours is the room at the end of the passage. There's no hot water because something is wrong with the pipes, Mrs. Bonati said. A man's been here and it will be

all right to-morrow. There's food in the larder if you're hungry.

She felt wide awake and that she would not sleep, but in the end she dozed, and woke with a start to hear movement in the rooms outside. For the moment her breast was constricted with panic, then came knowledge that it was Tod, and with that knowledge an exquisite relief. He went softly past her door, pausing for an instant, but he did not knock. She heard him gently close his own door. Then silence, and in the silence she did not know whether she was glad or sorry that she had been spared the effort of resisting him. But in a few minutes she had fallen into a deep, peaceful sleep.

In the next few days she saw little of Tod. She did not question his comings and goings. He spoke only once of the thing that had happened, and then with a kind of awkwardness:

"I don't know what we're going to do for money. This cuts the ground from under my feet. But I suppose some of my friends will take a risk and fix me up with a loan."

"Why shouldn't we try to manage? If you got a job that brought in even a couple of pounds a week . . . something . . ."

He brushed that aside impatiently. "That's absurd. I'll get a hundred from Geoffrey."

"Oh, no!" she said swiftly, and he had glanced at her curiously.

"Why not? He's the most likely person."

But she could not explain the repugnance with which this suggestion had instantly filled her.

"Well, I think you should have more pride," she said sullenly. "Besides, he's done so much to help. You shouldn't impose on him."

"I see. Well, I'll leave your friend out of it." Tod's voice had been dry, and the accent on the "your" disturbed her for a while, until she forgot it.

What he did with his time she had no idea. One night he remained out until very late. She heard him come in, noisily stumbling, and that night he did not pass her door, as on the other occasions. His first knock was discreet enough, but as she met it with silence he grew impatient and thumped loudly and furiously.

"I want to talk to you, Beverly. I know you're awake; you've only just turned your light out."

Rigidly clutching the bedclothes, she remained silent.

"I'll break the door down, if you don't open it," he shouted at last, and then, afraid that the clamor would be heard in the other flats, she got up and, trembling, got herself into her dressing-gown. She could not wait for slippers because he had begun to put his threat into action, and the door resounded with his blows.

"This is madness!" he said furiously, when at last she stood, white and shaking, before him, but his anger, his drunken, furious eyes, gave her the strength she needed.

"If you force yourself in here, Tod, I'll leave you to-morrow morning," she said, in a high, shaky voice.

"Quite a little melodrama. Everybody's gone mad, I think." He turned and proceeded unsteadily along the short passage to his own room and banged the door on himself. She stood where she was, hardly daring to breathe, until the movement and the thumps had been silenced. Then, when

all was quiet, she shut her door and locked it again, and returned to bed.

For the next two days their relations were amiable. A shade diffidently Tod had offered his help in the settling of the furniture and, engrossed in her activities, flying about in the cheap little cotton house frock which she had bought, Beverly accepted his services as she would those of any useful male who had been available.

"You look attractive in that thing," Tod had said, eyeing her in her fresh gingham, and because her mind was so occupied she scarcely noticed the compliment.

"It's all right. It cost nothing. Will you carry those brooms—all three, and the pan? I'll take the others." Then she was away ahead of him, her slim legs climbing two steps at a time, her bare arms emerging from the childish puffed sleeves, filled to overflowing. She had tied a scarlet swathe round her dark curls, and as the day wore on it went askew, and she looked like an untidy, adorable ragamuffin.

Mrs. Bonati had loaned them her odd-job man, old Dan, who spent his days on mysterious activities in the basement and the area, and who could be constantly met on the stairways doing heaven knew what, and doing it leisurely. He had never worked so hard in his life, he told Tod, as they sat companionably on packing-cases on the roof and took a few minutes off for a pipe.

"That wife of yours, she's a goer and no mistake."

The vanmen had finished their labors. Their cries of "Ter me! Ter you!" resounding for hours up and down the stairs had ceased, and they had departed thankfully, leaving the furniture cluttered in rooms and on the roof.

Beverly, emerging on to the roof, said severely to her two helpers:

"Don't you think you've idled long enough?" And in her new autocracy she treated Tod and old Dan exactly alike.

"Spring to it, Dan," Tod said, and dumped his cigarette. "Their master's voice." And the work went on.

By mid-afternoon of the second day all was in place, and Beverly, utterly delighted, wandered from room to room and back again as if her eyes could never be satisfied.

Against the light, plain walls the old mellow-tinted furniture showed all its perfection of tone. The lounge-room was not too crowded, and because of its austere simplicity in coloring looked quite spacious. Even Tod's piano, which had been a rapacious surprise to Beverly, did not make the room look over-full.

"Them's the largest rooms of any of the flats," old Dan said. "Only snag is getting up here. But you've got a place all right." He was drinking a glass of beer which Tod had poured for him.

"We deserve this," he had said, and even Beverly had accepted a glass, only to put it down immediately and fly off to make an adjustment to a writing-desk. She was moving it a fraction of an unnecessary inch when music filled the room and she turned, surprised and pleased. But the rippling notes were soon dropped into silence.

"It still works," Tod said casually, and shut the lid of the piano.

"You never told me you could play," she said. "Dr. Matheson had to tell me."

"Oh, there are lots of things I haven't told you," he said; and she went into the kitchen, wondering if he meant anything in particular by that. His expression had



been—well, queer. He followed her to the kitchen after a few minutes and said: "Have you any money in the house? I want to give old Dan something and I find I've nothing. Dan wants to push off now, if you've finished with him."

"There's money in my bag, in the top drawer of my dressing-table," she did not look round. She was standing on a chair, stacking china on the top shelf of the cupboard, and concentrating on her task, she forgot about Tod until the complete silence of the flat compelled itself on her notice.

"Tod!" she called, but there was no answer. After a minute's wondering where he had gone she began to prepare the dinner in the now cleared and immaculate kitchen.

When Tod came in later, Beverly called to him and he came and stood in the doorway of her room.

"I thought we'd make a party of dinner," she said, a little confused now, and wishing she had not been inspired with the idea of inviting Geoffrey. Perhaps if they had been alone . . . Tod, smoking the inevitable cigarette, took it from his mouth to say:

"You look as if it is a party." He was almost shy of her in the full loveliness of her toilette. Sunk in herself, she guessed nothing of his psychological state; of his new diffidence and bewilderment which these weeks of successive crises had induced. And she was suspicious of his compliments. Tod had an eye for a beautiful woman, that was all.

"I had an idea about a party too," he said, as she got up from the chair in front of her table. "I say, this room looks very nice. Do you like your things? Not too fancy?"

"I love the room." Suddenly she was smitten with shyness equal to his own. "I—I'm very grateful for it. Lovely things about one do help quite a lot."

For a moment they were both kind and silent; then, abruptly breaking the healing silence, she said on a high, embarrassed note:

"Well, come and see what I've done," and going from the room he followed her. But in the hall she stopped short. The small carved table which stood there was covered with bottles and a great bunch of scarlet rosebuds lay tipsily beside them.

"Why, Tod, how nice of you!" she cried. "The flowers are just what I needed." But her first spontaneous delight was modified by the thought that all this must have cost a great deal. She said as much, and added doubtfully:

"I thought you said you hadn't any money."

Tod, unconscious of delinquency, said easily, "It's the money I got from your bag. I gave old Dan a couple of pounds and there was enough left for this stuff." He began stripping the soft paper wrapping from a bottle of burgundy.

Beverly stared at him, aghast.

"You what!" she exclaimed. "You gave Dan two pounds for a few hours' sitting on the roof smoking his pipe!"

"Oh, come now! The old chap made himself quite useful. You can't expect him to be too spry at his age."

"And the rest of the money . . . there were eight pounds in the drawer. Did you spend the lot?" She was all eyes, apprehensive, bitterly accusing.

"Well, see for yourself. A few pounds doesn't go very far. I've got some gin and

vermouth and stuff as well. We want a few cocktails in the house, don't we?"

She was silent for so long that it was borne to him that all was not well, and he looked up from his unwrapping of the bottles.

"You don't mind, do you? I'll pay you back to-morrow," he said, eyeing her doubtfully.

"Oh, it's your money," she said in a flat, almost disinterested voice.

The ringing of the doorbell cut through her words, and after a moment's immobility she said dully, pushing her hair back from her forehead as if it burned her:

"That will be Dr. Matheson. Will you let him in? I'll be out in a moment." She went to brush past him, but he caught her arm.

"Did you ask Geoffrey here to-night?"

"Yes. Why not? It wouldn't be a very enjoyable evening with just the two of us, would it?" she said cruelly. She was glad now of the thing she had before regretted. Far from trespassing on the new and fragile amity between them, the presence of a third person would save the dinner from the debacle into which this quarrel had turned it.

"You get on well with Geoffrey, don't you? Quite a happy family!" Tod said.

Storm-swept as she was, she missed the bewilderment and anger in his voice.

"At least he's kind and honest. It's something to find a man you can respect and admire," she said, and at that Tod dropped her arm and gave way to the anger burning in him:

"Well, I'll leave you to enjoy the company of someone you can respect," he said bitterly. "I'd hate to obtrude my unworthy presence on you both."

When she came into the living-room, Geoffrey rose, tall, and very good-looking in his dinner-suit, and, for all his composed greeting, making no pretence of believing that nothing was wrong.

"What's upset him?" he asked almost at once. "He went off like a tornado. Beverly, child, things aren't going well?"

Beverly twisted the scrap of chiffon handkerchief between her carefully manicured fingers and tried to smile. But her eyes were dark and hopeless.

"I don't see how it can work out," she said forlornly, looking at her new carpet without seeing it. "Having no money doesn't mean salvation. It just means one more thing to quarrel about."

"So that was it." Geoffrey lit a cigarette occupying his urgent hands which wanted to press her dark, troubled head against his breast.

The next morning Tod gave Beverly five pounds, and because she realised that their need would be desperate if she were entirely without resources she took it without inquiring whence it had come.

He went out as soon as he had finished breakfast. She asked no questions and he vouchsafed no information.

Tod did not come home until very late; but she was wakened, and long after there was complete silence she was still unable to sleep; and, feeling hungry—she had a naturally healthy appetite—she got up to go to the kitchen to forage for food.

There was a light showing under Tod's door, but though she listened for a while, no sound came from the room, and after hesitating a long while she opened the door softly to find, as she had suspected, that he had gone to sleep with the light on. She switched it off and closed the door

as gently as she had opened it, then proceeded to the kitchen, not unhappy at all, almost unthinking, wrapped in this new, curious intimacy with the man who lay sleeping.

The next day was Sunday and she got up late. She found Tod, in dressing-gown and slippers, making tea and toast. The kitchen reeked of burned bread, and he said rather dully:

"I thought I'd have a shot at getting breakfast, but I'm not much of a success."

His hair was rumpled and he was still unshaven.

She laughed quite gaily. She felt gentle towards him, the blundering male stranger, linked to her in a curious intimacy which was not intimacy of body, mind, or spirit. It was a simple, almost lethargic thing, this domestic sharing, like sinking into a feather bed.

They went for a drive in the afternoon, and because they spoke of purely impersonal things they did not quarrel. The beautiful sun-warmed day soothed them both, and the countryside, joyous in summer's flowering, quieted their nerves and did nothing to provoke the energy required to occupy themselves with their problems.

They had a late, scrappy supper when they came home, and afterwards Tod played, capriciously, as his pleasure dictated, not speaking to her at all, as she sat curled up in a big chair and growing gradually drowsy, lulled by the music. She fell asleep there and woke to find him standing over her.

"You're very complimentary," he said, and she was a little confused, until he laughed and told her it was a genuine compliment, that he had been playing nocturnes and it was a lullaby that had put her to sleep, and himself very nearly. And how about bed?

It was all so normal and tranquil that they looked at each other half tearfully and Tod said, with sudden gravity:

"We do get along all right, really—as long as we don't ask too much."

She went to the windows and closed and locked them, and his eyes following her slim, graceful figure were hurt and baffled. He drew furiously at his cigarette.

"Well, I think I'll go to bed," he said, and she turned to him, outwardly placid again. "Mind you don't leave your light on. You left it on all night."

"That's a habit of mine," he said ruefully.

"Well, you'll have to cultivate more economical habits. Luckily I noticed it and turned it off. You were asleep," she added quite kindly, smiling a little.

"If only I could keep this," she thought as she undressed. "This calm, not-thinking, not-caring."

The next day she began her attendance at the secretarial college and threw herself with enthusiasm into her studies. Though she had arranged to go only to morning classes, she spent her afternoons partially in study, and this, together with the household duties, kept her fully occupied. Tod pointedly ignored the whole thing after one reference to it on the first morning when, having to be at the college by nine o'clock, she had knocked on his door to say that his breakfast was keeping hot in the oven and that she was leaving.

He affected to be surprised, and said stiffly that of course her time was her own, and she could fill it with any nonsense she liked. But with her mind occupied by the new venture she scarcely noticed his surlyness, and after that he never mentioned the subject. Though once, coming into the room



noiselessly, she found him looking at some of her text-books which she had left on the table. As soon as he was aware of her he put the books down and moved away without saying anything.

During that first week he was home to dinner each night, but the second week he was absent, coming in always long after she had gone to bed.

She tried to pretend she did not mind this, but at last was driven to saying:

"It would save money if you came home for dinner, or at any rate let me know, then I won't cook as much."

And with a grim politeness he had answered, "I'm sorry. I should have told you. I thought it would save you trouble, as you have your own work to attend to. Don't worry about the money side of it. I still have enough friends to secure me free meals." He seemed deliberately to provoke her contempt.

At the college she was absorbed in her work, and beyond a few polite interchanges made no progress in acquainting herself with her fellow-students.

It was Anne who gave Beverly an idea which, after two weeks, she put into practice.

"If I had your looks and figure I wouldn't spend my life pounding on a typewriter," Anne stated one morning during an interval in the lesson. "No, sir! It would be the stage for me."

Beverly laughed deprecatingly. "Why, I can't act. I can't sing. I can't dance. And I'm no Helen of Troy. It takes more than a good figure to go on the stage."

"Well, perhaps it does." Anne's feather brain flew ambitiously in other directions. "All the same, there are interesting things you could do besides typing and shorthand. You could be a mannequin. A friend of mine's one and she has a marvellous time."

The idea of trying for work as a mannequin persisted in Beverly's mind. "But how do you get these jobs?" she inquired of Anne, while she was nibbling at the idea. But Anne, though enthusiastic, was not helpful. She said vaguely, "Oh, you just go into one of the dress-shops—the good ones—and ask them. I think that's what my friend did. I'll ask her if you like."

But it transpired that the friend had gone to an academy for training and the position had been found for her by the president of the academy.

Well, that was out of the question, and probably she would have done nothing more in the matter if her need for money had not become acute.

But on the following Saturday her few small monthly bills came in and she had little money left to pay them. Too anxious to be embarrassed, she approached Tod as he was leaving the flat.

"Haven't you any money at all?" he said in a dull, almost indifferent voice, and she was a little shocked by his face, by the tired droop of his shoulders. But the shock was momentary, occupied as she was with her crisis of the bills.

"Very little. If I pay these I'll have nothing."

"Well, you can't pay them, that's all. Leave them over until next week. I'll have some money next week."

"But that's absurd." Anxiety made her irritable. "If you haven't got it now, you won't have it next week. Unless, of course—" Her lip curled. "I'd forgotten

your source of revenue—borrowing from your friends. What will we do when they get tired of lending you money?"

He went white, and for an instant his eyes blazed at her with an unbearable hurt in which something like hate was mingled.

"I'm sorry," she said into the silence, strangely afraid and hardly knowing she had spoken.

"You say I've no imagination," he said hoarsely. "But have you ever stopped to think what I might be going through these days?"

With that he left her, and she moved about the flat in a kind of trembling quiet, aghast at this revelation of some real torment which burned him. This was no trivial revolt of a spoiled boy denied the easy gratification of his pleasures. It was disturbing, frightening. And what he had said was true. Of course he was finding life hard, and it was his own fault. Lounging round clubs and bars, without a penny, trying to borrow here and there, without work or purpose; useless, aimless. It must be awful, but of his own choosing.

"It has nothing to do with me. Nothing," she said aloud at last, and dropped her head on the table among the bills and the unwashed breakfast-dishes and cried as if her heart would break.

ON Monday afternoon she went, calling up all her courage, for the interview to the only shop in the town from which she had ever purchased frocks—that exclusive, expensive place to which Tod had taken her on their wedding-day. The horse-faced woman, Madame Zelle, being recalled to her identity, greeted her with the right mixture of reserve and affability suitable to a customer whose father-in-law had refused to be responsible for his son's debts, but who might just possibly have money. You never could tell. No credit, of course. But . . .

"Of course I remember you, Mrs. Pirth, was hoping we would see you again. I have some charming things at the moment . . . our advance autumn modes."

Beverly's mouth was dry, but she managed to stammer out her request, and on hearing it Madame Zelle dropped her affability and remained merely reserved. She stroked her long upper-lip with a scarlet-nailed forefinger and then, on the brink of dismissing this ridiculous child, she hesitated. After all, the girl had looks, and her figure was all that one could desire. She walked with natural grace and she had the air of breeding and refinement which was really better if it were natural. Not that it was necessary, of course. Contrary to popular idea, this air could be acquired. But if a girl possessed it already, so much time and trouble was saved.

"I can't give you whole-time employment," she said, after a brief discussion. "Perhaps three or four afternoons a week, to begin with. And we'll see how you get on."

Beverly went home as gay as if she had been left a fortune. She had no intention of concealing the new turn of events from Tod, but he was out when she arrived and he had not come home at midnight. But her first instinct to confide in him was replaced by an obstinate, if vaguely founded, resolve to keep her own life as secret as his.

Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays were the afternoons on which Madame Zelle had

said she would require her services; and the first afternoon was such an ordeal that she could scarcely control her trembling limbs. There were three mannequins regularly employed, all of them friendly enough, impregnable in their own positions, and quite prepared to be helpful to the new-comer. Beverly, once she had conquered her shyness, moved with fair address, and Madame Zelle was quite pleased with her new find.

But some of the girl's gratification with the very thin pay-envelope which she received on Friday afternoon was marred by Tod's dropping a heap of banknotes in front of her when he came home, surprisingly early, at eight o'clock. She was sitting at the table practising shorthand, and had looked up startled at his entry.

"I didn't expect you so early," she said, and when he dropped the money on her book she was silent.

"Well, you've found someone fairly generous," she said at last. Her eyes, as she regarded the money, were cold with disdain.

Tod, who had been moving round the room, whistling, stopped stock-still.

"You've got very pleasant ideas about me, haven't you?" he said finally. "You're quite sure that I'm an absolute rotter. Nothing I could ever do or say would take that idea out of your head, would it?"

She was rather taken aback by his tone, but said defensively:

"It doesn't matter much what ideas I have, does it? As long as I keep them to myself. I try to do that. But when this sort of thing happens . . ." She flicked one of the banknotes with a contemptuous finger. "I don't suppose any woman would have much respect for a man who can only live by borrowing."

"I suppose it hasn't occurred to you that I might have got this money in any other way?"

"I'm afraid it hasn't!"

He made no answer to that, and, without turning she heard him go out and close the door.

She was unable to concentrate on her work after that, and when Mrs. Bonetti's maid called her to the telephone half an hour later she flew downstairs in relief. It was Geoffrey, and she greeted him with a nervous, almost hysterical delight.

Eagerly she insisted that he come round, and he was there by the time she had powdered her face and combed her hair, which she invariably rumbled when she studied.

"But where's Tod?" he asked at once, and she said, without embarrassment, that he was probably at one of his usual haunts.

"You didn't really expect to find him here, did you?" she said, with such bitterness that Geoffrey refrained from the joking retort which sprang to his lips.

"Things are no better, then?" he said, and in a sudden surge of desire as he looked down at her flower-like face he cursed himself for a fool for ever having sent her back to her husband. His presence here to-night was the end of a tormenting struggle to keep away from her. Just to see her, to watch her shadowed eyes, her sensitive, curving mouth—bittersweet pain that could not possibly hurt her. He was safe within the far limits of his control, and utterly, cruelly safe in her complete unconsciousness of him as a potential lover.



"Oh, everything's all right, I suppose," she said, settling in her chair. "Better than I expected, truthfully. One doesn't go on agonising forever. You get used to things. I'm not happy or unhappy. It's just—a dullness. I don't let myself think. And, Geoffrey—she sat forward suddenly, quite unconscious of using his name and the effect it had on him—"I'm working. I've got a job!" She explained, and waited like a child for commendation, but his reaction was not that which she expected.

He sat frowning and silent for so long that she said sharply:

"Well? Aren't you going to congratulate me?"

"No, I'm afraid I'm not," he said slowly. "I don't like the idea at all. And I'm sure Tod must hate it."

"Tod doesn't know. And besides, what has it got to do with him?"

"He doesn't know? Well, that makes it infinitely worse. Don't you see what a humiliation it is for him . . . ?"

She interrupted indignantly: "I'm not humiliating him more by earning money than he is humiliating himself by living on what he can borrow from his friends!" The moment the words had escaped her she regretted them, and the expression on his face increased the shame which burned her.

"I wouldn't say that to anyone but you," she said half sullenly. "I know you're a friend of his and that you understand him."

"It was not a very pleasant thing to say," Geoffrey said dryly.

"The things you say come out of the life you live. My life isn't very pleasant."

"Well, it appears to me you aren't doing much to make it more pleasant. You're an unforgiving little person, aren't you?"

"I suppose it's hereditary. My mother hasn't forgiven my father yet for what he did."

"That's about the lamest excuse I've ever heard," Geoffrey said crisply. "I'm beginning to feel sorrier for Tod than I am for you."

Her mouth was half open with surprise, her eyes, in which tears had started, blankly regarded him.

"It must be rather trying for a man to be in possession of a woman like you, and not to possess her." He spoke with a curious deliberation, turning with tight-gripped hand a knife in his own breast.

She stood up. "Well, it's not hurting Tod. He is never at home, not one evening last week. And in the places he goes to there are plenty of women who . . ." But she had the grace to leave her sentence unfinished. "I'll get some supper," she said uncertainly, and before he had time to reply she had fled to the kitchen.

Then she carried the supper-tray into the living-room, and she was there, plucking up courage to summon Geoffrey, who was on the roof, when the hall door was opened and she heard Tod's footsteps.

He came into the room and straight to where she stood, by the table. His eyes were bloodshot, and his mouth drawn into a wrinkled tightness. For a moment he just stared at her startled face, saying nothing, as if he feared to relax that strained control of his mouth. But at last he said, in a hoarse voice, panting like a man who has been running hard:

"Beverly! I can't go on like this. I can't stand it!"

"Has anything happened?" she said fearfully. "You—you're not ill, are you?" Instinctively she put out her hand and he caught it, held it in a hurting, twisting grip. His whole body was shaking.

"I'm not ill, but I can't go on like this, Beverly. Beverly," he said again, as if the name were some magic from which to wring ease for his suffering. "I—everything's smashed down on me. I can't see ahead, whichever way I look. Everything's gone. My family has thrown me out. Fellows I've known all my life, they—they cut me dead in the street. Little rats of hotelkeepers who used to be all over me . . . I—I . . ." he was grinding away at her hand, tormenting it in his torment. "And you despise me. I can stand the rest. But not you, Beverly, if you'll only give me a chance . . . !"

There was a tumult in her breast. Her eyes were wide and dark. She stared at him voicelessly.

He went on in the same broken voice. "I need you, Beverly. If I could feel you wanted me, just a little . . . If you would only look at me once, as you used to when I didn't want it, when I didn't know what it meant to have a woman think about a man the way you did about me. I didn't know what it meant! I know I'm a rotter, but can't you make me think I'm not?"

His head was close to hers. She was trembling, all her limbs were in upheaval under the flooding of compassion, dissolved by a strange dark force which she had not before experienced. Her eyes were on his tormented, riven face. But her mind resisted and her words came stiffly like a defence:

"I don't understand," she said, denying her longing to pillow his unhappy head, to give him the peace he craved. Her arms rose jerkily, of their own volition.

"We two—" she said surprisingly, and then the moment of revelation was shattered by Geoffrey's voice:

"Hullo, Tod," he said, his momentary embarrassment making his greeting more hearty.

With something like horror in her eyes, Beverly saw Tod's effort at self-control. His back turned to the intruder, he was for a moment rigid, then he was saying casually:

"Hullo, Geoffrey. This is an unexpected pleasure. Where have you sprung from?"

Dazed and unnerved, Beverly nevertheless contrived to add to the spurt of words which washed over the awkwardness of the moment. But Geoffrey did not stay long. He scarcely tasted the wine which she poured for him, and with his always legitimate excuse of a patient to be attended to said good-bye, and was gone before she had properly recovered her wits.

In the silence which fell after his departure, Tod poured himself a large whisky from a bottle which had remained untouched since he had bought it, and in a cruel suspense, her brain whirling, Beverly watched him.

"So that's that," he said finally, turning to her. "Sorry I chose such an awkward moment to give way to my little troubles. If I'd known how you spent your evenings, I wouldn't have taken you by surprise like this."

"Tod!" she gasped.

"Oh, I don't blame you," He put his empty glass on the table. His face was

expressionless, his voice completely without feeling. "With your views on the subject of men, you'd naturally find Geoffrey pleasing. He has most admirable qualities. The contrast between us must be quite startling. I think I'll go to bed. Sorry I spoiled your little party."

IN the days which followed they gradually returned, after a period of strain, to a bearable relationship which was founded on politeness. They grew used to the obtrusion of little domestic details which demanded a surface intimacy, a surface sharing. Tod helped her occasionally in little ways; she performed reciprocal services for him. They had discussions, were able to talk quite naturally of the trivial things of the daily round which mutually concerned them, but Beverly felt that they were now finally and far apart. That night she had been on the threshold of some knowledge, some depth in her was being sounded, some emotion born, and the emotion had been aborted. There had been a chance of something there which might have saved them. But now that she was trying to re-create emotion in memory, it was dim, and had lost its significance.

"We could have really loved each other, perhaps," was the nearest she dared to determine, without quite knowing what she meant by that.

She was working regularly at Madame Zelle's now, and she was grateful for this escape into a world unconcerned with her personal problems, and for the fatigue it induced, coming on top of her morning classes.

Sometimes Beverly felt that a quarrel would be a relief from the monotony of that polite indifference, and she found herself longing, though lacking the courage to provoke it, for Tod's face to betray something significant.

But, by chance, this drab calm was interrupted on a Friday afternoon when she arrived a little late at Madame Zelle's to find that usually unmoved woman in a state of something approaching excitement.

"You will be late this afternoon! Just one more thing to go wrong," Madame greeted her. "Hurry, child! Miss Curtis will be here at two. That may mean half past. It may not. Zelma will tell you what to do. I've decided to use you instead of Brenda. Of course, I should have told you. . . . Clotilde!" Madame Zelle arrested a hurrying salesgirl, and after an instant's hesitation Beverly concluded that this was all the information she would receive for the present, and went off dubiously.

She had seen Mary Curtis several times, when that dark, lovely creature had come, always with her air of vague and breathless hurry, to have fittings for her trousseau gowns. The entire trousseau was being "crested" by Zelle et Cie, and though the term "a feather in her cap" would be absurd to apply to Madame Zelle, who, as far as this sort of thing was concerned, had worn for years a metaphorical Red Indian's headdress, dressing the bride of one of the richest peers in the country was—well, a minor stroke of good fortune.

Good fortune, at any rate, for the bride-to-be, was the unanimous verdict of the girls clustered in the little maze of work-rooms and dressing-rooms and corridors at the back of the exquisite



and luxurious salon, where gilt chairs had been arranged in rows to accommodate Mary Curtis and her friends for this showing of her trousseau.

"Some women have all the luck," Zelma said to Beverly, as she looked in a mirror, and adjusted the strap of a silver gown which clung like fish-scales to her perfect body, the dress which, in her own good time, would cling to the hardly less perfect body of Mary Curtis. But Zelma spoke without envy. Her own private life was passed mostly in gingham overalls, adorning a husband whose only apparent function in life seemed to be waiting for his wife at the side door of Zelle et Cie.

"Lingerie and all—that's your portion, darling!" Zelma went on excitedly.

Beverly's fingers unbuttoning her frock were arrested:

"You mean I'm to wear those—out there!" she said sharply. "I'll go and tell Madame Zelle I can't."

"I wouldn't, if I were you. Not in this crisis—unless you want to lose your job, and this week's pay if you refuse to do what you're told."

"Well, my job isn't as important as all that."

But the pay-envelope which she would receive from the cashier this afternoon was important. She needed that money. If she asked Tod . . .

Mrs. Bunting, black-eyed, brisk, came from the curtains of the cubicle.

"Are you two girls ready? Mules, Mrs. Firth, don't forget the mules. The pink ones. The pale green go with the pyjamas . . ."

Very soon, Beverly stood, waiting to walk out on to the thickly-carpeted dais. Then the shock came!

She found herself looking directly into her husband's eyes. His body was still twisted as it had been, while he spoke to Mary Curtis, who was laughing up at him, her gloved hand resting on her fiancé's knee.

Tod was quite pale and absolutely still. At that distance his eyes looked like black holes burnt in a mask.

"Tod . . . here!"

For an awful moment Beverly stood rigid, as she was, then a burning wave of color flooded throat and face and she turned and hurried from the dais.

She sat in the cubicle trembling and crying, deaf to the frenzied imploring of Mrs. Bunting, equally deaf to Zelma's reiterated "But what happened? Can't you tell us what happened?"

She clutched the silken negligee about her, kept her tear-wet face obstinately lowered.

"I never have held with you semi-amateurs," Mrs. Bunting said, finally and offensively. "I'll have to inform Madame Zelle, that's all, and we'll have to—" She swung her worried head outside the cubicle curtains and then Beverly heard Tod's voice.

"That will not be necessary. I have already explained things to Madame Zelle. Will you kindly tell my wife to—dress. I will be waiting for her outside."

Escaping through the side door, Beverly stood for a minute in the hot sunshine trying to regain control of her shaking limbs.

She saw the car drawn up across the road, and she stumbled blindly towards it, and after one quick glance at Tod's face, which still retained that mask-like pallor, she

averted her own. She scrambled jerkily into the seat beside him and sought vainly for words. But he, too, was deadly silent, and in that silence he put the car in gear and slid out into the traffic.

They had driven for long minutes before the constriction in her throat was relaxed, and on a shuddering gasp she said:

"Tod—I didn't dream you would ever come there. Please believe I would never have done it if I'd thought you—you would be humiliated like that. I didn't know, I would never—never have given your friends the opportunity of thinking that you—"

"I don't care a darn what they think of me," he said surprisingly.

But when they drew up in front of the apartment-house he did not get out, or turn off the engine.

"I'm not coming in yet," he said, not looking at her, his hands still clenched round the wheel. "There's something I want to do. I'll be back. I won't be late."

At nine o'clock he had not come home, and by that time brooding had brought her to such a state that she believed he would not return to the flat and that they were separated now, finally and completely. She was on the roof, waiting. She gave one convulsive jerk, then was quite still again when she heard him call her name.

"Beverly. Are you out here?" Then he saw her blurred form sunk in the chair, and he came towards her, stood close, seeming abnormally tall in that light. She could distinguish only the lean outline of his face, and there was an unfamiliarity in it; there was an austerity, a hardness in that graven silhouette which made her faintly wonder under the complicated surge of her emotions. A stranger in the dark . . .

"I'm sorry I was so long," Tod said formally. "I had no idea I would be gone all this time. But I'll explain about that later."

Her relief at his coming was so great that she could not speak.

"It's a hot night," he said. "That's heat haze over the sky."

The little unnecessary remark, showing that he might be lost as she, snapped the strain which held her speechless.

"Yes. It's like a furnace inside. There's another chair against the wall." She turned her head, darkly in the dusk, watching him find and adjust the folding chair. He brought it close to her, but sat forward, without repose, looking as if he would spring away.

"I've got a job," he said, without any preamble. "I'm starting on Monday, with Uncle Henry."

"Oh," she cried gladly. "That—that's wonderful."

"I'd hardly call it that," he went on, in clipped, jerky sentences. "But it means there won't be a repetition of what happened this afternoon. I don't suppose you enjoy—"

"Oh, no! No!" she cried hastily. "Please don't think . . . I hated it. This afternoon, I mean. It was sprung on me, and if I hadn't needed some money badly I never would have gone through with it."

"I didn't imagine you liked it. Why didn't you ask me for money?"

She was silent.

He laughed mirthlessly. "A stupid question, I'll admit. How long have you been at that place?"

"Not long." She floundered into an explanation of her conduct.

"It wasn't because you find our being together too intolerable? Did you think it would mean a way of escape?"

"Oh, no," she said, queerly injured. "I had no intention of that. I meant to stick to our bargain. I just thought it would help, that's all. Even though it was very little money, it was something coming in. I didn't want you to have to borrow . . ."

With a stifled exclamation he had jerked out of his chair and went lunging across to the parapet. For a long time he stood there while she stared at his broad, bent back, a dark blur in the deepening night. Her heart had begun to hammer. Her throat was dry. She sat on her chair as if she were tied there, and after a while he came over and said:

"From now on I'll try to play fair, too. Uncle Henry was fairly decent. I had to chase down into the country after him, he'd left his office and gone for the weekend. That's why I was so long. But I didn't want to say anything to you until I had fixed things up. You could hardly be expected to listen to me otherwise."

She was stricken with surprise at the turn this conversation had taken. She had expected rage, abuse—even hatred. Abasement in his humiliation. But never this trenchant exposition of resolution.

"I suppose you wonder how I came to be there to-day at that dress-shop," he was saying, and she answered hurriedly:

"No . . . no. I know you have so many friends. You're liable to turn up in these places."

"I haven't as many friends as you think—not now," he said grimly. "Mary is one of the few. I ran into her by accident and she dragged me along. I've got to the stage where I'll go anywhere to fill in time."

"Well, Uncle Henry might be a blessing after all," she said, in that same nervous hurry, which arose from the panic in her breast.

"He might. I'd never have thought it." Tod laughed shortly.

"I—I'm tired, Tod," she said, driven by the necessity to escape, and he looked down at her, at her still form in the white garment she wore. He made no move to touch her, to help her rise, though he was so close.

"You must be," he said steadily. "It's been a wretched day for us both. But things will be better now. Perhaps a little later we can come to some arrangement less awkward for you. There is no real need, or won't be in a little while, for us to continue living together."

"Is your job so well paid?" she said, achieving a lightness which concealed a sick, bewildered apprehension.

"Enough for me to live on—after a month or two it will be doubled. Uncle Henry was more generous than I expected. But I have some debts to pay, as you know." His voice was grim.

But she scarcely heard him. There was no real need for them to continue living together. He had said that! No need. The words spun dizzily in her brain.

THE summer was drawing to an end, but there were still sweltering days when Beverly was driven from the flat, which was



like an oven in the afternoon, to seek coolness in the park. But she never found peace there.

One evening Tod was happy about something. Every now and then she caught him looking at her like a small boy with a secret. He whistled a great deal. He sat down at the piano and strummed for a few minutes.

"I'm rather bucked. It appears I'm quite good in the office. No medals, of course. Just a few words from Henry, in passing. But next week I'm to be taken out of the licking-envelopes stage." He drained his coffee-cup. "Well, I never thought I'd live to see the day when praise from Uncle Henry would have any effect on my spirits." He added more seriously: "I'm going through with this. It appeals to me."

"I'm glad. Tell me more."

But she had to drag it out of him, and it dawned on her that he was, absurdly, almost ashamed of his enthusiasm for the career he outlined. She helped him when he ended on a diffident note by saying:

"From play-boy to Chief Justice."

"That's it . . . the title for my memoirs."

Well, if it was his way to joke at life, to cover his seriousness with flippancy, what was so dreadful in that? She wondered now why it used to enrage her, hurt her so dreadfully. But she had not understood him, thought him incapable of any seriousness because he was unable to parade his soul in any garb except motley.

"Tod," she leaned forward. "You're—we like each other, don't we?"

"Do we?"

A little pulse was hammering in her temples. "Well, lately it's been all right, hasn't it? Not disturbing."

"Well, liking is always less disturbing than love, one is told. Do you like me?"

"You've done nothing to make me dislike you lately."

"With your temperament, you can only like likeable people. You need a rook of ages, so, all things considered, it's just as well. . . . By the way, apart from his few kind words, Uncle Henry has asked us down to Clewes for the week-end. Do you think you'd like to come?"

"Yes, I think I would." She did not betray the surge of resentment at his escaping in this change of subject.

"Well, you have the rest of the week to make up your mind in."

"Do you want me to come?"

"Of course. The matter has cropped up several times, but I thought it better to postpone going down until . . ."

"Until what?"

"Until we achieved the appearances we have now."

She intended to go to Clewes with him. Underneath all her making up and un-making of her mind she intended to go, but towards the end of the week she developed a physical malaise; she was listless, her head ached. Friday morning, at the business college, was a purgatory of dragging hours and she was quite unable to concentrate on her work. At mid-day she returned to the flat, which was un-swept and untidy. The breakfast dishes still littered the table, and the beds were unmade. She was habitually an early riser, methodical and energetic, and it was her habit to make the beds and wash the dishes before she left in the morning, to leave the rooms presentable, if not spick and span. Then an extra hour in the

afternoon produced that state of order and cleanliness which contributed — though neither of them had been sufficiently aware of it to remark on the subject—to their amiable relationship. It had lately been a matter of some surprise to her that Tod seemed in no way to miss the luxury to which he had all his life been accustomed. Lacking in conceit of herself, she did not realise that she managed to make him extremely comfortable.

But to-day she had to urge her unwilling limbs to the things she usually did with lightness and vigor.

"Perhaps I'm sickening for something," she thought, looking at her tongue in the bathroom mirror, and for once being irritated by Tod's habit of splashing shaving-soap over the walls.

"I've decided not to go with you tomorrow," she told Tod in the evening. "I don't feel well."

Tod's look was ambiguous. "I'm sorry," he said. "But, of course, I haven't said for certain that you would be coming. If I tell them you are ill, they will quite understand."

"I am. I—I have a headache." This seemed the most definite of her symptoms, though, unfortunately, the least impressive she could have chosen.

"My dear girl, there's no need to make excuses. If you won't want to go, that's the end of it." He spoke more coldly than he had done for weeks.

Tod moved towards the door. But his progress was halted by a loud knocking on the door, the heavy thumps which they knew by now announced Mrs. Bonati's maid, Ada.

"Will you see what she wants?" Beverly said, and Tod disappeared. She heard Ada say, "You're wanted on the phone," then the closing of the outer door and silence, and she leaned her head on her arm, pressing her aching eyes into blackness. But when she heard Tod returning, she sat up.

"That was Geoffrey," he said curtly. "He wanted to know for certain about Sunday."

Beverly looked at him blankly.

"Apparently you'd invited him to have Sunday dinner with us."

She had completely forgotten, but she remembered now; the last time he had been to see them he had said that Sunday was his best day for seeing people, and they had talked about it, he saying how he was booked on this day and that, and finally arranging the first Sunday in this month.

"I hadn't remembered," she said.

"No? Well, it's fortunate you decided not to come away for the week-end. I told him I would have to go as arranged, but that you would be here and be pleased to see him."

"That was rather a lot to say. I don't know that I'd be pleased to see him. I don't know at all."

Tod gave her a long look. "You're being rather childish, aren't you?"

"I told you I had a headache," she said sulkily. "I don't want to be bothered with anything."

"My dear," Tod said, almost gently, "if you're doing this for my benefit, it's quite unnecessary. I've accepted our peculiar position, once and for all. I don't consider myself your husband. I don't exact anything from you—certainly not the conventional wifely behaviour."

"Well, if you feel like that . . ." She

could not go on. There were monstrous implications in all this. It was as if she had been hurled suddenly into an abyss after long struggling to maintain a precarious foothold. For a minute everything went dark in her brain, and when she came to her senses again Tod was saying:

"So he'll wait to hear from you. If the party is on, you're to telephone him tomorrow. And I think I'll go out this evening. There's a man I promised to see . . ."

Tod left earlier than usual the next morning. There were the remains of his breakfast on an end of the table, and a note propped against the coffee-jug.

"I will go straight down to Clewes from the office. Have rather a lot to do and am going off early."

She dropped the note, then, feeling utterly abandoned, went back to her room and lay down.

But soon her mental misery was awamped in sheer physical wretchedness, and she became alarmed.

She awoke in the late afternoon, but felt no better, though her brain was a little clearer. Then, really afraid for herself, she got up and by a tremendous effort, clinging on to the banisters, resting at intervals, she managed to go downstairs. She knocked on Mrs. Bonati's door, but no one came. And after a while she remembered that Mrs. Bonati was away and that Ada was coming in for only a few hours each morning.

Somehow she got back to her room. Then the hours passed. She had no desire for food, but she was very thirsty. The water in the jug by her bed was tepid and made her sick. Night came, passed. Through the heat-hazed morning she alternately dozed, shivered and burned. Towards evening the fever increased and she lost all sense of time. Her door was widely open. Her last trip to fill the water-jug had taken all her energy, and she had tottered back, dazed and heedless of everything except the necessity to cover the floor-space which separated her from the bed.

So it happened that Tod, returning a little before ten o'clock, saw her, crumpled on her pillows, which were all awry. One had fallen to the floor, and a restless sweep of her arm had knocked the water-jug which lay on its side. The light was blazing down on her face. Her eyes were closed and the sheets, which she had kicked aside in her fever, were trailing on the floor.

He stood still in the doorway, puzzled, and as he watched her she began to moan, moving her head from side to side, and in quick alarm he went over to the bed.

"Beverly," he said urgently. "Beverly . . . what's the matter? Are you sick?"

She opened her eyes, and, seeing him, began to cry.

"I thought you wouldn't come. I thought you wouldn't come back."

"My dear! You're ill. Why you . . ."

He had paled. "How long have you been like this? Why . . . you're burning." He had put a suddenly shaking hand on her forehead.

"We must get a doctor."

"I don't want him. I won't see him," she said, her cracked lips setting in pathetic obstinacy. She was thinking of Geoffrey. He always intruded. Even now, when she was alone with Tod in their room, if he would stay long enough she could tell Tod that she loved him, that she didn't care about anything he did. That whatever he did would make no difference. . . .

But after a hasty rearranging of the



sheets over her, Tod had gone speeding downstairs.

A long time seemed to pass. Then Tod was back again and with him some strange man who took her temperature and felt her pulse and asked her innumerable questions. Then he and Tod became a blur of voices which she heard through the opening and shutting of the pain in her head. Then the blur faded and Tod was lifting her hand, putting it under the sheets.

"I haven't done my nails. I must look awful," she said, ashamed of her hands. It seemed important. "Will the doctor give me something?"

"Yes, dear . . . he's sending it round. Would you like me to wash you? He says it will cool you. . . . Will you let me try?"

"Yes," she said obediently, grateful. "If it will stop the pain."

"You've got about as bad an attack of influenza as you can have. Dear, I'm dreadfully sorry I didn't know about this. You do believe I wouldn't have left you, if I'd known you were ill?"

Tod was being so kind. Tears welled from under her aching eyelids.

"I must look dreadful," she said again. Tod hated women who were not pretty, who were unkempt and dirty. He didn't like sick people either. She remembered him saying that.

"I don't want to bother you," she said, and he answered nothing at all. She couldn't see his face. Then he went out of the room and came back with a basin and towels. Then awkwardly, but so gently, he sponged her burning face and arms.

During the night she woke a couple of times, and he must have been awake, because he was in the room almost as soon as she began to toss and moan, something minutely solid and reassuring in the shifting figures of her heated brain. He gave her cool lemon-water, holding the glass to her lips, and towards morning she fell into a sound sleep, drifting down into it through a blessed feeling of peace and security.

In the morning she was much better. The worst of it had passed the doctor said, coming about ten o'clock, but she must stay in bed for at least a week. And Tod, having put Ada in charge, went off to the office; but Ada had to leave at four, so it was arranged that Tod should return early.

For two days she was still ill enough to accept Tod's ministrations unhampered by any complicated mental reactions, but as she grew better a diffidence appeared in them both. One evening, when she shyly thanked him for all he had done, she unwittingly put an end to the days which had been, for her, the happiest since their estrangement.

"My dear girl," he said, with that old note of indifference in his voice, "please don't feel you have to thank me. You'd have done the same for me if the germ had bitten me instead of you. After all, we're not deadly enemies, are we? This is all part of the mutual-help system we'd agreed upon. I haven't minded in the least. And so believe I want to do anything I can for you. You simply concentrate on getting well."

ONE afternoon when Geoffrey came to see her the future stretched barren, and the business of living seemed insupportably difficult, and Geoffrey had not been with her more than a few minutes when she began to cry, hopeless, dreary tears which she did not attempt to wipe away, and which dripped down her nose and fell drop into the blue flowers which he had

brought her, and which she still clutched. He had been to see her several times, sorry that she should have been suffering, but less concerned than a layman would have been about the actual illness.

"You don't seem to be picking up as quickly as you should," he said, and a sudden surge of self-pity precipitated the tears.

"Dear Geoffrey," she said softly, like a child, and was a little soothed until, in his silent immobility, she heard the great thudding of his heart, and was then aware that his arms were like iron, gathering her tighter-tighter.

In the instant of awareness she lifted her head and, startled, saw his desperation.

"I love you, you know." It was soft as a sigh, but it beat about her ears with shattering force and she stared at him until he nodded, and in that little mute movement there was such conviction that she could not for an instant disbelieve him.

She made a tiny movement of withdrawal, and he let her go. For some moments she was silent, staring at the blue flowers he had brought her.

"I didn't know," she said at last. "I had no idea, Geoffrey. But"—in a wondering tone—"I really believe you do love me. I can't see any reason why you should."

"Does one need reasons for loving?" Geoffrey's smile looked as if it hurt him.

"No," she said. "One doesn't. I know that now. Oh, Geoffrey, my dear, I'm so sorry this has happened to you. I've just taken everything, looked on you as—I've never thought of this."

"Then you don't . . . Of course I know you don't. I've always known it." There were small beads of sweat on his forehead.

She shook her head mournfully, her great eyes dark with compassion for him and for herself.

"I wish I did. If reasons had anything to do with it, I could love you. I admire you so much, I'm so grateful to you." She put her hand on his arm which had lifted, impatient of her words. "I don't even feel I'm doing anything wrong in wishing it. Tod doesn't want me. He never did, except in one way, and he ceased to want me even in that way, through my stupidity." Her voice sank to a whisper, but he caught it and said:

"I suppose I must feel too that Tod isn't being hurt, because I'm not naturally the kind of rotter who goes round after other men's wives. I've lately been unable to feel you are his wife. Yet I never meant to tell you this. It—"

"These things happen," she tried to help him.

But suddenly he caught her hands in greater urgency. "Beverly, if that's true, if it's all over, irrevocably, doesn't it mean anything, my loving you? I'd do anything in the world to make you happy. Seeing you like this, growing dimmer, defeated, before you've even begun to live. I keep on thinking of you as you were that day you were married. The radiance, the joy in you! And I feel I'd give anything, even my decency, my loyalty to Tod, to bring that back."

There was surprise in her eyes, and something very like disdain. "Why, I don't want that back! I don't want to be that girl, knowing nothing, not even the things worth having! That kind of loving—it was an airy nothing, a rainbow bubble. I think

I was still feeding myself on fairy-tales. I don't want a Prince Charming, a Galahad." Unconscious of the hurt she would inflict on him, she drew herself up, strangely galvanised. "I don't want anyone except the man Tod is, now that I know him and myself a bit better."

"You mean . . ." He could not frame his question, and, cognisant of him, she said gently:

"I don't think there can ever be anyone else for me. Not for a long time—if ever—Geoffrey. I feel—married to Tod. That's grotesque, isn't it? Sometimes I tell myself it must come right, because I feel so married to him, so tied. These months of loving and hating each other, being hurt and hurting . . . I've hurt him as much as he ever hurt me! Then, doing things—little things—for him. Oh, how can I explain it to you? I think you're like I was, Geoffrey, romantic, so perhaps you won't understand what I'm trying to tell you, because this isn't romantic in that way."

"If he's a coward in some ways, he's strong in others. I don't want him perfect. I don't want that marvellous creature I fell in love with. I just want him. And he doesn't want me, Geoffrey! Isn't that absurd? And even that doesn't stop me loving him!"

She was overwrought, her thin body scarcely able to contain her emotion; it shook and trembled under the force of feeling which seethed in it, and, all gentleness for her, even while sick with the doom of his own hopes, Geoffrey led her to the lounge and made her lie down.

"It will come right," he said tenderly.

He was holding her hand, stroking it gently as well, when the door opened and Tod came in, and for an instant the silence was full of unutterable things. But without haste Geoffrey relinquished the hand he had been holding and stood up.

"Your patient is not at her best, Tod," he said. His honest eyes looked straightly at the younger man, a full confession in them, but if Tod read it, he gave no sign. His face and voice were expressionless as he answered:

"Well, she's fortunate to have professional attendance. I'm afraid you have it over the amateur every time, Geoffrey, in the matter of how to treat patients."

"You were all anyone could want, Tod," Beverly said, conscious of irony.

"But an amateur, when all's said," Tod replied. "And I'm afraid I'll never be in the professional class. So, as I said, you're lucky to have Geoffrey around."

It was a week after this, a week without event, that she received the news of her mother's death. She had been out and, as rarely happened, she got back later than Tod, to find him uncertainly holding the unopened telegram.

"It's Mother," she said, and in the first shock of the news hardly felt anything at all. But gradually the fact penetrated. There was no wildness in her grief, no sense of great loss; through the passing years her mother had become less and less a real person to her; she wept now more for what might have been than for the end of something that had been.

"She has been so unhappy for so long," she told Tod. "She hasn't really been alive since my father's death. I think she must have been glad to die."

Tod, while not pretending a grief he could not possibly feel, had been kind and sympathetic. He had inquired about trains



and it was arranged that she should take the midnight train to Horsely, arriving at daybreak.

The little cottage was not emptied of her mother's spirit when her mother was no longer there. She found herself tiptoeing along the corridors as she had always done, when she returned after the funeral. She expected to hear the light rustle of her mother's gown within the room where she had always lived, and she paused once, thinking Martha, from the kitchen, had bade her walk quietly.

It was obvious at once that she would have to remain in Horsely longer than she had expected. Her mother, leaving her sole legatee, except for a small annuity to Martha, had made no conditions, and she decided, without giving the matter more than a moment's thought, to sell the cottage and such of its contents as were hardly worth keeping.

Martha advised against this. "Your mother thought you might want it as a home. That was what she said only a few days ago—that you'd be safe here, anyway, with a roof over your head."

"Then she knew?"

"You can't hide these things," the old woman said, "for all your letters telling us how happy you were. I don't know if she ever knew the facts. I never told her, and though the whole town was buzzing with it, it mightn't have got to her. But she knew things were wrong."

But the idea of living in the cottage, in Horsely, was impossible. Whatever happened later, between herself and Tod, there could be no coming back here.

She wrote to Tod, a short letter telling him simply that there was much business to attend to connected with her inheritance, and that she could not fix a day for her return. The significance of her being financially independent had not occurred to her, and it was with a shock that she was made aware of it by his reply, sent to her promptly. He had written at some length, and receiving the bulky envelope from the postman her heart had leapt. It was, oddly, her first letter from him, and she held it preciously for a few moments before opening it. Surely, she thought, in such a thickness of paper he was saying something that mattered, and she allowed the wings of hope to lift her in the beginnings of joy. But the letter read, and crushed in her trembling hands, she remained stricken by the gate, through which she once used to go so eagerly to meet him, and some dramatic rightness in the end coming here where the beginning had been made that end more convincing.

Only the single fact of Tod's having finished with her emerged through all his words, and this beat on her brain until it numbed her. She was pale, and her mouth pinched into quivering smallness when she finally went inside, to be accosted by Martha, who had a rigmorole to tell about packing-cases.

"I don't think we'll need them," Beverly said. "I may not be going away—not yet, anyway." And Martha, knowing this breed, saw the wound without needing further evidence of it than the girl's dazed wide eyes.

"So it's to be her, now," was her thought, and she clumped back to her kitchen, to sit there looking into a future which bore much resemblance to the past, and without a moment's consideration of evading it.

Later, in the apathetic calm which succeeds an emotional crisis, Beverly read Tod's letter again, but again all his words reduced

to their essence conveyed a single fact. Now that she was financially independent there was no reason for them to continue their present manner of living. He wished her to consider herself free to re-make her life. The flat, of course, was at her disposal if she wanted it. It would be no trial to him to move into town, nearer to his work.

So many words.

In the kitchen of the cottage old Martha was sitting, her hands limply on her lap, her sunken eyes peering into the past.

"Martha," Beverly said, "I've changed my mind. I'll go back to town on to-morrow's afternoon train. I'll be able to settle that business with the solicitor in the morning. I can't make any definite plans until I have seen my husband. So if you'll just see to things while I'm gone . . ."

The old woman lifted her head, and there was a little light in the dim eyes. For a while she said nothing, watching the slim, galvanised figure of the girl, whose body in that moment had captured some of the alert resolution of her mind.

"You're stronger than they were," Martha said at last, and she blinked her old eyes, which saw everything. "I'm glad you're going to fight. There's not been enough fighting in this family. And, good or bad, whatever you get out of it, it's best to put up a fight. Things that hurt you have a way of turning out good. But if you run away you never find that out. Your parents ran away."

"I ran away too, Martha."

"But you're going back."

Beverly walked up the stairs to the flat very slowly, her heart pounding as if the stairs distressed her, but she was not conscious of her bodily movement. In the street she had stood for a long time, gazing up at the lighted window. Tod was home, in there. In their home.

All her rehearsed phrases deserted her. She opened the door of the living-room, sick with a kind of stage-fright; but there was no surprise, no politeness to be destroyed by her weaponless tongue. Tod was asleep in the armchair, the light blazing down mercilessly on his face. When she saw his face she gave a small, smothered cry; it was of greyish pallor; even his lips were colorless and there were darkened furrows drawn deep over his cheek-bones. In the defencelessness of sleep he looked young, and his mouth curved sadly in its paleness; and once again the instinct to take his unhappy head against her breast surged in Beverly with a shattering force.

Her roving eyes saw sheets of paper on the table, and, creeping softly nearer, approaching the thing he had been doing because it was included in her approach to him, she saw the beginnings of a letter, "Dear Dad." There were pages, in his close writing. But she looked no further.

"Tod," she said softly, then more loudly, "Tod." He woke then, looking straight at her, his eyes blank with sleep. But as he realised her presence he sat up jerkily, and as she saw his face change, she cried out:

"No, Tod! Please. Don't pretend. Don't hide from me. Tell me what you thought, what you first thought, when you saw me. Were you glad, Tod?"

"My dear," his shoulders jerked, as if he had been struck. His lips were caught between his teeth.

"I saw you asleep, Tod," she said, bright with bravery. "I've seen—when you were asleep you looked—and and lost. Unhappy as I am, Tod—are you? Is it for me? Tell me, you must tell me."

"I can't ask anything of you," he said at last. "I didn't think you'd come back. I wouldn't ask you to come back."

"Even if you wanted me, Tod? Even if you wanted me?"

He said nothing, staring at her, his lips tightly compressed.

"Can't you say anything? Can't you help me?"

"Help you? I've done the only thing I could do to help you—let you go. I'm not the man for you—you want someone—someone . . ." It came out; the dark blood flushing his face, cording his neck. "Geoffrey Matheson's in love with you."

"Geoffrey. Oh yes," she said. The name was a faint note, so far off. She scarcely heard it. Diminished it. "What has Geoffrey got to do with us?"

"But you—I've seen you together. He's everything you want. He—"

"I wish you'd stop talking about Geoffrey," she said, almost irritably. They stared at each other. He saw that it was utterly true. Geoffrey was nothing to her. This lifting of a load he had carried for days swung him off his balance. He swayed, white-faced.

"I want to know what you feel." She returned instantly to the attack, voice, eyes, her whole body assailing him with unbearable sweetness.

"Is it so difficult, Tod? To tell me the truth?"

His words came out unevenly, each one escaping from a separate torment.

"When a man's been smashed and twisted and flung about; when he loses his own respect, he can't make demands. I don't think you've guessed my torment."

"You do want me?" she persisted.

"Do I? I don't know. Do I want you knowing what I know of myself, knowing how I hurt you, how I could hurt you again? I'm just an average chap. I've been trying lately to—well, to be different. But I'm not what you wanted. I'll never be what you thought me. I'll do things that will make you look at me with that awful contempt. I can try not to, but I've got no confidence."

"But without me—it's empty, Tod?"

"Yes," he said, below his breath.

"There could be no one else, Tod. All the other women's faces that you try to see to comfort yourself, to fill the emptiness, they move away, and it's my face, Tod?"

He nodded dumbly.

"Good and bad, it's you and me together, or no one, Tod?"

He was trembling. "But I can't," he said in torment. "I should go on my knees to you, beg you, promise—I can't move. Something's gone out of me. I'm—"

"I'll give you confidence, Tod. You see I want you. What you are, not what I once thought you were." Her small exquisite smile was wise and comforting, her unbearably shining eyes drew him until he drowned in them, and as she moved towards him he went limp. His arms hung limply. She put her hands on his shoulders, slowly, sinking into the heart of the force that joined them.

Then as she felt him come to life and gather her close she dropped her peaceful head.

"For better or worse," she said.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press, Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.